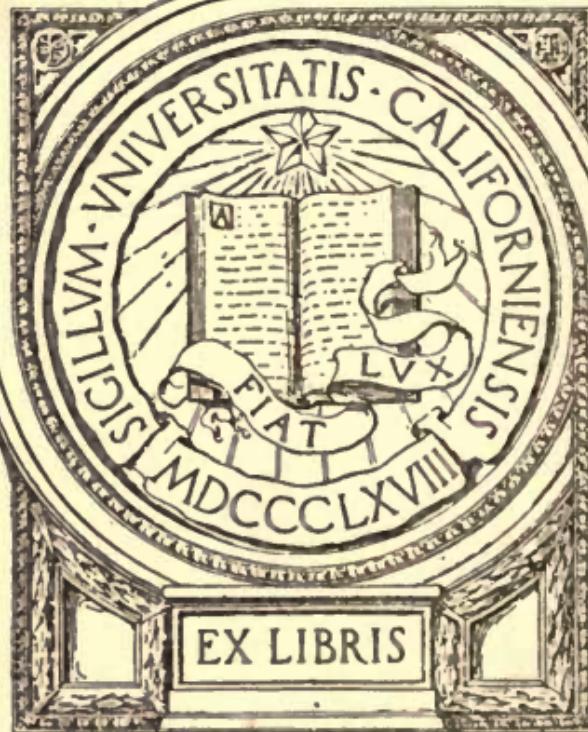


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E.H.E.

NEW ENGLISH THEATRE

VOL VIII.

Earl of Essex, Barbarossa,
All for Love,
Mahomet, Jane Gray.



LONDON

Printed for J. Rivington & Sons, W. Strahan, W. Johnston,
C. Bathurst, J. Davies, J. Davis, J. Dodsley, J. Longman,
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EARL OF ESSEX.



Doddall delin del.

Published Decr 20 1777 by T. Lowndes and Son.

Cutter Sculp

M^r. MELMOTH in the Character of Q: ELIZABETH
Essex a Traitor! it can never be — Act I. Sc:2.

T H E
E A R L O F E S S E X.

A
T R A G E D Y.

W R I T T E N B Y
M R . H E N R Y J O N E S.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



44595

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL.

M. DCC. LXXVI.

Note The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 36 to the Bottom of Page 10.

ANARCHIA IN ROMA
MOMA ET MANTUOZ

To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P,

EARL of CHESTERFIELD, &c.

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

THAT you may be induced to read this dedication through, I shall begin by assuring you, that I do not intend to pay you one compliment. To praise you is unnecessary on all hands; to your Lordship, it is offensive; and for the public, they do not want to be informed of your character: it lives, at present, in the mouths of all men, and posterity will find it in the history of *Europe*.

My design, my Lord, is to express my own gratitude, not to delineate your merit. 'Twas your Lordship first took notice of me, in my original obscurity, whence you brought me into life, and have since continued to encourage me by your countenance and favour; and I cannot help confessing, that I have a kind of honest pride in having it known, that your Lordship thought me worthy to be taken under your protection.

iv DEDICATION.

These, my Lord are the general obligations that I owe you, of which I have wished to raise some monument, that may remain as long as my name shall be remembered; but I have more particular reasons for presenting you with this tragedy, as it was your Lordship first pointed out to me the subject, and when it was finished gave me the first assurance of its success, by your approbation. I could not therefore avoid taking advantage of this opportunity, to acknowledge, publicly, all these favours; and to assure you, that I am

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient, and

Very humble servant,

HENRY JONES.

To

To Mr. HENRY JONES, on his Tragedy of the
EARL of ESSEX.

A S antient heroes are renown'd in song,
For rescuing virtue from th' opprefſors wrong,
So ſhall thy fame, who ſnatch'd this well-wrought tale
From dullneſſ gloomy pow'r o'er time prevail.

Long had theiſ scenes, wound up with dext'rous art,
In ſpite of reaſon, gain'd upon the heart;
Thaw'd ev'ry frozen fountain of the eye,
We wept, 'till even ſorrow's ſelf was dry;
Yet judgment ſcorn'd what paſſion had approv'd,
And the head wonder'd how the heart was mov'd.
But, with a fate reverſ'd, thy work ſhall boast,
That ſoundeſt judgments ſhall admire it moſt.
Cloath'd in the eaſy grandeur of thy lines,
The ſtory brightens, as the diction ſhines.
Renew'd with vigour as in age 'tis grown,
The won'dring ſcene ſees beauties not its own.

Thus, worn with years, in *Aſric's* fultry vales,
The creſted ſnake shifts off his tarniſh'd ſcales;
Assumes fresh beauties, brighter than the old,
Of changing colo(u)rs, intermix'd with gold:
Reburniſh'd, basks beneath the ſcorching ray,
Shines with new glories in the face of day,
Darts fiercer lightning from his brandiſh'd tongue,
Rolls more ſublime, and ſeems, at leaſt, more young.

No more ſhall noife, and wild, bombaſtic rage,
Uſurp th' applauding thunder of the ſtage;
Fuftian no more ſhall paſſ for true ſublime,
Nor nonſenſe muſically float in rhyme;
Nor, in a worse extreme, ſhall creeping profeſe,
For nature and ſimplicity, impoſe:
By thee reform'd, each vicious taste ſhall fail,
And critic justice hold aloft her ſcale.

Whence beams this dazzling luſtre on thy mind?
Whence this vast fund of knowledge in mankind,
Unletter'd genius? Whence haſt thou been taught,
This dignity of ſtyle, this maſteſty of thought;
This rapid fire, by cool correctness rul'd,
And every learned elegance, unschool'd?

Say, hath great *Shakespeare's* transmigrated shade
 Inform'd thy mafs, or lent thee friendly aid ?
 To him, bless'd bard, untaught, 'twas also giv'n,
 T' ascend, on native wings, invention's brightest Heav-
 en, *

Affuming *Pbœbus'* port ; and in his train,
 The Muses all, like handmaids, not in vain,
 Crouch for employment.—
 The passions too, subservient to his will,
 Attentive wait on his superior skill ;
 At the command of his enchanting art,
 Unlock the bursting flood-gates of the heart,
 And in the rapid, headlong stream, bear down
 The vanquish'd soul, and make it all his own.

Happy the clime, distinguish'd be the age,
 When genius shoots spontaneous for the stage ;
 Not too luxuriant, nor too trimly neat,
 But, in loose wildness, negligently great.
 Oh ! may the gen'rous plants, so wond'rous rare,
 Ne'er want the tender hand of fost'ring care ;
 But, like *Apollo's* fav'rite tree, be seen,
 Forever flourishing, for ever green.

M' NAMARA MORGAN.

* Alluding to the prologue to *Henry V.*

P R O L O G U E.

OUR desp'rate bard a bold excursion tries,
Tho' danger damp'd his wings, he dar'd to rise:
From hope, high rais'd, all glorious actions spring;
'Tis hence that heroes conquer, poets sing.
Even he may feel the soul exalting fire,
Fame prompts the humblest bosom to aspire.

Without a guide this rash attempt he made,
Without a clue from art, or learning's aid.
He takes a theme where tend'rest passions glow,
A theme, your gransires felt with pleasing woe.
Essex' sad tale he strives to cloath anew,
And hopes to place it in a stronger view.

Poets, like painters, may, by equal law,
The labour'd piece from different masters draw;
Perhaps improve the plan, add fire and grace,
And strike th' impassion'd soul through all the face.
How far our author has secur'd a claim
To this exalted palm, this wish'd-for fame,
Your generous sentiments will soon declare:
Humanity is ever prone to spare.

'Twere baseness then your candour to distrust;
A British audience will, at least, be just.

A flattering truth he fearful must confess,
His sanguine friends made promise of success;
But that, he fears, their ardent wishes wrought,
Since partial favour seldom sees a fault.
Then bear, like patient friends, this first essay,
His next shall thank you in a nobler way.

X E 223 A

Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

The Earl of Essex ——
Earl of Southampton ——
Lord Burleigh ——
Sir Walter Raleigh ——
Lieutenant of the Tower. ——

At COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. CLINCH.

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Mr. HULL.

Mr. L'ESTRANGE.

Mr. THOMPSON.

W O M E N.

Queen Elizabeth ——
Countess of Rutland ——
Countess of Nottingham ——

Mrs. MELMOTH.

Mrs. HARTLEY.

Miss SHERMAN.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

T H E
E A R L O F E S S E X

A C T I.

S C E N E, *an Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter Burleigh and Raleigh.

Bur. **T**HE bill, at length, has pass'd opposing numbers,

Whilst crowds seditious clamour'd round the senate,
And headlong faction urg'd its force within.

Ral. It has, my lord.—The wish'd-for day is come,
When this proud idol of the people's hearts
Shall now no more be worshipp'd.—*Essex* falls.
My lord, the minute's near that shall unravel
The mystic schemes of this aspiring man.
Now Fortune, with officious hand, invites us
To her, and opens wide the gates of greatness,
The way to power. My heart exults; I see,
I see, my lord, our utmost wish accomplish'd!
I see great *Cecil* shine without a rival,
And *England* bless him as her guardian saint.
Such potent instruments I have prepar'd,
As shall, with speed, o'erturn this hated man,
And dash him down, by proof invincible.

Bur. His day of glory now is set in night,
And all my anxious hopes, at last, are crown'd.
Those proofs against him, *Raleigh*—

Ral. All arrived.

Bur. Arrived! how? when?

Ral. This very hour, my lord:

Nay more, a person comes of high distinction,

To prove some secret treaties made by *Essex*,
With *Scctland's* monarch, and the proud *Tyrone*.

Bur. How say'ſt thou to prove 'em?

Ral. Ay, my lord, and back'd
With circumstances of a stronger nature.

It now appears, his secretary *Cuff*,
With *Blunt* and *Lee*, were deep concern'd in this
Destructive ſcheme, contriv'd to raife this lord,
And ruin *Cecil*. Oh, it is a ſubtile,
A deep laid miſchief, by the earl contriv'd,
In hour malignant, to o'erturn the ſtate,
And (horror to conceive!) dethrone the queen.

Bur. These gladsome tidings fly beyond my hopes!
The queen will listen now, will now believe,
And trust the counſel of her faithful *Burleigh*.

' Let this moſt lucky circumſtance be kept
' A ſecret ſtill from public obſervation.—'
Dispose 'em well, till kind occaſion calls
Their office forth, leſt prying craft mean while
May tamper with their thoughts, and change their minds:
Let them, like batteries conceal'd, appear
At once, both to ſurprize and to deſtroy.

Ral. This ſudden ſhock, my lord, this weighty ſtroke,
Muſt press him headlong down to deep deſtruclion:
Indignant fate marks out this dreaded man,
And Fortune now has left him.

Bur. Thank the changeling;
His ſervile faction ſoon will stand aghast,
And ſink, at diſtance, from his threat'ning fall.

Ral. His headstrong friend, the bold *Southampton* too,
Now finds his riſh endeavours all defeated;
And ſtorins at thee and the impeaching Commons.

Bur. Let him rave on, and rage.—The lion in
The toils entangled, wastes his strength, and roars
In vain; his efforts but amuse me now.—

' *Ral.* What triumphs in my ſoul ſhall reign, to ſee
' This ſanguine and o'erbearing man brought down
' Beneath my envy: nay, below my ſcorn.
' How young ambition ſwells my riſing hopes!
' 'Tis Heaven, O *Cecil*, calls thro' *England's* voice,
' And justice, bending from above, invite us.'

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the lady Nottingham desires,
With much impatience, to attend your lordship.

Bur. What may the purport of her bus'ness be?
Her tender wishes are to *Essex* ty'd
In love's soft fetters, and endearing bands :
‘ For him, each melting thought awakes desire,
‘ And all her soul is lavish'd on that lord,—
‘ This unexpected visit much surprizes me !
‘ What can it mean ? She would not come to pry
‘ And pick out tales for *Essex*' ear ! — Why let her ;
‘ I'm arm'd secure against her arts and cunning.
‘ Besides, her errand comes too late ; for now
‘ Her minion's doom'd to fall.’ — Conduct her in.

[Exit Gent.]

And you, my *Raleigh*, watch *Southampton*'s steps ;
With care observe each movement of his friend ;
That no advantage on that side be lost. [Exit. Ra].
‘ *Southampton*'s *Essex*' second self ; he shares
His headlong councils, and adopts his schemes :
His daring heart, and bold, ungovern'd tongue,
Are both enlisted in the rash designs
Of this proud lord, nor knows a will but his :
A limb so fix'd must with the body fall.’

Enter Lady Nottingham.

Not. Thrice hail to rescu'd *England*'s guiding genius !
His country's guardian, and his queen's defence,
Great *Burleigh*, thou whose patriot bosom beats
With *Albion*'s glory and *Eliza*'s fame ;
Who shield'st her person, and support'st her throne ;
For thee, what servent thanks, what offer'd vows,
Do prostrate millions pay !

Bur. Bright excellence,
This fair applause too highly over-rates,
Too much extols, the low deserts of *Cecil*.

Not. What praises are too high for patriot-worth :
Or what applause exceeds the price of virtue ?
My lord, conviction has at last subdu'd me,
And I am honour's proselyte :—too long
My erring heart pursu'd the ways of faction ;
I own myself t'have been your bitt'rest foe,

And

2 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

And join'd with *Essex* in each foul attempt
To blast you honour, and traduce your fame.

Bur. Tho' ne'er my wishing heart could call you friend,
Yet honour and esteem I always bore you ;
And never meant, but with respect to serve you.
‘ It grieves me, madam, to have thus offended,
‘ Where most my wishes labour'd to oblige.

‘ *Not.* I know your honour and your virtues well ;
Your public plans, design'd for *England's* good,
And all your private merit's weight. But, Oh,
How blind is reason in the maze of passion !
I fought your ruin, labour'd for your fall.
But, if repentance may atone for guilt,
Or self-reproach for sharpest penance pass,
No mortal breast e'er felt more woe than mine,
And *Burleigh* now may rank me for his friend.

‘ *Bur.* That such a worth of soul should be abus'd !
Could I accuse my heart but of a thought
To do you wrong ; if any purpose ever
Against your welfare in my soul arose,
That look'd with malice on your shining merit,
Your matchless beauty, or your brighter virtues
Then let me live despis'd, a proverb made
To ev'ry passing slave ; nay more, the scorn
And trampled footstool of the man I hate.’

Not. It is enough, my lord, I know it well,
And feel rekindling virtue warm my breast ;
Honour and gratitude their force resume
Within my heart, and every wish is yours.

O *Cecil*, *Cecil*, what a foe hast thou,
A deadly foe, whilst hated *Essex* lives !

Bur. I know it well, but can assign no cause.

Not. Ambition's restless hand has wound his thoughts
Too high for *England's* welfare ; nay, the queen
Scarce sits in safety on her throne, while he,
I'h' audacious *Essex*, freely treads at large,
And breathes the common air. Ambition is
The only god he serves, to whom he'd sacrifice
His honour, country, friends, and every tie
Of truth, and bond of nature ; nay, his love.

Bur. ‘ I find this bus'ness work as I would have it.

‘ [Aside.]
The

The man that in his public duty fails,
 On private virtue will disdainful dread,
 As steps to raise him to some higher purpose :
 In vain each softer wish would plead with him,
 No tender movement in his soul prevails,
 And mighty love, who rules all nature else,
 Must follow here in proud ambition's train.

Not. Pronounce it not, my soul abhors the sound,
 Like death.—O *Cecil*, will you kindly lend
 Some pity to a wretch like me ?

Bur. Command,

Madam ; my power and will are yours. ‘ I feel
 ‘ Your wrongs, I feel the base returns you’ve met
 ‘ From this ungrateful and disloyal man,
 ‘ Tho’ oft your goodness screen’d him from reproof.
 ‘ Believe me worthy to partake your grievance,
 ‘ Accept my service, and employ my power.’

Not. Will *Cecil*’s friendly ear vouchafe to bend
 Its great attention to a woman’s wrongs,
 Whose pride and shame, resentment and despair,
 Rise up in raging anarchy at once.

To tear with ceaseless pangs my tortur’d soul ?
 Words are unequal to the woes I feel,
 And language lessens what my heart endures.
 Passion repuls’d with scorn, and proud disdain,
 Recoils indignant on my shrinking soul,
 Beats back my vital springs, and crushes life.

Bur. Madam, your wrongs, I must confess, are great ;
 Yet still, I fear, you know not half his falsehood.
 ‘ Who, that had eyes to look on beauty ; who,
 ‘ That had a heart to feel that beauty’s power ;’
 Who, but the false, perfidious *Essex*, could
 Prefer to *Nottilnham* a *Rutland*’s charms ?
 Start not—By Heav’n, I tell you nought but truth,
 What I can prove, past doubt ; that he receiv’d
 The lady *Rutland*’s hand, in sacred wedlock,
 ‘The very night before his setting out
 For *Ireland*.

Not. Oh, may quick destruction seize ’em !
 May furies blast, and hell destroy their peace !
 May all their nights—

Bur. I pray, have patience, madam.

Restrain a while your rage ; curses are vain.
But there's a surer method to destroy him ;
And if you'll join with me, 'tis done : he falls.

Not. Ha ! say'st thou, *Burleigh* ! Speak, my genius,
speak ;

Be quick as vengeance' self to tell me how.

Bur. You must have heard the commons have impeach'd him,

And we have proofs sufficient for his ruin.
But the queen—you know how fair he stands
In her esteem ; and *Rutland* too, his wife,
Hath full possession of the royal ear.

What then avail impeachments, or the law's
Severest condemnation, while the queen
May snatch him from the uplifted hand of Justice ?
Here then, my *Nottingham*, begins thy task :
Try ev'ry art t' incense the queen against him,
Then step between her and the lady *Rutland*,
Let not her fondness find the least access
To the queen's heart to counterwork our purpose ?
Observe *Southampton* too, with jealous eye ;
Prevent, as much as possible, his suit :
For well I know he will not fail to try
His eloquence on the behalf of *Essex*.

Not. It shall be done ; his doom is fix'd ; he dies.
Oh, 'twas a precious thought ! I never knew
Such heart-felt satisfaction ! *Essex* dies,
And *Rutland*, in her turn, shall learn to weep.
The time is precious ; I'll about it strait.
Come, vengeance, come, assist me now to breathe
Thy venom'd spirit in the royal ear.

[Exit *Nottingham*.]

Bur. There spoke the very genius of the sex.
A disappointed woman sets no bounds
To her revenge. Her temper's form'd to serve me.

Enter Raleigh.

Ral. The lord *Southampton*, with ungovern'd rage,
Resents aloud his disappointed measures.
I met him in the outward court ; he seeks
In haste your lordship, and, forgetting forms,
Pursues me hither, and demands to see you.

Bur. *Raleigh*, 'tis well--Withdraw--Attend the queen.
Leave me to deal with this o'erbearing man. [Exit. *Ral.*

Enter

Enter Southampton.

South. Where is the man, whom virtue calls her friend?
I give you joy, my lord!—Your quenchless fury
At length prevails—and now your malice triumphs.
You've hunted honour to the toil of faction,
And view his struggles with malicious joy.

Bur. What means, my lord?

South. O fraud! shall valiant *Essex*
Be made a sacrifice to your ambition!
Oh, it smells foul indeed, of rankest malice,
And the vile statesman's craft. You dare not sure
Thus bid defiance to each shew of worth,
Each claim of honour: dare not injure thus
Your suffering country in her bravest son!

Bur. But why should stern reproach her angry brow
Let fall on me? Am I alone the cause
That gives this working humour strength? Do I
Instruct the public voice to warp his actions?
Justice, untaught, shall poize th' impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam.

South. The specious shield, which private malice bears,
Is ever blazon'd with some public good;
Behind that artful fence, sculk low, conceal'd,
The bloody purpose, and the poison'd shaft;
Ambition there, and envy nestle close;
From thence, they take their fatal aim unseen;
And honest merit is the destin'd mark.

Bur. ‘ Your warm distemper'd zeal puts rashly by
‘ The cool directing hand of wholesome reason.
‘ No imputation foul shall rest on me;
‘ My honest purposes defy aloud
‘ The slander-spreading tongue of busy faction,
‘ To cast its venom on my fair report,
‘ Or tell posterity, thus *Cecil* did.’

My country's welfare, and my queen's command,
Have ever been my guiding stars through life,
My sure direction still.—To these I now
Appeal;—from these, no doubt, this lord's misconduct
Hath widely stray'd; and reason, not reviling,
Must now befriend his cause.

South. How ill had Providence,

Dif-

Dispos'd the suffering world's opprest affairs
 Had sacred right's eternal rule been left
 To crafty politicians' partial sway !
 Then power and pride would stretch th' enormous grasp,
 And call their arbitrary portion, justice :
 Ambition's arms, by av'rice urg'd, would pluck
 The core of honesty from virtue's heart,
 And plant deceit and rancour in its stead :
 Falsehood would trample then on truth and honour,
 And envy poison sweet benevolence.
 Oh, 'tis a goodly group of attributes,
 And well befits some statesman's righteous rule !
 Out, out upon such base and bloody doings !
 The term of being is not worth the sin ;
 No human bosom can endure its dart.
 Then put this cruel purpose from thee far,
 Nor let the blood of *Essex* whelm thy soul.

Bur. 'Tis well, my lord ! your words no comment
 need ;

' No doubt, they've well explain'd your honest meaning ;
 ' 'Tis clear and full.—To parts, like yours, discretion
 ' Wou'd be a clog, and caution but incumbrance.'
 Yet mark me well, my lord, the clinging ivy
 With th' oak may rise, but with it too must fall.

South. Thy empty threats, ambitious man, hurt not
 The breast of truth. Fair innocence, and faith,
 Those strangers to thy practis'd heart, shall shield
 My honour, and preserve my friend.—In vain,
 Thy malice, with unequal arm, shall strive
 To tear th' applauded wreath from *Essex'* brow ;
 His honest laurel, held aloft by fame,
 ' Above thy blasting reach, shall safely flourish,'
 Shall bloom immortal to the latest times :
 Whilst thou, amidst thy tangling snares involv'd,
 Shalt sink confounded, and unpitied fall.

Bur. Rail on, proud lord, and give thy choler vent :
 It wastes itself in vain ; the queen shall judge
 Between us in this warm debate. To her
 I now repair ; and in her royal presence
 You may approve your innocence and faith.
 Perhaps you'll meet me there.—Till then, farewell.

[Exit.
South.

South. Confusion wait thy steps, thou cruel monster !
 My noble and illustrious friend betray'd,
 By crafty faction and tyrannic power,
 His sinking trophies, and his falling fame,
 Oppress my very soul. I'll to the queen,
 Lay all their envy open to her view,
 Confront their malice, and preserve my friend. [Exit.]

The queen discovered, sitting on her throne.

Raleigh, Lords, and Attendants.

Q. Without consulting me ! presumptuous man !
 Who governs here ?—What ! am not I your queen ?
 You dar'd not, were he present, take this step.

Ral. Dread sovereign, your ever faithful commons
 Have, in their gratitude and love for you,
 Preferr'd this salutary bill against him.

Enter Burleigh.

Q. You, my lord Burleigh, must have known of this.
 The commons here impeach the earl of Essex
 Of practising against the state and me.
 Methinks I might be trusted with the secret.
 Speak, for I know it well, 'twas thy contrivance.
 Ha ! was it not ? You dare not say it was not.

Bur. I own my judgment did concur with theirs.
 His crimes, I fear, will justify the charge,
 And vindicate their loyalty and mine.

Q. Ha ! tell not me your smooth, deceitful story !
 I know your projects, and your close cabals.
 You'd turn my favour into party feuds,
 And use my scepter as the rod of faction :
 But Henry's daughter claims a nobler soul.
 I'll nurse no party, but will reign o'er all,
 And my sole rule shall be to bless my people :
 Who serves them best has still my highest favour :
 This Essex ever did.

Enter Southampton.

Behold, Southampton,

What a base portrait's here ! The faithful Essex
 Here drawn at large associating with rebels,
 To spoil his country and dethrone his queen.

South. It is not like.—By Heav'n the hand of envy
 Drew these false lines, distorted far from truth
 And honour, and unlike my noble friend.

As light to shade, or hell to highest Heav'n.
 Then suffer not, thou best of queens, this lord,
 This valiant lord, to fall a sacrifice
 To treachery and base designs ; who now
 Engages death in all his horrid shapes,
 Amidst a hardy race, inur'd to danger ;
 But let him face to face, this charge encounter,
 And every falsehood, like his foes, shall fly.

Q. To me you seem to recommend strict justice,
 In all her pomp of power. But are you sure
 No subtle vice conceal'd assumes her garb ?
 Take heed, that malice does not wear the mask,
 Nor envy deck her in the borrow'd guise.
 ' Rancour has often darken'd reason's eye,
 ' And judgment winks, when passion holds the scale.'
 Impeach the very man to whom I owe
 My brightest rays of glory ! Look to it, lords,
 Take care, be cautious on what ground you tread ;
 Let honest means alone secure your footing.
Raleigh and you withdraw, and wait our leisure.

[*Exeunt Raleigh and South,*
 Lord Burleigh, stay ; we must with you have farther
 Conf'rence.—I see this base contrivance plain.
 Your jealousy and pride, your envy of
 His shining merit, brought this bill to light.
 But mark me, as you prize our high regard
 And favour, I command you to suppress it :
 Let not our name and power be embarrass'd
 In your perplexing schemes. 'Twas you began,
 And therefore you must end it.

Bur. I obey.
 Yet humbly would intreat you to consider
 How new, unpopular, this step must be,
 To stand between your parliament's enquiry
 And this offending lord.—We have such proofs—

Q. Reserve your proofs to a more proper season,
 And let them then appear. But once again
 We charge you, on your duty and allegiance,
 To stop this vile proceeding ; and to wait
 Till *Essex* can defend himself in person.
 If then your accusations are of force,
 The laws, and my consent, no doubt, are open.

He has my strict command, with menace mix'd,
To end effectually this hated war,
Ere he presume to quit the *Irish* coast.

Bur. Madam, my duty now compels me to—

Q. No more! see that my orders be obey'd. [Ex. *Bur.*
Essex a traitor!—it can never be—
His grateful and his honest soul disdains it.—
I know him hot, ambitious, rash, impatient;
But then he's firmly anchor'd in his duty:
Tho' stormy passions toss him to and fro.
Can he prove false? so high advanc'd, so honour'd,
So near my favour—and—I fear, so near
My heart!—Impossible.—This *Burleigh* hates him,
And, his rival, therefore would destroy him,
But he shall find his narrow schemes defeated.
In vain their fraudulent efforts shall combine
To shake my settled soul, my firm design;
Resolv'd to lift bright virtue's palm on high,
Support her grandeur, and her foes defy.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

Enter Burleigh and Raleigh.

Bur. E SSEX arriv'd! Confusion to my hopes!
His presence will destroy me with the queen.
I much suspect he had some private notice,
Perhaps, a punctual order, to return.
He lurks too near her heart.—What's to be done?
‘ Prepare the witnesses with speed; apprise
‘ The lady *Nottingham*.—*Southampton*'s pride,
‘ And *Rutland*'s too, will lift the crest again.
‘ But fly, my *Raleigh*, send me *Nottingham*.

[* *Exit Raleigh.*

- ‘ We must alarm the queen with new commotions
- ‘ In many parts of her dominions rais'd:
- ‘ All this, and more, must now be pass'd for truth.
- ‘ This sudden blow has struck me to the soul;
- ‘ ’Tis gone too far, he dies—proud *Essex* now,
- ‘ Or *Cecil* falls? Now is th' important crisis—

Keep

Keep up thy usual strength ; my better genius,
Direct my steps to crush my mortal foe.

Enter Queen and Raleigh.

Q. It cannot be ! Return'd without my leave !
Against my strict command !—Impossible !

Ral. Madam, the earl is now at court, and begs
An audience of your majesty.

Q. Amazing !
What ! break his trust ! desert his high command !
Forsake his post, and disobey his queen !
'Tis false—invented all.—You wish it so.

Bur. Madam, I wish some other rumours false :
Reports, I fear, of great concern to you.

Q. What rumours ? what reports ? Your frown wou'd
much

Denote : your preface seems important.—Speak.

Bur. Some new commotions are of late sprung up
In *Ireland*, where the west is all in arms,
And moves with hasty march to join *Tyrone*,
And all his northern clans. A dreadful power !
Nay more, we have advices from the borders
Of sudden risings, near the banks of *Tweed* !
'Tis thought, to favour an attempt from *Scotland*.
Mean while, *Tyrone* embarks six thousand men
To land at *Milford*, and march where *Essex*
Shall join them with his friends.

Q. In league with *James* !
And plotting with *Tyrone* ! It cannot be.
His very pride disdains such perfidy.
But is not *Essex* here without my leave ?
Against my strict command ! that, that's rebellion.
The rest, if true, or false, it matters not.
What's to be done ?—admit him to my presence ?
No, no—my dignity, my pride forbid it.
Ungrateful man, approach me not ; rise, rise,
Resentment, and support my soul ! Disdain,
Do thou assist me.—Yes, it shall be so.

Bur. I see she muses deep ; her mind works upwards,
And paints its struggling efforts in her face.
Tyrone's invasion wakes her fear and anger,
And all her soul is one continued storm.

Q. For once my pride shall stoop ; and I will see

This

This rash, audacious, this once favour'd man ;
But treat him as his daring crimes deserve.

Enter Southampton.

South. [Kneeling.] Permit me, madam, to approach you thus;

Thus lowly to present the humble suit
Of the much injur'd, faithful, earl of *Essex*,
Who dares not, unpermitted, meet your presence.
He begs most gracious queen, to fall before
Your royal feet, to clear him to his sovereign,
Whom, next to Heav'n, he wishes most to please.
Let faction load him with her labouring hand,
His innocence shall rise against the weight,
If but his gracious mistress deign to smile.

Q. Let him appear.

[*Exit South.*

Now to thy trying task,
My soul ! Put forth, exert thy utmost strength,
Nor let an injur'd queen be tame.—Lie still,
My heart ! I cannot listen to thee now.

Enter Essex and Southampton.

Essex. Forgive, thou injur'd majesty, thou best
Of queens, this seeming disobedience. See,
I bend submissive in your royal presence,
With soul as penitent, as if before
Th' all-searching eye of Heav'n. But, Oh, that frown !
My queen's resentment wouuds my inmost spirit,
Strikes me like death, and pierces through my heart.

Q. You have obey'd, my lord ! you've serv'd me well !
My deadly foes are quell'd ! and you come home
A conqueror ! Your country bids you welcome !
And I, your queen, applaud !—Triumphant man !
What ! is it thus that *Essex* gains his laurels ?
What ! is it thus you've born my high commission ?
How durst you disregard your trusted duty,
Desert your province, and betray your queen ?

Essex. I came to clear my injur'd name from guilt,
Imputed guilt, and slanderous accusations.
My shame was wafted in each passing gale,
Each swelling tide came loaded with my wrongs ;
And echo sounded forth, from faction's voice,
The traitor *Essex*.—Was't not hard, my queen,
That while I stood in danger's dreadful front,

En-

Encountering death in every shape of terror,
And bleeding for my country?—Was't not hard,
My mortal enemies at home, like cowards,
Shou'd in my absence basely blast my fame?

Q. It is the godlike attribute of kings
To raise the virtuous and protect the brave.
I was the guardian of your reputation,
What malice, or what faction then cou'd reach you?
My honour was expos'd, engag'd for yours:
But you found reason to dislike my care.
And to yourself asilum'd the wretched office.

Essex. If ought disloyal in this bosom dwells,
If ought of treason lodges in this heart,
May I to guilt and lasting shame be wedded,
The sport of faction, and the mark of scorn,
The world's derision, and my queen's abhorrence.
Stand forth the villain, whose invenom'd tongue
Would taint my honour and traduce my name,
Or stamp my conduct with a rebel's brand!
Lives there a monster in the haunts of men,
Dares tear my trophies from their pillar'd base,
Eclipse my glory and disgrace my deeds?

Q. This ardent language, and this glow of soul,
Were nobly graceful in a better cause;
Where virtue warrants, and where truth inspires:
But injur'd truth, with brow invincibie,
Frowns stern reproof upon the false assertion,
And contradicts it with the force of facts.
From me you have appeal'd, ungrateful man;
The laws, not I, must listen to your plea.
Go, stand the test severe, abide the trial,
And mourn too late the bounty you abus'd.

[*Exeunt Queen, Southampton, &c.*

Essex. Is this the just requital, then, of all
My patriot-toils and oft-encounter'd perils,
Amidst th' inclemencies of camps and climes?
Then be it so.—Unmov'd and dauntless, let me
This shock of adverse fortune firmly stand.
But yet, methinks, 'tis somewhat sudden too!
My greatness, now depriv'd of each support,
Which bore so long its envy'd weight aloft,
Must quick to ruin fall, and crush my hopes.

Enter Southampton.

South. Alas, my lord! the queen's displeasure kindles
With warmth increasing; whilst lord Burleigh labours
T' inflame her wrath, and make it still burn fiercer.

Effex. I scorn the blaze of courts, the pomp of kings;
I give them to the winds, and lighter vanity;
Too long they've robb'd me of substantial bliss,
Of solid happiness, and true enjoyments.
But lead me to my mourning love; alas!
She sinks beneath oppressing ills; she fades,
She dies for my afflicting pangs, and seeks
Me, sorrowing, in the walks of woe.—Distraction!
Oh, lead me to her, to my soul's desire.

South. Let caution guide you in this dangerous step.
Consider well, my lord, the consequence—
For should the queen (forbid it Heaven!) discover
Your private loves, your plighted hands, no power
On earth could step between you and destruction.
‘Lock up this secret from the prying world.’

Enter Burleigh.

Bur. My lord of *Effex*, 'tis the queen's command,
That you forthwith resign your staff of office;
And further, she confines you to your palace.

Effex. Welcome, my fate. Let fortune do her utmost;
I know the worst, and will confront her malice,
And bravely bear the unexpected blow.

Bur. The queen, my lord, demands your quick com-
pliance.

Effex. Go, then, thou gladsome messenger of ill,
And, joyful, feast thy fierce rapacious soul
With *Effex'* sudden and accomplish'd fall.
The trampled corse of all his envy'd greatness,
Lies prostrate now beneath thy savage feet;
But still th' exalted spirit mounts above thee.
Go, tell the queen thy own detested story:
Full in her sight disclose the snaky labyrinths
And lurking snares you plant in virtue's path,
To catch integrity's unguarded step.

Bur. How ill repaid are public toils and cares,
‘Where active honesty, with station join'd,
‘Incares but calumny, and foul reproach!’
Your country has impeach'd, your queen accus'd you;

To these address your best defence, and clear
Your question'd conduct from disloyal guilt.
What answer to the queen shall I return?

Eſſex. My ſtaff of office I from her receiv'd,
And will to her, and her alone, resign it.

Bur. This bold refuſal will incenſe the queen.
This arrogaunce will make your guilt the stronger.

[Exit.]

Souſt. Sustain, my noble friend, thy wonted greatness;
Collect thy fortitude, and summon all
Thy ſoul, to bear with strength this crushing weight,
Which falls ſevere upon thee; whilſt my friendſhip
Shall lend a helping hand, and ſhare the burthen.
I'll hence with speed, and to the queen repair,
And all the power of warmeſt words employ,
To gain you yet one audience more, and bring
Her maſteſty to milder thoughts. Farewel. [Exit.]

Eſſex. As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
Those gilded viſions of deceiſful joys,
I ſtand confounded at the unlook'd-for change,
And ſcarcely feel this thunder-bolt of fate.
The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
Alas, are now vaniſhed to yielding air,
And I am fall'n indeed! —
How weak is reaſon, when affection pleads!
How hard to turn the fond, deluded heart
From flatt'ring toys, which ſooth'd its vanity!
The laurell'd trophy, and the loud applause,
The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze;
The high-hung banner, and recording gold,
Subdue me ſtill, ſtill cling around my heart,
And pull my reaſon down.

Enter Rutland.

Rut. Oh, let me fly
To clasp, embrace, the lord of my deſires!
My ſoul's delight, my utmoſt joy, my husband!
I feel once more his panting bosom beat;
Once more I hold him in my eager arms,
Behold his face, and loſe my ſoul in rapture.

Eſſex. Transporting bliſſ! my riſcheſt, deareſt treasure!
My mourning turtle, my long abſent peace,
Oh, come yet nearer, nearer to my heart!

My

My raptur'd soul springs forward to receive thee :
Thou Heav'n on earth, thou balm of all my woe !

Rut. Oh, shall I credit then each ravish'd sense ;
Has pitying Heav'n consented to my prayer ?
It has, it has ; my *Essex* is return'd !
But language poorly speaks the joys I feel ;
Let passion paint, and looks express my soul.

Essex. With thee, my sweetest comfort, I'll retire
From splendid palaces, and glitt'ring throngs,
To live embosom'd in the shades of joy,
Where sweet content extends her friendly arms,
And gives encreasing love a lasting welcome.
With thee I'll timely fly from proud oppression,
Forget our sorrows, and be blest for ever.

Rut. Oh, let us hence, beyond the reach of power ;
Where Fortune's hand shall never part us more.
In this calm state of innocence and joy,
I'll press thee to my throbbing bosom close.
Ambition's voice shall call in vain ; the world,
The thankless world, shall never claim thee more,
And all thy business shall be love and me.

Essex. The queen, incens'd at my return, abandons me
To *Cecil's* malice, and the rage of faction.
I'm now no more the fav'rite child of fortune :
My enemies have caught me in the toil,
And life has nothing worth my wish, but thee.

Rut. Delusive dream of fancied happiness !
And has my fatal fondness then destroy'd thee ?
Oh, have I lur'd thee to the deadly snare
Thy cruel foes have laid ? 'Oh, have I put
' Thy life in peril ? My officious tears
' Would needs inform thee of their wicked schemes ?
I dreaded *Cecil's* malice, and my heart,
Longing to see thee, with impatience listen'd
To its own alarms ; and prudence funk beneath
The force of love.

Essex. Forbear, my only comfort ;
Oh, tell me not of danger, death, and *Burleigh* ;
Let every star shed down its mortal bane
On my unshelter'd head : whilst thus I fold
Thee in my raptur'd arms ; I'll brave 'em all,
Desy my fate, and meet its utmost rigour.

Rut. Alas, my lord! consider where we are,
 Oh! 'tis the queen's apartment; death is here.
 ' I came to thee through peril's ambush'd path,
 ' And every danger risqu'd for thy embrace.
 Each precious moment is by fate beset,
 And time stands trembling whilst we thus confer.

Essex. Then, let us hence from this detested place;
 My rescu'd soul disdains the house of greatness,
 Where humble honesty can find no shelter.
 From hence we'll fly, where love and virtue call;
 Where happiness invites—that wish of all:
 With sweet content enjoy each blissful hour,
 Beyond the smiles of fraud, or frowns of power.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

Enter Burleigh and Nottingham.

Nat. MY lord, I've sought you out, with much impatience.

You've had an audience of the queen: what follow'd?

Bur. Soon as I told her *Essex* had refus'd
 To yield his dignities, and staff of office,
 ' Against her high command, pronounc'd by me,'
 She seem'd depriv'd of reason for a moment;
 Her working mind betray'd contending passions,
 Which, in her alter'd face, appear'd by turns.
 She paus'd, like thunder in some kindling cloud,
 The instant burst with dreadful fury forth:
 ' And has th' ungrateful wretch defy'd my mandate?
 ' The proud, audacious traitor scorn'd my power?
 ' He dares not, sure.—He dies—the villain dies!
 ' Then, sudden, soften'd into milder sounds,
 ' And call'd him rash, unhappy, gallant *Essex*?
 ' On me her fury fell; my crafty plans
 ' Against his reputation, fame, and life,
 ' Had driven him to extremes—my malice did it—
 ' My envy was his bane; with all that passion
 ' Or fury could suggest.—I begg'd to know

Her

• Her royal will concerning *Essex*; urg'd
 • Again his insolence.—Amaz'd, a while
 • She stood; and wist not what to do.—At length,
 • Collecting all her mind, these words she utter'd :—
 Let him to the Tow'r,—I instantly withdrew,
 But soon was countermanded, and desir'd
 To bring the earl of *Essex* to her presence.
 I like it not, and much I fear, she'll stand
 Between this high offender and the laws.

Not. Is *Essex* then secure?

Bur. Madam, he is;
 And now comes guarded to the court.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, the queen
 Is in her closet, and desires to see you. [Exit.]

Not. I attend her.

Bur. She wants, no doubt, to be advis'd by you.
 Improve this fair occasion, urge it home;
 • She must be quick'ned by repeated strokes
 • Of fresh indignities, by *Essex* offer'd
 • 'T her royal person, and prerogative.
 • Be circumspect and cautious! mark her well!

Not. I know her foible. *Essex* long has had
 An interest in her heart, which nothing can
 O'erturn, except his own ungovern'd spirit.
 It is, indeed, the instrument by which
 We work, and cannot fail, if rightly us'd.

Bur. Madam, the queen expects you instantly.
 I must withdraw, and wait the earl's arrival. [Exit.]

Queen discovered.

Q. Ill fated, wretched man! perverse and obstinate!
 He counterworks my grace, and courts destruction.
 He gives his deadly foes the dagger to
 Destroy him, and defeats my friendly purpose,
 Which would, by seeming to abandon, save him.
 Nor will he keep the mask of prudence on
 A moment's space.—What! must I bear this scorn?
 No: let me all the monarch reassume;
 Exert my power, and be myself again.—
 Oh, ill-performing, disobedient heart!—
 Why shrink'st thou, fearful, from thy own resolve?

Enter Nottingham.

Thou com'st in time; I'm much disturb'd, abus'd,
My Nottingham, and wou'd complain to thee
Of insolence, neglect, and high contempt.
Essex presum'd to dictate laws within
My palace gates. How say'st thou, *Nottingham*?

Not. Surely, my gracious queen, it cannot be!
His heat and passion never cou'd impel him
To take so bold a step, to such rash guilt;
Methinks his very honour should prevent it.

Q. Thy open, honest mind untutor'd seems
In life's ungrateful and degenerate school;
Where stubborn vice in every form appears,
Mocking correction's ineffectual rod.

It is, indeed, an evil hard to bear;
This haughty man has wanton'd with my grace,
Abus'd my bounty, and despis'd my favours.
• That giving goodness should profusely flow,
• T' enrich the surly glebe, where only thorns
• And noxious weeds will spring!
Resentment, then, shall in her turn prevail;
To angry laws I'll give this victim up.

Not. His conduct has, I fear, been too unguarded:
His hasty temper knows not where to stop.
Ambition is the spur of all his actions,
Which often drives him o'er his duty's limits;
(At least his enemies would have it so.)
But malice, madam, seldom judges right.

Q. O *Nottingham*! his pride is past enduring;
This insolent, audacious man forgets
His honour and allegiance;—and refus'd
To render up his staff of office, here,
Beneath my very eye.

Not. Presumptuous man!—A place to you for a lesson
Your faithful subjects will resent this pride,
This insolence, this treason to their queen;
They must, my gracious sovereign.—'Tis not safe
To shield him longer from their just resentment.
Then give him up to justice and the laws.

Q. You seem well pleas'd to urge severity.—
Offended majesty but seldom wants *advisers*.—Yet no attribute

So well befits th' exalted seat supreme,
And power's disposing hand, as clemency.
Each crime must from its quality be judg'd ;
And pity there shou'd interpose, where malice
Is not th' aggressor. Hence ! I'll hear no more.

Not. Madam, my sentiments were well intended ;
Justice, not malice, mov'd my honest zeal.
My words were echos of the public voice,
Which daily rises, with repeated cries
Of high complaint, against this haughty lord.
I pity, from my heart, his rash attempts,
And much esteem the man.

Q. Go, Nottingham,
My mind's disturb'd, and send me Rutland hither.

[Exit Not.]
O vain distinction of exalted state !
No rank ascends above the reach of care,
Nor dignity can shield a queen from woe,
Despotic nature's stronger sceptre rules,
And pain and passion in her right prevail.
Oh, the unpity'd lot, severe condition,
Of solitary, sad, dejected grandeur !
Alone condemn'd to bear th' unsocial throb
Of heart-felt anguish, and corroding grief ;
Depriv'd of what, within his homely shed,
The poorest peasant in affliction finds,
The kind, condoling comfort of a dear
Partaking friend.—

Enter Countess of Rutland.

Rutland, I want thy timely
Counsel. I'm importun'd, and urg'd to punish—
But justice, sometimes, has a cruel sound,
‘ Where mercy may with prudence meet, and both
‘ Agree to soften rigour.’ — *Essex* has,
No doubt, provok'd my anger, and the laws ;
His haughty conduct calls for sharp reproof,
And just correction. Yet I think him guiltless
Of studied treasons, or design'd rebellion.
Then, tell me, *Rutland*, what the world reports,
What censure says of his unruly deeds.

Rut. The world, with envy's eye beholds his merit :
Madam, 'tis malice all, and false report.

I know his noble heart, 'tis fill'd with honour;
No trait'rous taint has touch'd his generous soul;
His grateful mind still glows with pure affection;
And all his thoughts are loyalty and you.

Q. I grant you, Rutland, all you say, and think
The earl possess'd of many splendid virtues.
What pity 'tis, he should afford his foes
Such frequent, sad occasions to undo him!

Rut. What human heart can, unafflicted, bear
Such manly merit in distress: 'such worth
Betray'd; such valour in the toil,' beset
By cruel foes, and faction's savage cry?
My good, my gracious mistress, stretch, betimes,
Your saving arm, and snatch him from destruction,
From deadly malice, treachery, and Cecil.
Oh let him live, to clear his conduct up!
My gracious queen, he'll nobly earn your bounty,
And with his dearest blood deserve your mercy.

Q. Her words betray a warm, unusual fervour;
Mere friendship never could inspire this transport. [Adde-
I never doubted but the earl was brave;
His life and valiant actions all declare it;
I think him honest too, but rash and headstrong.
I gladly would preserve him from his foes,
And therefore am resolv'd once mere to see him.

Rut. Oh 'tis a godlike thought, and Heav'n itself
Inspires it. Sure some angel moves your heart,
Your royal heart, to pity and forgiveness.
This gracious deed shall shine in future story,
And deck your annals with the brightest virtue;
Posterity shall praise the princely act,
And ages yet to come record your goodness.

Q. I'll hear no more—Must I then learn from you
To know my province, and be taught to move,
As each designing mind directs?—Leave me.

Rut. Her frowns are dreadful, and her eye looks terror.
I tremble for my Essex. Save him, Heav'n! [Exit.

Q. Her warmth has touch'd me home. My jealous
My fearful and suspicious soul's alarm'd. [Heart,

Enter Burleigh, Raleigh, and others.

Bur. The earl of Essex waits your royal will.

Q. Let him approach—And now, once more, support
Thy

Thy dignity, my soul; nor yield thy greatness
To strong usurping passion—But, he comes,

Enter Essex, Southampton, guards.

Essex. Permitted thus to bend, with prostrate heart,
[Kneels.]

Before your sacred majesty; I come,
With every grateful sense of royal favour,
Deeply engrav'd within my conscious soul.

Q. I sent my orders for your staff of office.

Essex. Madam, my envy'd dignities and honours,
I first from your own royal hand receiv'd;
And therefore justly held it far beneath me
To yield my trophies, and exalted power,
So dearly purchas'd in the field of glory,
To hands unworthy. No, my gracious queen,
I meant to lay them at your royal feet;
Where life itself a willing victim falls,
If you command.

Q. High swelling words, my lord, but ill supply
The place of deeds, and duty's just demand
In danger's onset, and the day of trial,
Conviction still on acting worth attends;
Whilst mere professions are by doubts encumber'd.

Essex. My deeds have oft declar'd, in danger's front,
How far my duty and my valour lead me.
Allegiance fill my thirst of glory fir'd,
And all my bravely gather'd, envy'd laurels,
Were purchas'd only to adorn my queen.

Q. Yet fact o'er fallacy must still prevail,
‘ And eloquence to simple truth give way.’
Your guilty scorn of my intrusted power,
When with my mortal foes you tamely dally'd,
By hardy rebels brav'd, you poorly sought
A servile pause, and begg'd a shameful truce.
Should *Essex* thus, so meanly compromise,
And lose the harvest of a plenteous glory,
In idle treaties, and suspicious party?

Essex. O deadly stroke! my life's the destin'd mark.
The poison'd shaft has drunk my spirits deep.
Is't come to this? Conspire with rebels! ha!
I've serv'd you, madam, with the utmost peril,
And ever glory'd in th' illustrious danger;

Where famine fac'd me with her meagre mein,
And pestilence and death brought up her train.
I've fought your battles, in despite of nature,
Where seasons sicken'd, and the clime was fate.
My power to party, or to fight, I had
From you; the time and circumstance did call
Aloud for mutual treaty and condition;
For that I stand a guarded felon here.—A traitor,
Hemm'd in by villains, and by slaves surrounded.

Q. Shall added insolence, with crest audacious,
Her front uplift against the face of power.
Think not that injur'd majesty will bear
Such arrogance uncheck'd, or unchastis'd.
No public trust becomes the man, who treads,
With scornful steps, in honour's sacred path,
And stands at bold defiance with his duty.

Essex. Away with dignities and hated trust,
With flattering honours, and deceitful power!
Invert th' eternal rules of right and justice;
Let villains thrive, and out-cast virtue perish;
Let slaves be rais'd, and cowards have command.
Take, take your gaudy trifles back, those baits
Of vice, and virtue's bane.—'Tis clear, my queen,
My royal mistress, casts me of; nay, joins
With *Cecil* to destroy my life, and fame.

Q. Presuming wretch! audacious traitor!

Essex. Traitor!

Q. Hence from my sight, ungrateful slave, and learn
At distance to revere your queen.

Essex. Yes; let
Me fly beyond the limits of the world,
And nature's verge, from proud oppression far,
From malice, tyranny, from courts, from you.

Q. Traitor! villain!

[Strikes him.]

Essex. Confusion! what, a blow!
Restrain, good Heav'n! down, down, thou rebel passion,
And, judgment, take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your soldier falls degraded.
His glory's tarnish'd, and his fame undone.
O, bounteous recompence from royal hands!
But you, ye implements, beware, beware,
What honour wrong'd, and honest wrath can act.

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Q. What

Q. What would th' impious traitor do ? My life
Beyond thy wretched purpose stands secure,
Go, learn at leisure what your deeds deserve,
And tremble at the vengeance you provoke,

[Exeunt all but Essex and Southampton.

Essex. Disgrac'd and struck ! Damnation ! Death were
Revenge ! Revenge ! [glorious.

South. Alas, my friend ! what would
Thy rage attempt ? Consider well the great
Advantage now your rash, ungovern'd temper
Afford your foes. The queen, incens'd, will let
Their fury loose.—I dread the dire event.

Essex. Has honest pride no just resentment left ?
Nor injur'd honour feeling not revenge !
High Heaven shall bear, and earth regret my wrongs.
Hot indignation burns within my soul.
I'll do some dreadful thing—I know not what ;
Some deed as horrid as the shame I feel,
Shall startle nature, and alarm the world.
Then hence, like lightning, let me furious fly,
To hurl destruction at my foes on high ;
Pull down oppression from its tyrant seat,
Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Queen and Nottingham.

Q. NOT taken yet !

Not. No, madam ; for the earl
Of *Essex*, leagu'd with desperate friends, made strong
And obstinate resistance ; till, at length,
O'erpower'd by numbers, and increasing force,
He fled for shelter to a small retreat,
A summer-house upon the *Thames* ; resolv'd
To perish, rather than submit to power.

Q. ' O wretch detested ! O unheard-of treason ! O
Conspire against my life, within my view !
My reach ! so near my very palace gates !

‘ Perfidious monster! — What can prudence do,
 ‘ Or human wisdom, more than judge from outside,
 ‘ And flattering likeness? Kings can see no farther.
 ‘ High Heav’n, alone, can read the heart, in all
 ‘ Its utmost frauds, and mystic characters.’
 Oh where shall majesty bestow its favours,
 Since *Essex* has a traitor prov’d to me,
 Whose arm hath rais’d him up to power and greatness;
 Whose heart hath shar’d in all his splendid triumphs,
 And feels, ev’n now, his trait’rons deeds with pity?
 But hence with pity, and the woman’s pangs;
 Resentment governs, and the queen shall punish.

Enter Burleigh.

Bur. Illustrious queen, the traitors all are seiz’d.
 Th’ intelligence was true. Their black debates
 Were held at Drury-house. The dire result
 Was this: that *Essex* should alarm the citizens
 To open mutiny, and bold rebellion.

‘ On this pernicious errand went the earl,
 ‘ Join’d by his desp’rate and seditious friends.’
 Their purpose was to seize your royal palace,
 And sacred person; but your faithful people,
 As by one mind inform’d, one zeal inspir’d,
 Rose up at once, and with their virtue quell’d them.

Q. Thanks to their honest, to their loyal hearts.
 But say, were any persons else concern’d,
 Of high distinction, or of noted rank?

Bur. Yes, madam, many more, seduc’d of late,
 ‘ Mong whom the bold *Southampton* foremost stands,
 ‘ Precipitate and rash; whose pow’r tho’ great,
 ‘ Lags far behind his will to do you hurt.’
 They’re now our pris’ners, and are safe secur’d;
 But *Essex*, with *Southampton*, and the rest
 Of greater note, I would not dare dispose of
 Without your royal mandate; and they now
 Attend without, to know your final pleasure.

Q. Is this the just return of all my care;
 My anxious toilsome days, and watchful nights?
 Have I sent forth a wish, that went not freighted
 With all my people’s good? Or, have I life,
 Or length of days desir’d, but for their sake?
 The public good is all my private care:

• *Have*

Have I not ever thought the meanest subject,
 Oppres'd by power, was, in his just complaint,
 Above a king? What *British bosom* has
 By foreign tyranny been griev'd, whose wrongs
 I have not felt as mine, as mine redress'd?
 Or have I, justly, made a single man
 My foe? Then could I think this grateful isle
 Contain'd one traitor's heart? But, least of all,
 That *Essex'* breast should lodge it? Call the monster,
 And let me meet this rebel, face to face.
 Do you withdraw, and wait within our call.

[Exit Burleigh, &c.]

Enter Essex.

You see we dare abide your dang'rous presence,
 Tho' treason sits within your heart enthron'd,
 And on that brow rebellion lours, where once
 Such boasted loyalty was said to flourish.
 How low the traitor can degrade the soldier!
 Guilt glares in conscious dye upon thy cheek,
 And inward horror trembles in thine eye.
 How mean is fraud! How base ingratitude!

Essex Forbear reproach, thou injur'd majesty,
 Nor wound, with piercing looks, a heart already
 With anguish torn, and bleeding with remorse.
 Your awful looks, alone, are arm'd with death,
 And justice gives them terror.

Q. Hapless man! What cause could prompt, what fiend could urge thee on
 To this detested deed? Could I from thee
 Expect to meet this base return? from thee,
 To whom I ought to fly, with all the confidence
 That giving bounty ever could inspire,
 Or seeming gratitude and worth could promise?

Essex. Alas! I own my crimes, and feel my treasons;
 They press me down beneath the reach of pity.
 Despair alone can shield me from myself.
 Oh let the little space I live be curs'd
 With countless woes; let death, unpitied, come;
 My name be mention'd with the utmost scorn,
 If all my life can feel, or fame can suffer,
 Can serve to mitigate my queen's displeasure.

Q. My pride forbids me to approach thee more;

My pity, rather, would relieve thy sorrow.
 ' I see conviction, and severe remorse,
 ' Within thy mind at work. But much I fear,
 ' That death alone can calm the raging conflict.
 The people's clamours, and my special safety,
 Call loud for justice, and demand your life.
 But if forgiveness from an injur'd queen
 Can make the few short hours you live more easy,
 I give it freely from my pitying heart;
 And wish my willing power could grant thee more.

Essex. O sounds angelic! goodness und eserv'd!
 My swelling heart can keep no bounds, my soul
 Flows o'er.—And will my gracious queen forgive me?
 Oh, let me prostrate thus before you fall,
 My better angel, and my guardian genius!
 Permit me, royal mistress, to announce
 My faithful sentiments, my soul's true dictates;
 Vouchafe your *Essex* but this one request,
 This only boon, he'll thank you with his last,
 His dying breath, and bless you in his passage.

Q. Rise, my lord.
 If aught you have to offer can allay
 Your woes, and reconcile you to your fate,
 Proceed;—and I with patient ear will listen.

Essex. My real errors, and my seeming crimes
 Would weary mercy, and make goodness poor
 And yet the source of all my greatest faults
 Was loyalty misled, and duty in extreme.
 So jealous was my sanguine heart, so warm
 Affection's zeal, I could not bear the least
 Suspicion of my duty to my queen.
 This drove me from my high command in *Ireland*;
 This, too, impell'd me to that rude behaviour
 Which justly urg'd the shameful blow I felt;
 And this (O, fatal rashness!) made me think
 My queen had given her *Essex* up, a victim
 To statesmen's schemes, and wicked policy.
 Stung by that piercing thought, my madness flew
 Beyond all bounds, and now, alas! has brought me
 To this most shameful fall; and, what's still worse,
 My own reproaches, and my queen's displeasure.

Q. Un-

Q. Unhappy man! my yielding soul is touch'd,
And pity pleads thy cause within my breast.

Essex. Say but, my gracious sovereign, etc I go
For ever from your presence, that you think me
Guiltless of all attempts against your throne,
And sacred life. Your faithful Essex ne'er
Could harbour in his breast so foul a thought.
Believe it not, my queen. By Heav'n, I swear,
When in my highest pitch of glory rais'd,
The splendid noon of fortune's brightest sun-shine.
Not ages of renown could yield me half
The joy, nor make my life so greatly blest,
As saving yours, tho' for a single hour.

Q. My lord, I think you honest. Nay, I own,
Whatever coldness I put on, was meant
To save you from the malice of your foes.
I judg'd your crimes, what you yourself pronounc'd 'em,
The rash effect of an intemp'rare zeal.

Essex. Was ever wretch like Essex thus undone
By goodness in excess, and lavish'd grace!
Oh, I could tear my erring heart, with these
Revenging hands!—What blessings have I lost!
What clemency abus'd!—Now could I wish
For lengthen'd life,—indeed for endless years:
A whole eternity's too short, to shew
My pious sorrows, and atone my folly.

Q. ‘ Too well the passage to my heart he finds ;
‘ And pity’s hand lets in the dangerous guest.
‘ How weak is reason, when oppos’d to nature ! [Aside.]
My lord, I would convince you that I still
Regard your life, and labour to preserve it ;
But cannot screen you from a public trial.
With prudence make your best defence : but should
Severity her iron jurisdiction
Extend too far, and give thee up condemn'd
To angry laws, thy queen will not forget thee.
Yet, lest you then shou'd want a faithful friend,
(For friends will fly you in the time of need)
Here, from my finger, take this ring, a pledge
Of mercy ; having this, you ne'er shall need
An advocate with me ; for whensoe'er
You give, or send it back, by Heav'n, I swear,

As

As I do hope for mercy on my soul,
That I will grant whatever boon you ask.

Effex. O grace surprizing! most amazing goodness!
Words cannot paint the transports of my soul.
Let me receive it on my grateful knees,
At once to thank and bless the hand that gives it.

Q. Depend, my lord, on this; 'twixt you and me
This ring shall be a private mark of faith [*Gives the ring.*]
Inviolate. Be confident, cheer up,
Dispel each melancholy fear, and trust

Your sovereign's promise; she will ne'er forsake you.

Effex. Let Providence dispose my lot as 'twill,
May watchful angels ever guard my queen;
May healing wisdom in her counsels reign,
And firm fidelity surround her throne;
May victory her dreaded banners bear,
And joyful conquests crown her soldier's brow;
Let every bliss be mingled in her cup,
And Heaven at last become her great reward. [*Exit.*]

Q. 'Tis done;
And yet foreboding tremors shake my heart.
Something sits heavy here, and presses down
My spirits with its weight. What can it mean?
Suppose he is condemn'd; my royal word
Is plighted for his life; his enemies,
No doubt, will censure much.—No matter; let 'em.
I know him honest, and despise their malice.
Unhappy state, where mercy and compassion
Too often meet with clamour and reproach!
But princes must endure, for public good,
The narrow censures of misguiding crowds.

Enter Countess of Rutland.

Rut. Where is the queen? I'll fall before her feet
Prostrate, implore, besiege her royal heart,
And force her to forgive.

Q. What means this frenzy?

Rut. O gracious queen, if ever pity touch'd
Your generous breast, let not the cruel axe
Destroy his precious life; preserve my *Effex*;
Preserve, from shameful death, the noble, royal,
Oh save the brave, the best of subjects.—Save
My life, my hope, my joy, 'my all,' my husband.

Q. Husband! what sudden deadly blow is this!
Hold up, my soul, nor sink beneath this wound.
You beg a traitor's life!

Rut. O gracious queen!

He ever lov'd—was ever faithful, brave—

If nature dwells about your heart, Oh spurn

Me not! My lord! my love! my husband bleeds!

Q. Take her away.

Rut. I cannot let you go.

Hold off your hands!—Here on this spot I'll fix,
Here lose all sense. Still let me stretch these arms,
Inexorable queen, he yet may live.

Oh give him to my poor afflicted heart!

One pitying look, to save me from distraction.

Q. I'll hear no more. I'm tortur'd—take her hence.

Rut. Nay, force me not away.—Inhuman wretches!

O mercy, mercy! then to thee, good Heav'n,

(My queen, my cruel queen, denies to hear me)

To thee I call, to thee for mercy bend.

Melt down her bosom's frozen sense to feel

Some portion of my deadly grief, my fell

Distraction. Turn, O turn, and see a wife,

A tortur'd wife—

Q. Why am I not obey'd?

Rut. Nay, do not thus

Abandon me to fell despair. Just Heaven,

That sees my sorrows, will avenge the wrong.

This cruel wrong, this barbarous tyranny. [Forced off.

Q. Wedded to Rutland! Most unhappy pair!

And, O ill fated queen! never till now

Did sorrow settle in my heart its throne.

Now black despair its cloudy curtain draws

Around thy setting peace, where joy, alas!

No more shall dawn, nor smiling hope return.

Recall my pledge of safety from his hands,

And give him up to death!—But life or death

To me is equal now. 'Distraction dwells

'Within my tortur'd soul, and furies rend it.'

Unhappy state, where peace shall never come!

One fatal moment has confirm'd my doom,

Turn'd all my comfort to intestine strife,

And fill'd with mortal pangs, my future life.

[Exit.]

A C T, V.

Enter Raleigh, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Ral. THEIR peers, with much indulgence, heard
Tugnot their plea,
And gave them ample scope for their defence ;
But nought avail'd, their crimes were too notorious.
They bore their sentence with becoming spirit ;
And here's the royal mandate for their deaths.—
The lady Nottingham ! — What brings her hither ?

Enter Lady Nottingham.

Not. Lieutenant, lead me to the earl of Essex,
I bring a message to him from the queen.

Lieu. He's with his friend, the brave Southampton,
madam, preparing now for his expected fate.

But I'll acquaint his lordship with your pleasure. [Exit.

Ral. What means this message ? Does the queen relent ?

Not. I fear she does : ‘ for such a war of passions,
Such varying tumults never strove within
Her breast till now. Sometimes she rails at Essex,
And calls him villain, traitor, dooms him dead ;
Yet, in a moment, turns again to pity.
At length she sent me to th’ ungrateful earl,
To learn if he could offer aught that might
Induce her royal mercy to forgiveness.’
Go you to court, for Cecil there expects you.
I’ve promis’d to acquaint him with what passes
Twixt me and Essex e'er I see the queen.

Ral. Madam, I go. [Exit.

Not. Now, vengeance, steel my heart !
Offended woman, whilst her pride remains,
To malice only and revenge will bow ;
And every virtue at that altar sacrifice.
But see, he comes, with manly sorrow clad.
There was a time, that presence cou’d subdue
My pride, and melt my heart to gentle pity.
I then could find no joy but in his smiles ;

And

And thought him lovely as the summer's bloom :
But all his beauties are now hateful grown.

Enter Essex.

Essex. Whether you bring me death or life I know not.
But, if strict friendship and remembrance past
May aught presage to my afflicted heart,
Sure mercy only from those lips should flow,
And grace be utter'd from that friendly tongue.

Not. My lord, I'm glad you think me still your friend.
I come not to upbraid but serve you now;
And pleas'd I am to be the messenger
Of such glad tidings, in the day of trouble,
As now I bring you. When the queen had heard

'That by the lords you were condemn'd to die,
She sent me, in her mercy, here to know
If you had aught to offer that might move
Her royal clemency to spare your life.'

Essex. Could any circumstance new lustre add
To my dread sovereign's goodness, 'tis the making
The kind, the generous *Nottingham* its messenger.
O madam! cou'd my glowing heart express
It's grateful sentiments, 'twou'd speak such language
As angels utter, when they praise their maker.

Not. 'Tis well, my lord; but there's no time to spare,
The queen impatient waits for my return.

Essex. My heart was wishing for some faithful friend,
And bounteous Heav'n hath sent thee to my hopes.
Know then, kind *Nottingham*, for now I'll trust
Thee with the dearest secret of my life,
'Tis not long since the queen (who well foresaw
To what the malice of my foes wou'd drive me)
Gave me this ring, this sacred pledge of mercy;
And with it, made a solemn vow to Heav'n,
That, whensoever I should give or send
It back again, she'd freely grant whate'er
Request I then shou'd make.

Not. Give, give it me,
My lord, and let me fly on friendship's wings,
To bear it to the queen, and to it add,
My prayers and influence to preserve thy life.

Essex. O take it then—it is the pledge of life
The precious spring that drives my vital stream.

Around

Around, and keeps my heart still warm; it is
 'The door of breath, the hope of joy, the shield,
 'Of friendship';—O, it is my dear Southampton's.
 Last, last remaining stay, his thread of being,
 Which more than words I prize.—O take it then,
 Take it, thou guardian angel of my life,
 And offer up the incense of my pray'r!
 Oh beg, intreat, implore her majesty,
 From public shame, and ignominious death,
 And from th' obdurate axe, to save my friend.

Not. My lord, with all the powers that nature gave,
 And friendship can inspire, I'll urge the queen
 To grant you your request.

Essex. Kind Nottingham,
 Your pious offices shall ever be
 My fervent theme; and if my doubtful span
 Relenting Heav'n should stretch to years remote,
 Each passing hour shall still remind my thoughts,
 And tell me that I owe my all to thee.
 My friend shall thank you too for lengthen'd life.
 And now I fly with comfort to his arms,
 To let him know the mercy that you bring. [Exit.]

'Not. Yes, you shall feel my friendship's weight fall
 heavy
 'Upon your guilty soul, ungrateful man!
 'Your false, disdainful heart shall pay the fine
 'Of love neglected, and of beauty scorn'd.' [Exit.]

S C E N E, the Court.

Enter Queen and Burleigh.

Q. Ha! is not Nottingham return'd?

Bur. No, madam.

Q. Dispatch a speedy messenger to haste her. [Exit. Burl.]

My agitated heart can find no rest.

So near the brink of fate—unhappy man!

Enter Nottingham.

How now, my Nottingham, what news from Essex?
 What says the earl?

Not. I wish, with all my soul,
 Th' ungrateful task had been another's lot.
 I dread to tell it—Lost, ill-fated man!

Q. What

Q. What means this mystery, this strange behaviour? Pronounce—declare at once; what said the earl?

Not. Alas, my queen, I fear to say; his mind is so Is in the strangest mood, that ever pride On blackest thoughts begot. He scarce would speak; And when he did, it was with sullenness, With hasty tone, and down-cast look.

Q. Amazing! Not feel the terrors of approaching death? Nor yet the joyful dawn of promis'd life!

Not. He rather seem'd insensible to both, And with a cold indifference heard your offer; Till warming up, by slow degrees, resentment Began to swell his restless, haughty mind, And proud disdain provok'd him to exclaim Aloud, against the partial power of fortune, And faction's rage. I begg'd him to consider His sad condition, nor repulse with scorn The only hand that could preserve him.

Q. Ha! What! Said he nothing of a private import? No circumstance—no pledge—no ring?

Not. None, madam, But with contemptuous front disclaim'd at once Your proffer'd grace; and scorn'd, he said, a life Upon such terms bestow'd.

Q. Impossible! Could Essex treat me thus? You basely wrong him, And wrest his meaning from the purpos'd point. Recall betimes the horrid words you've utter'd; Confess, and own the whole you've said was false.

Not. Madam, by truth, and duty both compell'd, Against the pleadings of my pitying soul, I must declare (Heav'n knows with what reluctance) That never pride insulted mercy more. He ran o'er all the dangers he had past; His mighty deeds; his service to the state; Accus'd your majesty of partial leaning To faveurite lords, to whom he falls a sacrifice; Appeals to justice, and to future times, How much he feels from proud oppression's arm:

I agree to tell this—To you, N.Y.,

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Nay, something too he darkly hinted at,
Of jealous disappointment, and revenge.

Q. Eternal silence seal thy venom'd lips !
What hast thou utter'd, wretch, to rouze at once
A whirlwind in my soul, which roots up pity,
And destroys my peace :
' Ha ! he defies me then ! audacious traitor !'
Let him this instant to the block be led. [Exit Not.
Upbraid me with my fatal fondness for him !
Ungrateful, barbarous ruffian ! O Elizabeth !
Remember now thy long establish'd fame,
Thy envy'd glory, and thy father's spirit.
Accuse me of injustice too, and cruelty !
Yes, I'll this instant to the Tower, forget
My regal state, and to his face confront him :
Confound th' audacious villain with my presence,
And add new terrors to th' up-lifted axe. [Exit.

S C E N E, the Tower.

Essex and Southampton discovered.

Essex. Oh name it not ! my friend shall live, he shall ;
I know her royal mercy, and her goodness.
Will give you back to life, to length of days,
And me to honour, loyalty, and truth.
Death is still distant far.

South. In life's first spring
Our green affections grew apace and prosper'd ;
The genial summer swell'd our joyful hearts,
To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.
We're now embark'd upon that stormy flood
Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
Ere since the birth of time, to meet eternity.
And what is death, did we consider right ?
Shall, we, who sought him in the paths of terror,
And fac'd him in the dreadful walks of war,
Shall we astonish'd shrink like frighted infants,
And start at scaffolds, and their gloomy trappings ?

Essex. Yet, still I trust long years remain of friendship.
Let smiling hope drive doubt and fear away,
And death be banish'd far ; where creeping age,
Disease and care, invite him to their dwelling.

I feel

I feel assurance rise within my breast,
That all will yet be well.

South. Count not on hope—
We never can take leave, my friend, of life,
On nobler terms. Life! what is life? A shadow!
Its date is but th' immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we surety for a second gale;
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie
For the embody'd dream.
A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Essex. Such cold philosophy the heart disdains,
And friendship shudders at the moral tale.
My friend, the fearful precipice is past;
And danger dare not meet us more. Fly swift,
Ye better angels, waft the welcome tidings
Of pardon to my friend; of life and joy.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I grieve to be the messenger of woe,
But must, my lords, intreat you to prepare
For instant death. Here is the royal mandate
That orders your immediate execution.

Essex. Immediate execution!—What, so sudden?
No message from the queen, or Nottingham?

Lieu. None, sir.

Essex. Deluded hopes! Oh worse than death!
Perfidious queen, to make a mock of life!
My friend, my friend destroy'd! O piercing thought!
O dismal chance!—In my destruction ruin'd!
In my sad fall undone! Why could not mine,
My life atone for both; my blood appease?
Can you, my friend, forgive me?

South. Yes, O yes, My bosom's better half, I can. With thee I'll gladly seek the coast unknown, and leave The lessening mark of irksome life behind. With thee, my friend, 'tis joy to die! 'tis glory; For who would wait the tardy stroke of time, Or cling, like reptiles, to the verge of being, When we can bravely leap from life at once, And spring triumphant in a friend's embrace!

Enter

Ral. To you, my lord Southampton, from the queen
A pardon comes: your life her mercy spares. [Exit.

Essex. For ever blest be that indulgent power
Which saves my friend. This weight ta'en off, my soul
Shall upward spring, and mingle with the blest.

South. All-ruling heavens, can this, can this be just?
Support me; hold, ye straining heart-strings, hold,
And keep my sinking frame from dissolution.
Oh 'tis too much for mortal strength to bear,
Or thought to suffer! No, I'll die with thee.
They shall not part us, Essex.

Essex. Live, O live,
Thou noblest, bravest, best of men and friends,
Whilst life is worth thy wish, till time and thou
Agree to part, and nature send thee to me;
Thou gen'rous soul, farewell;—live and be happy;
And, Oh! may life make largely up to thee
Whatever blessing fate has thus cut off
From thy departing friend.

Lieu. My lord, my warrant
Strictly forbids to grant a moment's time.

South. Oh, must we part for ever?—Cruel fortune!
Wilt thou then tear him hence?—‘Severe divorce!’
Let me cling round thy sacred person still,
Still clasp thee to my bosom close, and keep
Stern fate at distance.

Essex. O my friend, we'll meet
Again where virtue finds a just reward,
Where factious malice never more can reach us.
Recall thy reason, be thyself once more.—
I fear it not.—This hideous monster, death,
When seen at distance, shocks weak nature's eye;
But reason, as it draws more near, defies it.—
I thank thy sorrows, but cou'd spare 'em now.
I need not bid thee guard my fame from wrongs;
And, Oh! a dearer treasure to thy care
I trust, than either life or fame—my wife.
Her bitter sorrows, pierce my soul; for her
My heart drops blood!—Oh, she will want a friend.
Then take her to thy care; do thou pour balm
On her deep-wounded spirit, and let her find

—My

My tender helps in thee!—I must be gone,
 My ever-faithful, and my gallant friend.—
 I pr'ythee leave this woman's work.—Farewel—
 Take this last, dear embrace.—Farewel for ever!
Exit Ruth. My bursting breast!—I fain would speak, but
 Are poor.—Farewell!—
 But we shall meet again, embrace in one
 Eternal band, which never shall be loos'd.

Exit.
Effex. To death's concluding stroke, lead on, lieute-
 My wife!—Now reason, fortitude, support me; [exit.
 For now, indeed, comes on my sorest trial.

Enter Countess of Rutland.

O thou last, dear reserve of fortune's malice!
 For fate can add no more—O com'st thou then
 In this dread hour, when all my straining thoughts/
 Are struggling in the tenderest ties of nature! [exit.
 O com'st thou now t'arrest my parting soul,
 And force it back to life!

Rut. Thou sole delight, [exit.
 Thou only joy which life cou'd ever give,
 Or death deprive me of; my wedded lord;
 I come, with thee determin'd to endure
 The utmost rigour of our angry stars;
 To join thee, fearless, in the grasp of death,
 And seek some dwelling in a world beyond it.

Effex. Too much, thou partner of this dismal hour.
 Thy gen'rous soul would prompt thee to endure;
 Nor can thy tender, trembling heart sustain it.
 Long years of bliss remain in store for thee;
 And smiling Time his treasures shall unfold
 To bribe thy stay.

Rut. Thou cruel comforter!
 Alas! what's life, what's hated life to me?
 • Can aught beneath this starry hemisphere,
 • Which earth's extent, and nature's wealth can yield,
 • Which proud ambition stretches to enjoy,
 • Or passion pants for, recompense thy loss?
 Alas! this universe, this goodly frame,
 Shall all as one continued curse appear,
 And every object blast, when thou art gone.

Effex. O strain not thus the little strength I've left,
 The weak support that holds up life, to bear

A few

A few short moments more, its weight of woe,
 Its loss of thee. Oa turn away those eyes,
 Nor with that look melt down my fix'd resolve ;
 And yet a little longer let me gaze
 On that lov'd form. Alas ! I feel my sight
 Grows dim, and reason from her throne retires ;
 For pity's sake, let go my breaking heart,
 And leave me to my fate.

Rut. Why wilt thou still
 Of parting talk, since life its thousand gates
 Unbars to let us through together ? ‘ Death
 ‘ Is but a step that reaches to eternity.’
 Oh that the friendly hand of Heav’n wou’d snatch
 Us both at once, above the distant stars,
 Where fortune’s venom’d shafts can never pierce,
 Nor cruel queens destroy !—‘ Nay, look not so.’

Essex. The awful searcher, whose impartial eye
 Explores the secrets of each human heart,
 And every thought surveys, can witness for me,
 How close thy image clings around my soul :
 Retards each rising wish, and draws me back
 To life, entangled by that lov’d idea.
 When fell necessity those ties shall break,
 For quickly break they must — when I from earth
 On faith’s white angel wings to Heaven shall soar,
 Thy lasting form shall still my mind possess,
 Where bliss supreme each faculty o’erwhelms,
 And raptur’d angels glow.

Lieu. My lord, ‘ the time
 ‘ Too far is stretch’d ;’ it now grows late.

Essex. Lead on.

Rut. Stay, stay, my love ! my dearest, dying lord !
 Ah, whither wouldst thou go ? Ah, do not leave me !
 Alas ! I’ll hasten to attend your flight ;
 And nature gives consent we should not part.
 I feel each faculty for fate prepare,
 And my quick soul wou’d fain set out before you.
 ‘ Oh, precious pangs !—Oh, dear distress !—still closer
 ‘ To thy quick throbbing heart let mine complain,
 ‘ And on thy labouring bosom breathe my last.’ [Faints.]

Essex. Thou sinking excellence ! thou matchless wo-
 Shall fortune rob me of thy dear embrace, [man !

Or earth's whole power, or death divide us now !
 Stay, stay, thou spotless, injur'd saint, and take —
Lieu. My lord, already you have been indulg'd
 Beyond what I can warrant by my orders.

Effex. Oh, let me on her dying bosom fall,
 Embrace her spotless form.—One moment more
 Afford me to my sorrows.—Oh, look there !
 Cou'd bitter anguish pierce your heart, like mine,
 You'd pity now the mortal pangs I feel,
 The throbs that tear my vital strings away,
 And rend my agonizing soul.—

Lieu. My lord !—

Effex. But one short moment, and I will attend.
 Ye sacred ministers that virtue guard,
 And shield the righteous in the paths of peril,
 Restore her back to life, and lengthen'd years
 Of joy ; dry up her bleeding sorrows all :
 Oh, cancel from her thoughts this dismal hour,
 And blot my image from her sad remembrance.
 'Tis done.—

And now, ye trembling cords of life, give way :
 Nature and time, let go your hold : eternity
 Demands me.

[*Exeunt Effex and Lieutenant.*]

'Woman. She returns to life, see ! help !'

Rut. Where has my lost, benighted soul been wand'ring ?
 What means this mist that hangs about my mind ?
 Through which reflection's painful eye discerns
 Imperfect forms, and horrid shapes of woe.
 The cloud dispels, the shades withdraw, and all
 My dreadful fate appears.—Oh, where's my lord,
 My life ! my *Effex* ! Oh, whither have they ta'en him ?

[*Enter Queen and Attendants.*]

Q. To execution ! Fly with lightning's wing,
 And save him. 'Hah ! by whose command was this ?
 'Stop, stop the fatal blow.—My fears were true.'

[*Exit one of the attendants.*]

Rut. Thou saving angel, sent from Heav'n ! my queen,
 My gracious queen, 'be quick !—the bloody Burleigh !'
 'A moment may destroy him. Stretch thy arm,
 'Defend, defend,' Oh snatch him from the blow !
 Preserve my husband ! 'O Elizabeth !'

' Look down upon me. Angels move her heart.
 ' To pity; save him, save him, gracious queen,
 Q. Be calm, he shall not die. Rise up, I came
 To save his life.

Rut. 'Tis mercy's voice that speaks.
 My *Essex* shall again be mine. My queen,
 My bounteous, gracious queen, has said the word.
 May troops of angels guard thy sacred life,
 And, in thy latest moments, waft thy soul
 To meet that mercy, in the realms of joy,
 Which now thy royal goodness grants to me.

Enter Burleigh.

Bur. Madam, your orders came, alas! too late,
 Ere they arriv'd the axe had fallen on *Essex*. [me?

Rut. Ha! dead! What hell is this that opens round
 What fiend art thou that draws the horrid scene?
 Ah, *Burleigh*! bloody murd'rer, where's my husband?
 ' Oh, where's my lord, my *Essex*?'
 Destruction seize and madness rend my brain.
 See, see, they bend him to the fatal block;
 Now, now the horrid axe is lifted high,
 It falls, it falls; he bleeds, he bleeds; he dies!

Q. Alas, her sorrows pierce my suffering heart.

Rut. Eternal discord, tear the social world.

' And nature's laws dissolve! expunge, erase
 ' The hated marks of time's engraving hand,
 ' And every trace destroy! Arise, despair,
 ' Assert thy righful claim, possess me all!
 Bear, bear me to my murder'd lord, to clasp
 His bleeding body in my dying arms,
 And in the tomb embrace his dear remains,
 And mingle with his dust for ever. [Exit.

Q. Hapless woman!

She shall henceforth be partner of my sorrows;
 And we'll contend who most shall weep for *Essex*.
 Oh, quick to kill, and ready to destroy, [To *Burleigh*.
 Cou'd no pretext be found, no excuse appear,
 To lengthen mercy out a moment more,
 And stretch the span of grace? O cruel *Burleigh*!
 This, this was thy dark work, unpitying man!

Bur. My gracious mistress, blame not thus my duty,
 My firm obedience to your high command.

The laws condemn'd him first to die ; nor think,
I stood between your mercy and his life.
It was the lady Nottingham, not I.
Herself confess'd it all, in wild despair,
That from your majesty to Essex sent,
With terms of proffer'd grace, she then receiv'd.
From his own hand a fatal ring, a pledge
It seems of much importance, which the earl
With earnest suit, and warm intreaty, begg'd her,
As she would prize his life, to give your majesty.
In this she fail'd—In this she murder'd Essex !

Q. O barbarous woman !

Surrounded still by treachery and fraud !
What bloody deed is this ? Thou injur'd Essex !
My fame is soil'd to all succeeding times :
But Heav'n alone can view my breaking heart ;
Then let its will be done.

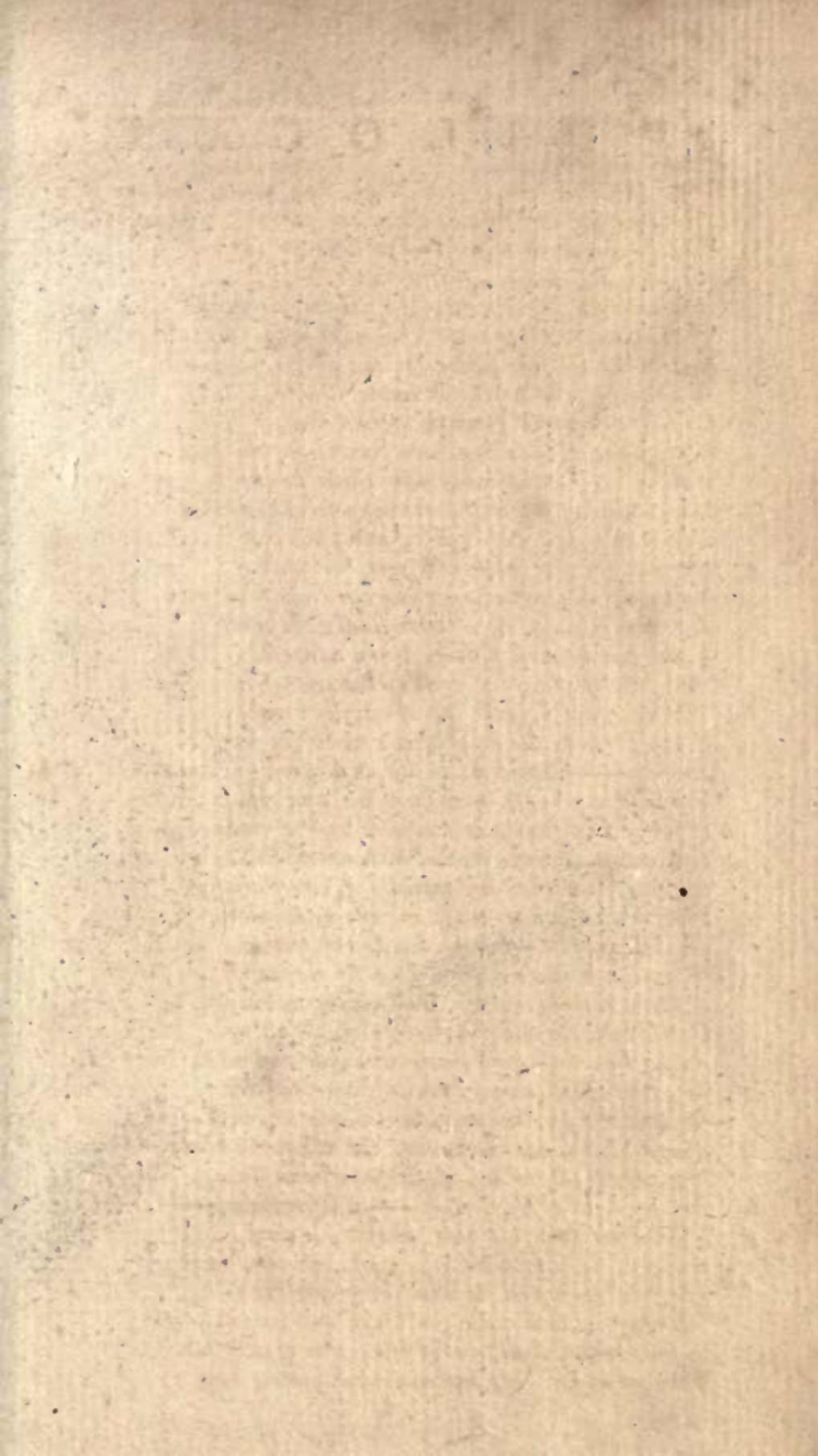
From hence, let proud, resisting mortals know
The arm parental, and th' indulgent blow.
To Heaven's corrective rod, submissive bend ;
Adore its wisdom, on its power depend ;
Whilst ruling justice guides eternal sway,
Let nature tremble, and let man obey.

EXCEP-

EPI-

E P I L O G U E.

NEWS! News! good folks, rare news, and you shall
I've got intelligence about our poet : [know it.—
Who do you think he is?—You'll never guess;
An Irish Bricklayer, neither more nor less.
And now the secret's out, you cannot wonder,
That in commencing bard, he made a blunder.
Has he not left the better for the worse,
In quitting solid brick for empty verse?
Can he believe th' example of Old Ben,
Who chang'd, like him, the trowel for the pen,
Will in his favour move your critic bowels?
You rather wish, most poets pens were trowels.
Our man is honest, sensible, and plain,
Nor has the poet made him pert, or vain :
No beau, no courtier, nor conceited youth ;
But then so rude, he always speaks the truth ;
I told him he must flatter, learn address,
And gain the heart of some rich patroness ;
'Tis she, said I, your labours will reward,
If you but join the bricklayer's with the bard ;
As thus — Should she be old and worse for wear,
You must new-case her, front her and repair ;
If crack'd in fame, as scarce to bear a touch,
You cannot use your trowel then too much ;
In short, what'er her morals, age or station,
Plaster and white-wash in your dedication.
Thus I advis'd—but he detests the plan :
What can be done with such a simple man?
A poet's nothing worth, and nought availing,
Unless he'll furnish where there is a failing.
Authors in these good times are made and us'd,
To grant these favours nature has refus'd.
If he won't fib, what bounty can he crave?
We pay for what we want, not what we have.—
Nay, though of every blessing we have store,
Our sex will always wish—a little more.—
If he'll not bend his heart to this his duty,
And sell, to who will buy, wit, honour, beauty ;
The bricklay'r still for him the proper trade is,
Too rough to deal with gentlemen and ladies.—
In short—they'll all avoid him, and neglect him,
Unless that you, his patrons, will protect him.



BARBEROSSA.



Edwards ad vir del

Caldwell sculps

*M^r. BENSLEY and Miss MACKLIN,
in the Characters of*

BARBEROSSA and IRENE.

Off frantic Wretch!

Published Feb. 28, 1777 by A. Sonndes & Partners.

B A R B A R O S S A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in Cobent-Garden.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLE,
and S. BLADON.

M. DCC. LXXVII.

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In the Catalogue of a County Fair

THERMOPHILIC BACTERIA

The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 3 to 8, in Page 8. Also the Additions made at the Theatre are distinguish'd by Italics between inverted Commas, as in Line 40, in Page 16.

P R O L O G U E,

*Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by him
in the Character of a Country Boy.*

Measter ! Measter !

IS not my measter here among you, pray ?

Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—

The actor-folks are making such a clatter !

They want the Pro-log—I know nought o' tb' matter !

He must be there among you—look about—

A weezan, pale-fac'd man, do—find him out—

Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to skeame ;

Call mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.

*Law ! what a croud is here ! what noise and pother !
Fine lads and lasses ! one o' top o' t'other ! [Pointing to the
I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze ! rows of pit and
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days !— gallery.]*

Your servant, surs !—what do you laugh for ? Eh !

You donna take me sure for one o' tb' play ?

You should not flout an honest country-lad,—

You think me fool, and I think you half mad :

You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,

And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [Laughing.]

I donna like your London tricks, not I,

And, since you rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why ?

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,

For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,

And get a place among the rich and great ;

But troth I'm sick o' tb' journey I ha' ta'en,

I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.

First, in the city I took up my station,

And got a place, with one of tb' corporation,

A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,

Zooks, he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal !

But long with him I cou'd not make abode,

For, cou'd you think't ?—he eat a great sea-toad !

It came from Indies—'twas as big as me,

He call'd it belly-patch, and capapee :

Law ! how I star'd !—I thought,—who knows, but I,

For want of monsters, may be made a pye ;

P R O L O G U E.

Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word,
While 'mong the great, this gleaning work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I stood one day with coach, and did but stoop
To put the foot-board down, and with her hoop
She cover'd me all o'er—where are you, lout?
Here, maam, says I, for Heaven's sake let me out.
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish-ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stay.—
Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits,
There's nothing sartain—Nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender,—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But should you find that all our swans are geese!
E'fek I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

{

E P I L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character
of a Fine Gentleman.

Enter—Speaking to the people without.

PSHAW!—damn your Epilogue—and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right or wrong?
Had you ten Epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in Linguum Grecum.
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you must excuse me)
Tho' auther, actors, audience, all abuse me!

E P I L O G U E.

To the Audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!—
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you—(let it not surprize you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.—
How cou'd you suffer that same country booby,
That Prologue speaking savage,—that great booby,
To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say
'Twas low—darn'd low!—but save the fellow's play—
Let the poor devil eat,—allow him that,
And give a meal to meister, mon, and cat;
But why attack the fashions?—Senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode shou'd all controul—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion:
I hate as much as he, a turtle-feast,
But 'till the present turtle-rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears,—yet op'ras I adore!—
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good Queen Bess!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free,—
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me.
Poor Gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise I always game or drink,
An English gentleman shou'd never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politicks or madness:
I therefore now propose—by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France;
Let them grow grave—Let us begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone to bless these golden times,
A farce or two—and Woodward's pantomimes!

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE.
As originally perform'd.

MEN.

Barbarossa,
Selim,
Othman,
Sadi,
Aladin,
Officer,

WOMEN.

Zaphira,
Irene,
Slave,

Mr. MOSSOP,
Mr. GARRICK
Mr. HAYARD.
Mr. DAVIES,
Mr. USHER.
Mr. MOZEEEN.
Mr. WALKER.

Mrs. CRIBBER.
Miss MACKLIN,
Miss MINORS.

Mr. BENSLEY.
Mr. SAVIGNY.
Mr. CLARKE.
Mr. HULL.
Mr. GARDNER.
Mr. FOX.
Mr. DATES.

Mrs. YATES.
Miss MACKLIN,
Mrs. POUSSEN.

AT COVENT-GARDEN.

BARRASS

ERS, ATTENDANTS, and SLAVES.
E, The Royal Palace of ALCIERS.
TIME, a few Hours about Midnight.

BARBAROSSA.

A C T I.

Enter Othman and a Slave.

Oth. A Stranger, say'st thou, that enquires of Othman?
Slave. He does: and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell
His name and quality?

Slave. That he declin'd:
But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Where didst thou see him?

Slave. Ev'n now while twilight clos'd the day, I
Mus'ing amid' the ruins of yon tow'r [spy'd him
That overhangs the flood. On my approach,
With aspect stern, and words of import dark,
He question'd me of Othman. Then the tear
Stole from his eye. But when I talk'd of pow'r
And courtly honours here conferr'd on thee,
His frown grew darker: All I wish, he cry'd,
Is to confer with him, and then to die.'

Oth. What may this mean?—Conduct the stranger to
me. [Exit Slave.]

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd
From voluntary exile to Algiers,
Once known in happier days.

Enter Sadi.

Ah, Sadi here!

My honour'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not.

These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,

Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
 'The slave of insolence ! ' Why lick the dust
 ' Beneath his feet, who laid *Algiers* in ruin ?
 ' But age, which shou'd have taught thee honest caution,
 ' Has taught thee treachery !
 ' *Otb.* Mistaken man !
 ' Cou'd passion prompt me to licentious speech
 ' Like thine—
 ' *Sadi.* Peace, false one ! peace ! The slave to pow'z
 ' Still wears a pliant tongue.—O shame to dwell
 With murder, lust, and rapine ! did he not
 Come from the depths of *Barca*'s solitude,
 With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance ?
 Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
 Receive him as his guest ? O fatal hour !
 Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
 Gaze on the Queen *Zaphira* ? Yes, 'twas lust,
 Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
 And bade him murder, if he would enjoy !
 ' O complicated horrors ! hell-born treach'ry !
 ' Then fell our country, when good *Selim* dy'd !
 Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
 Can't wear the murd'rers badge.

Otb. Mistaken man !
 ' Yet hear me, *Sadi*—
 ' *Sadi.* What can dishonour plead ?
 ' *Otb.* Yet blame not prudence.
 ' *Sadi.* Prudence ! the stale pretence of ev'ry knave !
 ' The traitor's ready mask !
Otb. Yet still I love thee :
 Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal,
 Cou'd passion prompt me to licentious speech ?
 Bethink thee !—might I not reproach thy flight
 With the foul names of fear and perfidy ?
 Didst thou not fly, when *Barbarossa*'s sword
 Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen ?
 What then did I ?—Beneath this hated roof,
 In pity to my widow'd queen—

Sadi. In Pity ?
Otb. Yes, *Sadi* : Heav'n is witness, pity sway'd me.
 ' *Sadi.* Words, words ! dissimulation all, and guilt !
 ' *Otb.*

‘ Otb.’ With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa’s friends;
In hope, that some propitious hour might rise,
When Heav’n would dash the murd’rer from his throne,
And give young Selim to his orphan’d people.

Sadi. Indeed! can’t thou be true?

Otb. By Heav’n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus?

Otb. Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the tyrant’s pow’r

By the weak efforts of an ill-tim’d rage.

Sadi. ‘ Enough:’ I find thee honest: and with pride
Will join thy counsels. ‘ This, my faithful arm,
‘ Wasted with misery, shall gain new nerves
‘ For brave resolves.’ Can aught, my friend, be done?
Can aught be dar’d?

Otb. We groan beneath the scourge,

This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance,

For the foul murder of our honor’d king,

Five guiltless wretches perish’d on the rack.

‘ Our long-lov’d friends, and bravest citizens,

‘ Self-banish’d to the desert, mourn in exile:

‘ While the fell tyrant lords it o’er a crew

‘ Of abject sycophants, the needy tools

‘ Of pow’r usurp’d: and a degenerate train.

‘ Of slaves in arms.’

Sadi. O my devoted country!

But say, the widow’d queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Otb. If pain be life, she lives: ‘ But in such woe,

‘ As want and slavery might view with pity,

‘ And blefs their happier lot!’ Hemm’d round by

Within this cruel palace, once the seat

[terrors,

Of ev’ry joy, thro’ sev’n long tedious years,

She mourns her murder’d lord, her exil’d son,

Her people fall’n: the murd’rer of her lord,

Returning now from conquest o’er the Moors,

Tempted her to marriage: ‘ Spurr’d at once by lust,

‘ And black ambition.’ Bat with noble firmness,

Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,

Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,

With a

With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son; on blyow I
fl And—O detested monster! — [He]—
‘ Sadi. Yet more deeds
‘ Of cruelty! Just Heav'n!

‘ Oth. His rage pursues'
The virtuous youth, ev'n into foreign climes.
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith!
Tamey to witness to such deeds of horror!
Give me thy poignard; lead me to the tyrant.
What tho' surrounding guards—

Oth. Reprefs thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore,
Welt'ring, we found our prince! ‘ The deadly dagger
‘ deep in his heart was fix'd! ’ His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple! Oh, remember! and revenge!

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek our
Near to the western port *Almanzor* dwells, [friends.
Yet unseduc'd by *Barbarossa*'s power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of *Selim*'s safety, or (what more I dread)
Of *Selim*'s death. Thence best may our resolvys
Be drawn hereafter. But let caution guide thee.
‘ For in these walks, where tyranny and guilt
‘ Usurp the throne, wakeful suspicion dwells,
‘ And squint-ey'd jealousy, prone to pervert
‘ Ev'n looks and smiles to treason.’

Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st.
Oth. Ev'n there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend,
I would

I would not have thee found within these walls. {Flourish.
And hark!—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud *Barbarella*, with his train. Yet, *gods!*
Begone—

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence [Exit *Sadi.*
Hang o'er his steps!—Farewell—Remember, *Othman*,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap [Exit *Othman*.
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter *Barbarossa*, *Guards*, &c.

Bar. Valiant *Othman*,
Are these vile slaves impal'd?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them?

Oth. They dy'd obdurate: While the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish. {slaves,

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts! ‘What pity
• Whom my supreme decree condemn'd to torture?’
‘Are ye not all my slaves, to whom my nod
• Gives life or death?’

‘*Oth.* To doubt thy will is treason.

‘*Bar.* I love thee, faithful *Othman*:’ But why sits
That sadness on thy brow: ‘For oft I find thee
‘ Musing and sad;’ while joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the *Moors* o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace.

Oth. Mighty warrior!

The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect, or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well: Be it so.

To guard *Algiers* from anarchy's misrule,
I sway the regal scepter. ‘Who deserves,
‘ Shall meet protection: And who merits not,
‘ Shall meet my wrath in thunder.’—But 'tis strange,
That when with open arms, I wou'd receive
Young *Selim*; wou'd restore the crown, which death
Reft from his father's head—He scorns my bounty,

' Shuns me with sullen and obdurate hate,' His eyes were
 And proudly kindles war in foreign climes, ' had bark
 Against my pow'r, who sav'd his bleeding country.' *In*
 ' Otb. 'Tis strange, indeed—'

Enter Aladin.

Ala. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
 Of high concernment to *Algiers* and Thee.
 Young *Selim* is no more.

Otb. *Selim* no more! 'Indeed!'

Bar. 'Indeed!—why that astonishment?
 He was our bitterest foe.'

Otb. So perish all thy causeless enemies!

Bar. 'What says the rumour?'

How dy'd the prince, and where?

Ala. The rumour tells,
 That flying to *Oran*, he there begg'd succours
 From *Ferdinand of Spain*, t' invade *Algiers*.

Bar. From Christian dogs!

Otb. How! league with infidels!

Ala. And there held council with the haughty Spa-
 To conquer and dethrone thee: But in vain: [niard,
 For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
 Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy!

Oft' have I courted him to meet my kindness;
 But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a pestilence:
 Nor cou'd I e'er behold him, since the down
 Cover'd his manly cheek.—How many years
 Number'd he?

Otb. I think, scarce thirteen, when his father dy'd,
 And, now, some twenty.

Bar. *Otbman*, now for proof
 Of undissembled service.—Well I know,
 Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
 In the queen's confidence: 'The crown I wear
 ' Yet totters on my head, till marriage-rites
 ' Have made her mine.' *Otbman*, she must be won.
 Plead thou my cause of love: 'Bid her dry up
 ' Her fruitless tears: Paint forth her long delays,

• Wake

“ Wake all thy eloquence ! Make her bat mine,
And such ‘ unsought’ reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall out-spar thy wishes.”

Otb. Mighty king,—
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, *Otbman*,
Ere yet the rumour of her son’s decease,
Hath reach’d her ear ; ‘ ere yet the mournful tale
‘ Hath whelm’d her in a new abyss of woe,
‘ And quench’d all soft affection, save for him,’
Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love ! —
Haste—fly—I follow thee. [Exit *Otbman*.
Now, *Aladin*,

Now fortune bears us to the wish’d-for port :
‘ We ride secure on her most prosp’rous billow.’
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th’ attempt was greatly daring ?

Ala. Bold as needful.
What booted it, to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place ?

Bar. True : ‘ We have conquer’d now.’ *Algiers* is
Without a rival. ‘ Thus great souls aspire ; [mine,
‘ And boldly snatch at crowns, beyond the reach
‘ Of coward conscience.’ — Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not : *Omar*, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, ‘ tis he hath fall’n.
Didst thou not say two slaves encounter’d *Selim* ?

Ala. Ay, two ; ‘ tis rumour’d so.

Bar. And that one fell ?

Ala. ‘ Ev’n so :’ By *Selim*’s hand ; while his companion
Planted his happier steel in *Selim*’s heart. [nion

Bar. *Omar*, I fear is fall’n. From my right-hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave :
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of *Selim*’s death ; if sickness or captivity,
Or wayward fate, shou’d thwart his quick return.

Ala. The rumour yet is young ; perhaps foretells
The trusty slave’s approach.

Bar. We’ll wait th’ event. Mean time give out, that now the widow’d queen
• Hath dry’d her tears, prepar’d to crown my love

By marriage-rites : spread wide the start'ring tale :
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

- ‘ *Ala.* It is indeed a thought,
- ‘ Which prudence whispers.
- ‘ *Bar.* Thou, brave *Aladin*,
- ‘ Hast been the firm companion of my deeds :
- ‘ Soon shall my friendship's warmth reward thy faith.’—
This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the *Moor*. Hence, *Aladin* ;
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[Exit *Aladin*.]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish : in *Selim*'s blood
Its root is struck : from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er *Afric*'s continent,
And stretch from shore to shore. My wayward daughter !

Enter *Irene*.

‘ What, drown'd in tears ? Still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul ? When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
'To dwell with sorrow.—Why these fullen tears ?

Ire. ‘ Let not these tears offend my father's eye ;’
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. ‘ On some rude request,’
What wou'dst thou urge ?

Ire. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
‘ Now let it melt !’ urge not thy ‘ harsh’ command
To see her ! her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness ? Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from *Algiers*,
Ere this, my pow'r had reap'd what she denies.
But there's a cause, which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Ire.

Ire. Oh, frown not thus! 'Surt, pity ne'er deserv'd
 'A parent's frown; but looks more kindly on me, o' I
 Let thy consenting pity mix with mine, nor Heav'n woe
 And heal the woes of weeping majesty! i i i i i
 Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear? *T*

Ire. Oh never shall *Irene* taste of peace,
 While poor *Zaphira* mourns!

Bar. Is this my child?
 Perverse and stubborn!—As thou lov'st thy peace,
 Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph
 That echoes through *Algiers*? which now shall pierce
 The vaulted Heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
 Young *Selim*'s death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.

Ire. O generous *Selim*! [Weeps.]

Bar. Ah! there's more in this!
 Tell me, *Irene*: on thy duty, tell me:
 ' As thou dost wish, I would not cast thee off,
 ' With an incensed father's curses on thee,
 ' Now tell me' why, at this detested name of *Selim*,
 Afresh thy sorrow streams?

Ire. Yes, I will tell thee,
 For he is gone! and dreads thy hate no more!
 My father knows, that scarce five moons are past,
 Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at *Oran*,
 A hopeless captive in a foreign clime!

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
 But what of this?

Ire. ' Why shon'd I tell, what horrors
 ' Did then beset my soul?'—Oft' have I told thee,
 How mid' the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
 Bright as the morning star!

Bar. And was it *Selim*?
 Did he redeem thee?

Ire. With unsparing hand
 He paid th' allotted ransom: ' And o'erbade
 ' Av'rice and appetite.' At his feet I wept,
 Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
 But when I told my quality and birth,
 He started at the name of *Barbarossa*;
 ' And thrice turn'd pale.' Yet, with recovery mild,

Go to *Algiers*, he cry'd ; protect my mother,
And be to her, what *Selim* is to thee.—
Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me !
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me ?
False, faithless child !

Ire. Cou'd gratitude do less !
He said thy wrath pursu'd him ; thence conjur'd me.
Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid !
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe !

Ire. Alas, my father !
He never was thy foe.

Bar. What ! plead for *Selim* !
‘ Away. He merited the death he found !’
O coward ! traitress to thy father's glory !
Thou should'st have liv'd a slave,—been sold to shame,
Been banish'd to the depth of howling desarts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honour by a deed so vile :—
Hence, from my sight.—Hence, thou unthankful child !
Beware thee : shun the queen : nor taint her ear
With *Selim*'s fate. Yes, she shall crown my love ;
Or by our prophet, she shall dread my pow'r,

[Exit *Barbarossa*.]

Ire. Unhappy queen !
To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd !
‘ O cruel father ! hapless child ! whom pity
Compels to call him cruel ! Gen'rous *Selim* !
‘ Poor injur'd queen !’ She but intreats to die
In her dear father's tents ! thither, good queen,
My care shall spend thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head ? Yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support ; and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Cou'd I but save *Zaphira*,
Let the storm beat, I'll weep and pray, till she
“ Bereft of, her lov'd lord, of every joy bereft,”
And Heav'n forget, my father e'er was cruel.

[Exit]

A C T

BARBAROSSA.

— A C T II.

Zaphira 'and Female Slaves' discover'd.

Zaph. WHEN shall I be at peace!—O righteous Heav'n,

Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain wou'd rise
To confidence in thee!—But woes on woes

O'erwhelm me! first my husband! now, my son!

Both dead! both slaughter'd by the bloody hand

Of Barbarossa! 'Sweet content, farewell!

' Farewel, sweet hope! grief is my portion here!

' O dire ambition! what infernal pow'r

' Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,

' To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,

' Murder and lust! to waste domestic peace,

' And ev'ry heart-felt joy!'

Enter Othman.

O faithful Othman!

Our fears were true! my Selim is no more!

Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?

Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, Heav'n, with thunder!

Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not Heav'n's
high will,

Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes! Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to Heav'n.—My honour'd queen,
The king—

Zaph. Whom stil'st thou king?

Oth. 'Tis' Barbarossa.—

He means to see thee.—

Zaph. 'Curses blast' the tyrant!

Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood

Of innocence! by treachery and murder!

May Heav'n incens'd pour down its vengeance on him;

Blast

B A R B A R O S S A.

Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror ;
Till phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth ! my faithful *Otbman*,
My sole surviving prop ! canst thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
This hated palace ! with undaunted step
I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear *Mutija* ! —Can no means be found,
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me ?

Otb. That hope is vain ! the tyrant knows thy hate.
Hence, day and night, his 'watchful' guards environ
thee,

' Impenetrable as walls of adamant.
' Curb then thy mighty griefs : justice and truth
' He mocks as shadows.' Rouse not then, his anger ;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence,
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Wou'd rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. Cruel task !
' For royalty to bow,' —an injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty ! and, Oh ! to whom ?
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son !
O perish first, *Zaphira* ! yes, I'll die !
For what is life to me ! my dear, dear lord !
My hapless child ! yes, I will follow you.

Otb. Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Zaph. I will not, *Otbman*,
Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents tongues,
I'll pour my curses on him !

Otb. Will *Zaphira*
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge ?

Zaph. Revenge ? —O tell me —
Tell me but how ! what can a helpless woman ?

Otb. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy father :
Pour thy complaints before him : let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah ! —say'st thou, *Otbman* ? [Rising.]
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame !
And

And all my soul's on fire!—Thou faithful friend!
Yes; with more gentle speech I'll sooth his pride;
Regain my freedom! reach my father's tents;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the vallies into honest vengeance:
The sudden storm shall pour on *Barbarossa*;
And ev'ry glowing warrior sleep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen. But as thou lov'st thy
freedom.

Touch not on *Selim's* death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zaph. My murder'd son!—Yes to revenge thy death,
I'll speak a language which my heart despairs.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: Now injur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion! [Exit Othman.

Enter *Barbarossa*.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! 'Thrice honor'd queen!' in
whom

Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror, 'whose deciding voice
' Can speak the fate of kingdoms, at thy feet
' Lies vanquish'd by thy pow'r!'

Zaph. O *Barbarossa*!

No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! With my departed lord
My love lies bury'd! 'I should meet thy flame
' With sullen tears and cold indifference.'
Then turn thee to some happier fair whose heart
May crown thy growing love, with love sincere!
For I have none to give!

Bar. Love ne'er should die:
'Tis the soul's cordial: 'tis the fount of life;
Therefore shou'd spring eternal in the breast.
One object lost, another shou'd succeed;
And all our life be love.

Zaph. Urge me no more:—Thou might'st with equal
hope

Woo the cold marble weeping o'er a tomb,
'To meet thy wishes! But if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:
Give

Give me safe convoy to the native vales,
Of dear *Marija*, where my father reigns.

Bar. O blind to proffer'd bliss ! what, fondly quit
This 'lefty palace, and the envy'd' pomp
Of empire, for an *Arab's* 'wand'ring' tent !
Where the mock *Cheiflain* leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, 'as thirst or famine sways ;'
'Obscurely vain !' and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings !—Bar other joys
Here shall attend thy call : 'the winged bark
'For thee shall traverse seas ; and ev'ry clime
'Be tributary to *Zaphira*'s charms.
'To thee, exalted fair,' submissive realms
Shall bow the neck ; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far-distant *Niger* and the *Nile*,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot-wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain,
But, ah ! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendor, when 'by wasting woes,' the mind
Lies desolate within !—Such, such, is mine !
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy ;
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents !

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet—“I do beseech thee.—”

Bar. Thou thankless fair !
Thus to repay the labours of my love ?
Had I not seiz'd the throne when *Selim* dy'd,
Ere this, thy foes had laid *Algiers* in ruin ?
I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.

‘*Zaph.* Peace dost thou call it ! what can worse be fear'd
‘From the war's rage, than violence and blood ?
‘Have not unceasing horrors mark'd thy reign :
‘Thro' sev'n long years, thy slaught'ring sword hath
‘reek'd
‘With guiltless blood.

‘*Bar.* With guiltless blood ?—Take heed—
‘Rouse not my slumb'ring rage : Nor vindicate
‘Thy country's guilt and treason.

‘*Zaph.*

‘ Zaph. Where violence reigns, there innocence is guilt;
 • And virtue, treason.—Know, Zaphira scorns
 • Thy menace.—Yes,—thy slaught'ring sword hath reek'd
 • With guiltless blood. Through thee exile and death
 • Have thin'd Algiers. Is this thy boasted peace?
 • So might the tyger boast the peace he brings,
 • When he o'erleaps by stealth, and wastes the fold.

‘ Bar. Ungrateful queen! I'll give thee proof of love,
 • Beyond thy sex's pride! Make thee but mine,
 I will descend the throne, and call thy son
 From banishment to empire.

Zaph. Oh, my heart! Can I bear this!—
 Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!
 May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
 And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
 Despair as deep as mine!

Bar. What means Zaphira? What means this burst of grief?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer! Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience?
 Wou'd flash conviction on thee, and each look,
 Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent-horrors,
 To turn thee into stone! Relentless man!
 Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble guilt,
 Where'er thou art!—Look on me!—Tell me, tyrant,—
 Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue,
 • My foe, hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
 • This is the rumour of some coz'ning slave,
 • Who thwarts my peace. Believe it not, Zaphira;
 Thy Selim lives: Nay more he soon shall reign,
 If thou consent to bless me,

Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner wou'd I roam
 An unknown exile through the torrid climes
 Of Afric, sooner dwell with wolves and tygers,
 Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear; think on thy captive-state:
 Remember, that within these palace-walls,
 I am omnipotent; That every knee
 Bends at my dread approach; That shame and honour,

nobis braving a punno Reward

Reward and punishment, await my nod,
The vassals of my pleasure.—Yield thee then;
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my pow'r incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear
With that foul menace!—Tyrant! Dread'st thou not
Th' all-seeing eye of Heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the red'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine? Yet know *Zaphira* scorns thee.
Tho' robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the free-born soul,
That greatly dare to die.

[*Exit Zaphira.*]
Bar. Where shou'd she learn the tale of *Selim*'s death?
Cou'd *Othman* dare to tell it? If he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death!—Curse on her steadiness!
She lords it o'er my heart. There is a charm
Of majesty in virtue, that disarms
Reluctant pow'r, and bends the struggling will
From her most firm resolve.'

Enter Aladin.

O Aladin!

Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.
This stubborn woman—

Ala. What, unconquer'd still?

Bar. The news of *Selim*'s fate hath reach her ear.
Whence could this come?

Ala. I can resolve the doubt.
A female slave, attendant on *Zaphira*,
O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her!
Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul: Nay she defies my pow'r:
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Ala. Let her rage foam.
I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick relief!

Ala. The gallant youth is come, who slew her son.

Bar.

Bar. Who? *Omar!*

Ala. No; unhappy *Omar* fell
By *Selim's* hand. But *Achmet*, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Reveng'd his death by *Selim's*.

Bar. Gallant youth!

Bears he the signet?

Ala. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, *Aladin*.
[Exit Aladin,

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter *Selim* disguis'd as *Achmet* and *Aladin*.

Selim. Hail, mighty *Barbarossa*! As the pledge [Kneels,
Of *Selim's* death, behold thy ring restor'd:
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth!

But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth whom *Omar* (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt?

Selim. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found ye
That insolent!

Selim. We found him at *Oran*,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.—

Selim. As we ought.
While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave *Omar* aim'd the poignard,
Which *Selim* shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasten on:
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend:
My thirsty dagger with repeated blow,
Search'd every artery: They fell together,
Gaspings in folds of mortal enmity;
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Bar. Well hast thou sped.
Thy dagger did its office, faithful *Achmet*;
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate!—Go, seek the queen.

For know the rumour of her *Selim's* death
 Hath reach'd her ear; Hence dark suspicions rise,
 Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
 Her son expire; that with his dying breath,
 He did conjure her to receive my vows,
 And give her country peace.— That, sure will lull
 ‘Suspicion. *Aladin*, that sure will win her.
 ‘*Ala*. ’Tis wisely thought.—It must.’

Enter Othman.

Bar. Most welcome *Othman*.
 Behold this gallan^t stranger. He hath done
 The state good service. Let some high reward
 Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
 Conduct him to the queen; for he hath news
 Worthy her ear, from her departed son;
 Such as may win her love—Come, *Aladin*:
 The banquet waits our presence: festal joy
 Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
 Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
 Rivals departed day. [*Exeunt. Barb. and Alad.*

Selim. What anxious thought
 Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
 Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
 That riots thro' the palace?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me,
 On what dark errand thou art here?

Selim. I dare.

Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
 Deform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
 Remorseless fury?—I am *Selim's* murd'rer.

Oth. *Selim's* murd'rer!

Selim. Start not from me.
 My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood.

Why this amazement?

Oth. Amazement?—No—’Tis well.—’tis as it should
 be—

He was indeed a foe to *Barbarossa*.

Selim. And therefore to *Algiers*?—Was it not so?
 Why dost thou pause? What passion shakes thy frame?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble!—
 Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
 Smear'd with my prince's blood!—Go, tell the tyrant,

Othman

Othman defies his pow'r; that, tir'd with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim?

Otb. All men lov'd him.

He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name! Remorseless tyrant!

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile [him,
I have deceiv'd this tyrant. *Barbarossa*:

Selim is yet alive.

Otb. Alive!

Selim. Nay, more—

Selim is in *Algiers*.

Otb. Impossible!

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither,

Otb. Not for an empire! [straight.

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tyger's den.

Selim. But I'll bring him

Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not ev'n thyself couldst know him.

Otb. Yes, sure: too sure, to hazard such an awful
Trial!

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.

Otb. No time can blot

The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides he wears,
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar!

Otb. Ay, on his forehead,

Selim. What, like this? [Lifting his turban.

Otb. Whom do I see!—am I awake!—my prince!

[Kneels.

My honour'd, honour'd king!

Selim. Rise, faithful *Otbman*.
Thus let me thank thy truth! [Embraces him.]

Otb. O happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?

And why that ardent gaze? Thou canst not doubt me!

Otb. Ah, no! I see thy fire in ev'ry line.—
How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The *russian* wore
The tyrant's signet:—Take this ring, he cry'd,
The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accurs'd attempt: this pledge restor'd,
Will prove thee slain: ‘Safe may’st thou see *Algiers*,
‘Unknown to all.’—This said, th’ assassin dy’d.

Otb. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?

Selim. Disguis'd as *Selim*'s murderer I come:
Th’ accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd,
Gain’d credence to my words.

Otb. Yet ere thou cam’st, thy death was rumour’d here.

Selim. I spread the flatt’ring tale, and sent it hither;
‘That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
‘Might make belief more easy.’ Tell me, *Otbman*,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,—
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?

Otb. Still: in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, tho’ with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind Heav’n
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, *Otbman*?

Otb. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: ‘tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?

Otb. Yet think—should *Barbarossa*—

Selim. Dread him not—
‘Thou know’st by his command, I see *Zaphira*,
‘And wrapt in this disguise, I walk secure,

* As if from Heav'n some guardian pow'r attending,
* Threw ten-fold night around me.'

Otb. Still my heart

Forebodes some dire event!—O quit these walls!

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Otb. What means my prince?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's suff'rings, and a people's groans.

Otb. Alas, my prince! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes!

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murd'lers guise—Ere morning shines,
This, *Othman*—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.

[*Show's a dagger.*

Otb. Heav'n shield thy 'precious' life—Let caution
Thy 'headlong' zeal! [rule.]

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair:
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From *Sadi* and *Almanzor*.

Otb. Say—what hope?
My soul is all attention.—

Selim. Mark me, then;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace: while the glutted troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit; the confed'rate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard *Zapbira* from the tyrant's rage,
Amid' the deathful uproar.

Otb. Heav'n protect thee—
'Tis dreadful—What's the hour?

Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night
Brave *Sadi* will report their last resolves.—
Now lead me to the queen.—

Otb. Brave prince, beware!
Her joy's or fear's excess, wou'd sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her, till the tyrant perish!

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge me,
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview,
We ever shall obtain?

Otb. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the name
Of Selim's friend; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so: I yield me to thy will.

Otb. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels watch,
And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of thy virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Selim. Oh, thou hast rouz'd a thought, on which re-
Mounts with redoubled fire!—Yes, here, ev'n here,—
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his blessings, 'till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour! O blessed shade!
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once-lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
‘Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
‘By peril, pain, or death!’ that undismay'd,
I may pursue the just intent: and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

[Enter Irene.]

CAN air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?—
Sure 'twas his image!—Yet, his presence here—
After full rumour had confirm'd him dead!
Beneath this hostile roof to court destruction!
It staggers all belief! Silent he shot
Athwart my view, amid' the glimmering lamps;
With swift and ghost-like step, that seem'd to shun
All human converse. This way, sure he mov'd!—
But Oh! how chang'd! He wears no gentle smiles,

[Murmur.] But

But terror in his town. *He comes.* — Tis he — of W.
For Othman points him thither, and departs. *He comes.* — W.
Disguis'd, he seeks the queen & secure, perhaps, *O*.
And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him. *O*.
O generous Selim! can I see thee thus? *O*.
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate? *O*.
Forbid it gratitude! *O*.

Enter Selim.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs! *Ye sighs.* — Ye bring bna
Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still! *Ye sighs.* — M
Down, down fond heart! *Ye sighs.* — Hn bna

Ire. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Selim. Oh, ruin! *Shunning her.*

Ire. Blest, is Irene! Blest if Selim lives!

Selim. Am I betray'd?

Ire. Betray'd to whom? To her
Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee.

Selim. It was my hope,
That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth,
' And thrown the mask of manhood o'er my visage.' —
Am I then known?

Ire. To none, but love and me. —
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! Thou Heav'n of
sweetness!

How cou'd I pour forth all my soul before thee.
In vows of endless truth! — It must not be! —
This is my destin'd goal! — The mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell! where bitter tears,
And sighs, and lamentations, choak the voice,
And quench the flame of love!

Ire. Yet, virtuous prince, *bad woman that you are*
Tho' love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear then her voice, which warns thee from these walls.
Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps!

Selim. Too generous maid! O Heav'n! that Bar-
* Shou'd be Irene's father.

[baroffa]

* Ire.

‘ *Ire.* Injur’d prince !

‘ Lose not a thought on me ! I know thy wrongs,

‘ And merit not thy love. No, learn to hate me.

‘ Or if *Irene* e’er can hope such kindness,

‘ First pity, then forget me !

‘ *Selim.* When I do,

‘ May Heav’n pour down its righteous vengeance on me !

‘ *Ire.* Hence ! haste thee, hence !

Selim. Wou’d it were possible !

Ire. What can prevent it ?

Selim. Justice ! Fate, and justice !

A murder’d father’s wrongs !

‘ *Ire.* Ah, prince, take heed !

‘ I have a father too !

‘ *Selim.* What did I say ? -- my father ! -- not my father . . .

‘ Can I depart till I have seen *Zaphira* ? —

‘ *Ire.* Justice, said’st thou ?

That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder !

Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,

Now glares with terror ! Thy approach by night —

Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,

Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost !

“ *Ab !* prince, take heed ! I have a father too ! ”

Think, *Selim*, what *Irene* must indure,

Shou’d she be guilty of a father’s blood !

‘ *Selim.* A father’s blood !

‘ *Ire.* Too sure. In vain thou hid’st

‘ Thy dire intent ! Forbid it, Heav’n, *Irene*

‘ Shou’d see destruction hov’ring o’er her father,

‘ And not prevent the blow !

‘ *Selim.* Is this thy love,

‘ Thy gratitude to him, who sav’d thy honour ?

‘ *Ire.* ’Tis gratitude to him who gave me life :

‘ He who preserv’d me claims the second place.

‘ *Selim.* Is he not a tyrant, murderer ?

‘ *Ire.* O spare my shame ! I am his daughter still !

‘ *Selim.* Wou’dst thou become the partner of his crimes ?

‘ *Ire.* Forbid it, Heav’n ! — Yet I must save a father !

Selim. Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut thine
With *Selim*’s blood — — —

Ire. Was e'er distress like mine !

‘ O Selim, can I see my father perish !

‘ Wou’d I had ne’er been born !

[Weeps.]

‘ Selim. Thou virtuous maid !

‘ My heart bleeds for thee !

‘ Ire.’ Quit, O quit these walls !

Heav’n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes ! Thy dark attempt is big.

With horror and destruction ! Generous prince !

Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart !

Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go ?

Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us

The mournful pleasure of a parting tear ?

Ire. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these
As soon as morning shines :—Else, tho’ despair [walls,
Drives me to madness ;—yet—to save a father !—

O *Selim!* spare my tongue the horrid sentence !

Fly ! ere destruction seize thee ! [Exit Irene.]

Selim. Death and ruin !

Must I then fly ?—what !—coward-like betray

My father, mother, friends !—Vain terrors, hence !

Danger looks big to Fear’s deluded eye :

But courage on the heights and steeps of fate,

Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge

Of peril : And while sick’ning caution shrinks,

Or self-betray’d, falls headlong down the steep ;

Calm resolution, unappall’d, can walk

The giddy brink, secure.—Now to the queen.—

How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown !

How stifle the warm transports of my heart,

That pants at her approach !—Who waits the queen ?

“ Who waits Zaphira ?”—

Enter a female Slave.

Slave. Whence this intrusion, stranger ? at an hour
Destin’d to rest ?

Selim. I come, to seek the queen, on matter of such import, as may claim
Her speedy audience.

Slave. Thy request is vain, Ev’n now the queen hath heard the mournful tale
Of her son’s death, and drown’d in grief she lies.
Thou canst not see her.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear, departed son;
And bring his last request.

Slave. I'll haste to tell her,
With all a mother's tend'rest love she'll fly,
To meet that name! [Exit Slave.]

Selim. O ill-dissembling heart!—My ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror!—Wou'd to Heav'n
I had not come! Some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me—Honest guile assist
My fault'ring tongue!

[Enter Zaphira.]

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress!
Did'st thou behold in death my hapless son?
Did'st thou receive my Selim's parting breath?
Did he remember me?

Selim. Most honour'd queen!
Thy son,—Forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine!

Zaph. I thank thy pity!
'Tis generous thus to feel for others woe.—

What of my son? Say, didst thou see him die?

Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

Zaph. O Heav'n!—my child! my child!

Selim. That ev'n in death, the pious youth remem-
ber'd His royal mother's woes.

Zaph. Where, where was I?
Relentless fate!—that I shou'd be deny'd
The mournful privilege to see him die!
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul! Oh tell me all,
All that he said and look'd! Deep in my heart
That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: Then bid her weep no more:

BARBAROSSA.

53

33

Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms !

Zaph. O basely false !

Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart !
Vile slave, begone !—My son betray me thus !—
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him shou'd end in great disdain !—
But he was brave ; and scorn'd a thought so vile !
Wretched Zaphira ! How art thou become
The sport of slaves !—‘ O griefs incurable !’

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen ! Thy woes
May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile ?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. Who art thou then ?

Selim. Oh, my full heart—I am—thy friend, and
I come not to insult, but heal thy woes—
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives ! O gracious Heav'n !
Do I not dream ? say, stranger,—didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives ?—What do I ask ?
Wild, wild, and fruitless hope !—What mortal pow'r ?
Can e'er re-animate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead !

Selim. O pow'ful Nature, thou wilt sure betray me !

Thy Selim lives : For since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.

Zaph. Ye heav'nly pow'r's !—

Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my son expire ?

Didst not ev'n now relate his dying words ?

Selim. It was an honest falsehood, meant to prove

Zaphira's unstain'd virtue.

Zaph. Why—but Othman.—

Othman affirm'd that my poor son was dead :

And I have heard, the murderer is come,

In triumph o'er his dear and innocent blood.

‘ Selim. I am that murderer.—Beneath this guise,
 • I spread th’ abortive tale of Selim’s death,
 • And haply won the tyrant’s confidence.
 • Hence gain’d access : and from thy Selim tell thee,
 • Selim yet lives ; and honours all thy virtues.

• Zaph. O generous youth, who art thou !—From what clime

• Comes such exalted virtue, as dares give
 • A pause to griefs like mine !—As dares approach,
 • And prop the ruin tott’ring on its base,
 • Which selfish caution shuns !—Oh say—who art thou ?
 ‘ Selim. A friendless youth, self-banished with thy son ;
 • Long his companion in distress and danger :
 • One who rever’d thy worth in prosp’rous days :
 • And more reveres thy virtue in distress.’

Zaph. O gentle stranger—Mock not my woes,
 But te’l me truly,—does my Selim live ?

Selim. He does, by Heav’n !

Zaph. “ O generous Heaven ! thou at length o’er pay’st
 “ My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives !”
 And does he still remember
 His father’s wrongs, and mine !

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
 That in his heart indelibly are stamp’d
 His father’s wrongs, and thine : that he but waits
 ’Till awful justice may unsheathe her sword,
 • And lust and murder tremble at her frown ?
 That till the arrival of that happy hour,
 Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
 And his breast labour with the great revenge !

• Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son !
 • I feel my heart revive ! Here, peace once more
 • Begins to dawn.’

Selim. Much honour’d queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet,—not yet ;—indulge a mother’s love !
 In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
 Methinks I see my Selim stand before me.
 Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
 Croud on my mind. Wishes, and pray’rs and tears,
 Are all I have to give. O bear him these !

Selim. Take comfort then ; for know thy son, o’erjoy’d
 To rescue thee, wou’d bleed at ev’ry vein !—

Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest !

Bid her remember that the ways of Heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just : that oft some guardian pow'r
Attends unseen to save the innocent !

But if high Heav'n decrees our fall,—Oh bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die ! ‘*and* then he wept as I do.’

Zaph. “Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!”
O righteous Heav'n ! ‘thou hast at length o'erpay'd
‘ My bitt'rest pangs ; if my dear *Selim* lives,
‘ And lives for me !—hear my departing pray'r : [Kneels.
‘ O spare my son !—Protect his tender years !
Be thou his guide through dangers and distress !
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne !—‘ when I am gone,
‘ Bless thou his peaceful reign ! Oh, early bles's him
‘ With the sweet pledges of connubial love ;
‘ That he may win his virtue's just reward,
‘ And taste the raptures which a parent's heart
‘ Reaps from a child like him ! not for myself.—
‘ But my dear son,—accept my parting tears !’

[Exit Zaphira.]

Selim. Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief ! flow tears !
And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow !
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes ; have found her noble :
And to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril !---Pow'rful virtue !
How infinite thy joys, when ev'n thy griefs
Are pleasing !---‘ Thou, superior to the frowns
‘ Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
‘ And brighten woe to rapture !’

Enter Othman and Sadi.

Honour'd friends !

How goes the night ?

Sadi. 'Tis well-nigh midnight.

Otb. What—in tears, my prince ?

Selim. But tears of joy : for I have seen *Zaphira*,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast :
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends ;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul ; and wak'd

All that is man within me, to disdain no less as far as Peril, or death.—What tiding from the city?

Sadi. All, all is ready! Our confederate friends Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting: And when the second watch of night is rung, The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes! Now let the rising whirlwind shake *Algiers*, And justice guide the storm! Scarce two hours hence—

Sadi. Scarce more than one.

Selim. Oh, as ye love my life, Let your zeal hasten on the great event: The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here; And half suspects the cause.

Otb. Too daring prince, Retire with us! her fears will sure betray thee!

Selim. What? leave my helpless mother here a prey To cruelty and lust—I'll perish first! This very night the tyrant threatens violence! I'll watch his steps: I'll haunt him thro' the palace; And, shou'd he meditate a deed so vile, I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence, And blast him in his guilt!

Sadi. Intrepid prince! Worthy of empire!—Yet accept my life, My worthless life: do thou retire with *Othman*; I will protect *Zaphira*.

Selim. Think'st thou, *Sadi*, That when the trying hour of peril comes, Selim will shrink into a common man! Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more! Here shall my station be: and if I fall, O friends let me have vengeance!—Tell me now, Where is the tyrant?

Otb. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'Tis good!—Now tell me how our pow'r's adestin'd?

Sadi. Near ev'ry port, a secret band is posted: By these the watchful centinels must perish:

The rest is easy: for the ghulled troops
 Lie drown'd in sleep; the dagger's cheapest ptey.
Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
 The avenues of the palace. *Othman* and *Isti*
 Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
 To conquer or to die) and burst the gates
 Of this foul den. Then tremble, *Barbarossa!*

Selim. Oh, how the approach of this great hour
 Fires all my soul! but, valiant friends, I charge you,
 Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge;
 My poignard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me prince! Forgive my doubts!—Think—shou'd the fair *Irene*—

Selim. Thy doubts are vain: I wou'd not spare the
 Tyrant, wifel bns. but not i' th' hand o' Justice!
 Tho' the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet!
 Nay, shou'd he fall by any hand but mine,
 By Heav'n I'd think my honour'd father's blood
 Scarce half reveng'd! My love indeed is strong!
 But love shall yield to justice!

Sadi. Gallant prince? Bravely resolv'd!

Selim. But is the city quiet?
Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty streets,
 Nor, voice, nor sound. As if th' inhabitants, fild bns.
 Like the presaging herds that seek the covert
 Ere the loud thunder rolls; had i'ly' felt
 And shunn'd th' impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night too, That pleases me: a general pause thro' nature:
 The winds are hush'd—

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach, The lazy billow scarce cou'd lash the shore:
 No star peeps thro' the firmament of Heav'n—

Selim. And lo—where eastward, o'er the fullen waves;
 The waining moon, depriv'd of half her orb, riseth O
 Rises in blood: her beam, well-nigh extinct, Faintly contends with darkness—
 Hark!—what meant That tolling bell?

Oth. It rings the midnight watch, I've seen that
 Ringing num sounnes fuldnow eis dey *Sadis*

Sadi. This was the signal—
Come, *Othman*, we are call'd : the passing minutes
Chide our delay: brave *Othman*, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but crown'd
with glory,
We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember—
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy!
‘Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood!’
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheathe the sword,
Not to destroy, but save! nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence! or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his blest abode,
Wou'd wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!

Selim. Farewel, friends!

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell! [Exeunt *Oth.* and *Sadi*.]

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted sentinel
Now takes his lonely stand; and idly dreams,
Of that to-morrow, he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
‘From outward things’ descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with the awful conscience,
And firm resolve! that in th’ approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Now fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids!—‘Why bear I then
‘This dark, insidious dagger?—’Tis the badge
‘Of vile assassins; of the coward hand
‘That dares not meet its foe—Detested thought!
‘Yet,—as foul lust and murder, tho’ on thrones
‘Triumphant, still retain their hell-born quality;
‘So justice, groaning beneath countleſs wrongs,
‘Quits not her spotless and celestial nature;
‘But in th’ unhallow'd murderer’s disguise,
‘Can sanctify this heel!
‘Then be it so!—Witness, ye pow’rs of Heav’n,
That not from you, but from the murd’rer’s eye,

I wrap

I wrap myself i'rnigh't!—To you I stand
 Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh, cou'd I arm
 My hand with pow'r! then, like to you, array'd
 In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
 Shou'd blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
 That privilege, I'll feize on what it gives:
 Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
 And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
 In one prodigious ruin!

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

Enter Irene and Aladin.

Ire. **B**UT didst thou tell him, *Aladin*, my fears
 Brook no delay.

Ala. I did.

Ire. Why comes he not!
 Oh, what a dreadful dream!—'Twas surely more
 Than troubled fancy: never was my soul
 Shook with such hideous phantoms!—Still he lingers!
 Return, return: and tell him that his daughter
 Dies, till she warn him of his threatening ruin.

Ala. Behold, he comes. [Exit *Aladin*.]

Enter Barbarossa, and Guards.

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys!
 Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth!
 Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
 And damps the festal hour.

Ire. Forgive my fear!*Bar.* What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy
 brain?

Ire. Oh guard thee from the terrors of this night;
 For terrors lurk unseen;

Bar. What terror? speak.

‘ Wou'dst thou unman me into female weakness?’
 Say, what thou dread'st, and why! I have a soul
 To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Ire. Let not my father check with stern rebuke
 The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
 Retir'd to rest, ' soon as I clos'd mine eyes,'
 A horrid vision rose—Methought I saw
 Young Selim rising from the silent tomb:
 ' Mangled and bloody was his corse; his hair
 Clotted with gore; his glaring eyes on fire'
 Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand;
 By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air.
 When lo,—at his command, this yawning roof
 Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance!
 Swift he descended with terrifick brows,
 Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
 And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast!

Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick vision?
 Get thee to rest.—' Sleep but as sound till morn,
 As Selim in his grave shall sleep for ever,
 And then no haggard dreams shall ride thy fancy!'

Ire. Yet hear me, dearest father!

Bar. ' To the couch !'
 Provoke me not.—

Ire. ' What shall I say to move him ?'
 Merciful Heav'n, instruct me what to do !

b Enter Aladin,

Bar. What mean thy looks?—Why dost thou gaze so wildly?

Ala. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
 Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
 Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
 Which runs throughout the city, that young Selim
 Is yet alive—

Bar. May plagues consume the tongue
 That broach'd the falsehood!—'Tis not possible—
 What did he tell thee further?

Ala. More he said not;—Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
 A spirit of revolt.

Ire. O gracious father!

Bar. The rumour's false.—And, yet, your coward fears
 Infect me!—What!—shall I be terrify'd
 By midnight visions?—Can the troubled brain

Of sleep oft-stretch the reason's-waking eye ?—I'll not believe it.—*Ala.* But this gath'ring rumour.—Think but on that, my lord !—*Bar.* Infernal darkness! Swallow the slave that rais'd it!—Yet, I'll do What caution dictates.—*Hark thee, Aladin.* Slave, hear my will.—See that the watch be doubled.—Find out this stranger, *Achmet*; and forthwith Let him be brought before me.

Ire. O my father! I do conjure thee as thou lov'st thy life, Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards— See not this *Achmet*!

Bar. Not see him?—Death and torment!—Think'st thou, I fear a single arm that's mortal?—Not see him?—Forthwith bring the slave before me.—If he prove false,—if hated *Selim* live, I'll heap such vengeance on him—

Ire. Mercy! mercy!

Bar. Mercy.—To whom?

Ire. To me:—and to thyself: To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave; yet true My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd, When Heav'n inspires his tongue!

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with dreams More wild than thine!—Get thee to rest; e'er yet Thy folly wake my rage.—Call *Achmet* hither.

Ire. Thus prostrate on my knees:—O see him not. *Selim* is dead:—Indeed the rumour's false, There is no danger near:—Or, if there be, *Achmet* is innocent!

Bar. Off, frantic wretch! This ideot-dream hath turn'd her brain to madness! Hence—to thy chamber, till returning reason! Hath calm'd this tempest.—On thy duty hence!

Ire. Yet hear the voice of caution!—Cruel fate! What have I done!—Heav'n shield my dearest father!—Heav'n shield the innocent!—Undone *Irene*!—Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery! [Exit *Irene*.]

Bar. Her words are rapt in darkness.—*Aladin*,
Forthwith send *Achmet* hither.—‘Mark him well,—
His countenance and gesture’—Then with speed,
Double the centinels [Exit Aladin.
Infernall guilt!

How dost thou rise in ev’ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul! ‘more wretched far than they,
‘Made wretched by my crimes!—Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible!
Ere they had struck their colours thro’ my soul,
As black as night or hell!—‘Tis now too late!—
‘Hence’ then, ‘ye vain repinings!—Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! O banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev’ry fruitless fear!
‘Be this my glory—to be great in evil!
‘To combat my own heart, and, scorning conscience,
‘Rise to exalted crimes!’

Enter Selim.

Come hither, slave:

Hear me, and tremble: Art thou what thou seem’st?

Selim. Ha!— [founded!

Bar. Do’st thou pause!—By hell, the slave’s con-

Selim. That *Barbareffa* shou’d suspect my truth!

Bar. Take heed! for by the hov’ring pow’rs of vengeance,

If I do find thee treach’rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne’er yet conceiv’d! Thou com’st beneath the guise
Of *Selim*’s murderer.—Now tell me:—Is not
That *Selim* yet alive?

Selim. *Selim* alive!

Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me!

Answer me quick, or die! [Draws his dagger.

Selim. Yes, freely strike—

Already hast thou giv’n the fatal wound,
And pierc’d my heart with thy unkind suspicion!
Oh, cou’d my dagger find a tongue, to tell
How deep it drank his blood!—But since thy doubt,
Thus wrongs my zeal,—Behold my breast—strike here,
For bold is innocence.

Bar.

Bar. I scorn the task. [Puts up his dagger.
 Time shall decide thy doom :—Guards ; mark me well.
 See that ye watch the motions of this slave :
 And if he meditates t'escape your eye,
 Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou know'st
 That *Selim* lives, or seest his hated face,
 Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence.—

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.—
 I will have deeper inquisition made ;
 ‘ Haply some witness may confront the slave,
 ‘ And drag to light his falsehood.’

[*Exeunt Selim and guards.*]

Call *Zaphira.*

[*Exit a Slave.*]

If *Selim* lives—then what is *Barbarossa* ?
 My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
 Till marriage-rites declare *Zaphira* mine.
 ‘ Fool that I am ! to wait the weak effects
 ‘ Of slow persuasion, when unbounded pow'r
 ‘ Can give me all I wish !—Slave, hear my will,—
 ‘ Fly,—bid the priest prepare the marriage-rites :
 ‘ Let incense rise to Heav'n ; and choral songs
 ‘ Attend *Zaphira* to the nuptial bed. [*Exit Slave.*]
 I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
 This hour decides her fate !

Enter *Zaphira.*

Well, haughty fair !—
 Hath reason yet subdu'd thee ? Wilt thou hear
 The voice of love ?

‘ *Zaph.* Why dost thou vainly urge me !
 Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can aught but phrenzy
 Rush on perdition ?

‘ *Zaph.* Therefore shall no pow'r
 E'er make me thine.

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage :
 ‘ Tho' yon suspected slave affirms him dead ;
 ‘ Yet rumour whispers, that young *Selim* lives.
 ‘ *Zaph.* Cou'd I but think him so ! my earnest pray'r
 ‘ Shou'd rise to Heav'n, to keep him far from thee !

‘ *Bar.*

' Bar. Therefore, left treach'ry undermining my pow'r,
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come!

Zaph. I have to choice.—Think'st thou I e'er will wed
The murderer of my lord?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen!—
Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me, Heav'n!
Hear all ye pow'rs that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! And thou dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord! attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve!

' If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid union,

' Black as adultery or damn'd incest,
May ye, the ministers of Heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!—

May horror blacken all our days and nights!
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising

' From hell, may swarming' fiends in triumph howl
Arround th' accursed bed!

Bar. Begone, remorse!—
Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar.
Heed not her tears or cries.—' What!—dare ye doubt?
Instant obey my bidding;—or, by hell,
Torment and death shall overtake you all!

[Guards go to seize Zaphira.]

Zaph. O spare me!—Heav'n protect me!—O my son,
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!—
What shall I do!—Undone, undone Zaphira!

Enter Selim.

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa?
Require me here?

Bar. Officious slave retire!
I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heav'n will reward thy pity!

' Bar. Drag her hence!

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Bar. Rouze not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. O hear me, hear me!

[Kneels.
Bar.

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!—

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

Bar. Presuming slave, begone! [Lays hold of Barbarossa's garment.]

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant.

[Rises, and aims to stab Barbarossa, who wrests his dagger from him.]

Bar. Ah, traitor, have I caught thee.—Hold—fore-bear—

[To Guards who offer to kill Selim.]

Kill him not yet,—I will have greater vengeance—

Perfidious wretch, who art thou?—Bring the rack:

Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know that And torments are my doom.—Yet, ere I die, [death I'll strike thy soul with horror.—Off, vile habit!—

Let me emerge from this dark cloud that hides me,

And make my setting glorious!—If thou dar'st,

Now view me!—Hear me, tyrant!—while with voice

More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,

That he who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,

Is Selim!

Zapb. O Heav'n! my son! my son! [She faints.]

Selim. Unhappy mother! [Runs to embrace her.]

Bar. Tear them asunder. [Guards separate them.]

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous russians!

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor. [They offer to seize him.]

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king!—Retire,

And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor;

That is the murd'rer, 'tyrant ravisher:' Seize him,

And do your country right!

Bar. Ah, coward dogs!

Start ye at words!—or seize him, or by hell,

This dagger ends you all. [They seize him.]

Selim. "Tis done!—Dost thou revive, unhappy

Now arm my soul with patience! [queen!]

Zapb. My dear son!

Do I then live, once more to see my Selim!

But Oh—to see thee thus!— [Weeping.]

Selim. Canst thou behold

Her speechless agonies, and not relent?

* Bar.

‘ *Bar.* At length revenge is mine!—slaves, force her
‘ This hour shall crown my love. [hence!

‘ *Zaph.* O mercy, mercy!

Selim. Lo! *Barbarossa!* thou at length hast con-
quer’d!

Behold a hapless prince, o’erwhelm’d with woes, [Kneels.
Prostrate before thy feet!—Not for myself
I plead!—Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!
Tear, tear me piccemeal! But, O spare *Zaphira*!
Yet, yet relent! force not her matron honour!
‘ Reproach not Heav’n.’

Bar. Have I then bent thy pride?
Why, this is conquest ev’n beyond my hope!—
Lie there, thou slave! lie, till *Zaphira*’s cries
Arouze thee from thy posture!

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs?—unmanly wretch!—
Curse on the fear that cou’d betray my limbs, [Rising.
My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture!
Long have I scorn’d, I now defy thy pow’r.

Bar. I’ll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.—
Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O spare my son!
Sure filial virtue never was a crime!
Save but my son!—I yield me to thy wish!—
What do I say!—The marriage vow—O horror!
This hour shall make me thine!—

Selim. What! doom thyself
The guilty partner of a murderer’s bed,
Whose hands yet reck with thy dear husband’s blood!—
‘ To be the mother of destructive tyrants,
‘ The curses of mankind!—By Heav’n, I swear,
The guilty hour that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life!—

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies!—

Zaph. The conflict’s past.—I will resume my greatness:
We’ll bravely die, as we have liv’d, with honour!

[Embracing.]

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us:—
Now see, despairing guilt! that virtue still
Shall conquer, tho’ in ruin.

Bar.

Bar. Drag them hence :

Her to the altar : *Selim* to his fate.

‘ *Zaph.* O *Selim* ! O my son ! — Thy doom is death !

‘ Wou’d it were mine !

‘ *Selim.* Wou’d I cou’d give it thee !

‘ Is there no means to save her ! Lend, ye Guards,

‘ Ye Ministers of Death, in pity lend

‘ Your swords, or some kind weapon of destruction ! —

‘ Sure the most mournful boon, that ever son

‘ Ask’d for the best of mothers !

‘ *Zaph.* Dearest *Selim* !” [fate.

Bar. I’ll hear no more.—Guards, bear them to their [Guards seize them.]

Selim. One last embrace !

Farewel ! Farewel for ever ! [Guards struggle with them.]

Zaph. One moment yet !—Pity a mother’s pangs !—

O *Selim* !

Selim. O my mother ! [Exeunt *Selim* and *Zaphira*.]

‘ *Bar.* My dearest hopes are blasted !—What is pow’r ;

‘ If stubborn virtue thus out-soar its flight !

‘ Yet he shall die,—and she —

‘ Enter *Aladin*.

‘ *Ala.* Heav’n guard my lord !

‘ *Bar.* What mean’st thou, *Aladin* ?

‘ *Ala.* A slave arriv’d,

‘ Says that young *Selim* lives : Nay, somewhere lurks

‘ Within these walls.

‘ *Bar.* The lurking traitor’s found,

‘ Convictèd, and disarm’d.—Ev’n now he aim’d

‘ This dagger at my heart.

‘ *Ala.* Audacious traitor !

‘ The slave says farther, that he brings the tidings

‘ Of dark conspiracy, now hov’ring o’er us :

‘ And claims thy private ear.

‘ *Bar.* Of dark conspiracy ?

‘ Where ?—Among whom ?

‘ *Ala.* The secret friends of *Selim*,

‘ Who nightly haunt the city.

‘ *Bar.* Curse the traitors !

‘ Now speed thee, *Aladin*.—Send forth our spies :

‘ Explore their haunts. For, by th’ infernal pow’rs,

‘ I will let loose my rage.—The furious lion

‘ Now

- ‘ Now foams indignant, scorning tears and cries.
- ‘ Let *Selim* forthwith die.—Come, mighty vengeance!
- ‘ Stir me to cruelty ! The rack shall groan
- ‘ With new-born horrors !—I will issue forth,
- ‘ Like midnight-pestilence : My breath shall strew
- ‘ The streets with dead ; and havock stalk in gore.
- ‘ Hence, pity !—Feed the milky thought of babes ;
- ‘ Mine is of bloodier hue.’

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

Enter Barbarossa, Aladin, and Guards.

Bar. Is the watch doubled ? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprize ?

Ala. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy, ‘ on further inquest,’
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
‘ And now return from search,’ affirm that sleep
Has wrap'd the city.

Ala. But while *Selim* lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls ;
‘ Nor bars, nor centinels can give us safety.’

Bar. Right, *Aladin*. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night ?

Ala. The second watch is near.

Bar. ’Tis well !—Whene’er it rings, the traitor dies
‘ So hath my will ordain’d.—I’ll seize the occasion,

‘ While I may fairly plead my life’s defence.

‘ *Ala.* True : For he aim’d his dagger at thy heart.

‘ *Bar.* He did. Hence justice uncompell’d, shall seem

‘ To lend her sword, and do ambition’s work.

‘ *Ala.* His bold resolves have steel’d *Zapbira*’s breast

‘ Against thy love : Thence he deserves to die.

‘ *Bar.* And death’s his doom’—Yet first the rack shall
Each secret from his heart ; ‘ unless he give [rend

‘ *Zapbira* to my arms, by marriage-vows,

‘ With

With full consent; ere yet the second watch
 Toll for his death.—Curse on the woman's weakness!
 I yet wou'd win her love!" Haste, seek out Othman;
 Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
 Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
 Plead not his pardon. [Exit Aladin.
 Stubborn fortitude!

Had he not interposed, success had crown'd
 My love, now hopeless.—Then let vengeance seize him.

Enter Irene.

Ire. O night of horror!—Hear me, honour'd father!
 If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
 Now hear me!

Bar. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?
 Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence?
 Get thee to rest; for death is stirring here.

Ire. O fatal words! By ev'ry sacred tie,
 Recal the dire decree.—

Bar. What woud'st thou say?
 Whom plead for?

Ire. For a brave unhappy prince,
 Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly!—But this hour
 The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
 His dagger at my heart.

Ire. Might pity plead!

Bar. What!—plead for treachery?

Ire. Yet pity might bestow a milder name.
 Wou'dst thou not love the child, whose fortitude
 Shou'd hazard life for thee?—Oh, think on that!—
 The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe:
 His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother!

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose: and accurst art thou,
 Whose perfidy wou'd save the dark assassin,
 Who sought thy father's life!—Hence, from my sight.

Ire. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim!

Bar. Thy Selim? Thine?

Ire. Thou know'st—by gratitude
 He's mine—Had not his generous hand redeem'd me,
 What then had been Irene? Oh!

Bar. Faithless wretch !
 ‘Unhappy father ! whose perfidious child
 Leagues with his deadliest foe : and guides the dagger
 Ev’n to his heart !—Perdition catch thy falsehood !
 And is it thus, a thankless child repays me,
 For all the guilt in which I plung’d my soul,
 To raise her to a throne !

Ire. O spare these words,
 More keen than daggers to my bleeding heart !
 Let me not live suspected !—Dearest father !—
 Behold my breast ! write thy suspicion here :
 Write them in blood ; but spare the gen’rous youth,
 Who sav’d me from dishonour !

Bar. By the pow’rs
 Of great revenge : thy fond intreaties seal
 His instant death.—In him, I’ll punish thee.—
 Away !

Ire. Yet hear me ! Ere my tortur’d soul
 Rush on some deed of horror ?

Bar. Seize her guards,—
 Convey the frantic ideot from my presence :
 See that she do no violence on herself.

Ire. O Selim !—generous youth !—how have my fears
 Betray’d thee to destruction !—Slaves, unhand me !—
 Think ye, I’ll live to bear these pangs of grief,
 These horrors that oppress my tortur’d soul ?—
 Inhuman father !—Generous, injur’d prince !
 Methinks I see thee stretch’d upon the rack,
 Hear thy expiring groans :—O horror ! horror !
 What shall I do to save him !—Vain, alas !
 Vain are my tears and pray’rs—At least, I’ll die.
 Death shall unite us yet ! [Exit Irene and Guards.]

Bar. O torment ! torment !
 Ev’n in the midst of pow’r !—the vilest slave
 More happy far than I !—The very child,
 Whom my love cherish’d from her infant years,
 Conspires to blast my peace !—O false ambition,
 ‘Thou lying phantom !’ whether hast thou lur’d me !
 Ev’n to this giddy height ; where now I stand,
 Forsaken, comfortless ! with not a friend
 In whom my soul can trust ;

“ Now

Enter Aladin.

"Now Aladin?"

Hast thou seen *Othman*?

He will not, sure, conspire against my peace?

Ala. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.
The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And as they pass'd, *Othman* in whispers said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant.

Bar. Slave, thou ly'it.

He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,

'Pernicious slave,' why dost thou wound my ear

By the foul repetition?—'Gracious pow'rs,

'Let me be calm!—O my distracted soul!

'How am I rent in pieces!—*Othman* fled!

'Why then may all hell's curses follow him!'

What's to be done? some mischief lurks unseen.

Ala. Prevent it then—

Bar. By *Selim*'s instant death—

* *Ala.* Ay, doubtless

* *Bar.* Is the rack prepar'd?

Ala. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains.

The ministers of death stand round; and wait

Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend

His stubborn soul.—Conduct me forthwith to him:

And if he now refuse my profer'd kindness,

Destruction swallows him!

[*Exeunt.*]

Selim discover'd in chains, *Executioners*, *Officer*, &c.
and *Rack*.

Selim. I pray you, friends,

When I am dead, let not indignity

Insult these poor remains, see them interr'd

Close by my father's tomb! I ask no more.

Officer. They shall.

Selim. How goes the night?

Officer. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch is near.

Selim. Let it come on;
I am prepar'd.

Enter Barbarossa and Guards.

Bar. So—raise him from the ground.—[They raise him.

Perfidious boy ! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery !—Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face ?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Didst thou not aim a dagger at my heart ?

Selim. I did.

Bar. Yet Heav'n defeated thy intent ;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. 'Tis not ours
To question Heav'n. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our pow'r : and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy, .
What horrors now surround thee—

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd ?—‘ Thy rage is weak,
‘ Thy torments pow'rless o'er the steady mind :’
He who cou'd bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira !—For the bell
Ev'n now expects the sentinel, to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death : I scorn his darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor profane my dying hour !

Bar. Then take thy wish. [Bell tolls.
There goes the fatal knell.

‘ Thy fate is seal'd.’—Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death. Yet ere the assassin die,
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.

The traitor Othman's fled ;—Conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort

The lurking treason ; ‘ and this murd'rer call
‘ On death, to end his woes.’ [Exit Barbarossa.

Selim. Come on then. [They bind him.
Begin the work of death—‘ what ! bound with cords,
‘ Like a vile criminal !’—O valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance !

Enter

Enter Irene.

Ire. Stop, O stop!

Hold your accursed hands!—On me, on me

Pour all your torments;—How shall I approach thee;

Selim. These are thy father's gifts!—Yet thou art
guiltless;

Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best
Most amiable of women!

Ire. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue!

Selim. Ah!

Ire. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears betray'd
Thus falling at thy feet! may I but hope [thee!
For pardon ere I die!

Selim. Hence to thy father!

Ire. Never, O never!—Crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears!
Tread me to earth! I never will complain;
But my last breath shall bless thee!

Selim. Lov'd Irene!

What hath my fury done?

'*Ire.* Indeed, 'twas hard!

' But I was born to sorrow!

' *Selim.* Melt me not.

' I cannot bear thy tears;—They quite unman me!

' Forgive the transports of my rage!

' *Ire.* Alas!

' The guilt is mine: Canst thou forgive those fears

' That first awak'd suspicion in my father!

' Those fears that have undone thee!—Heav'n is witness,

' They meant not ill to thee!

' *Selim.* None; none, Irene!

' No; 'twas the generous voice of filial love:

' That, only, prompted thee to save a father.

' Yes; from my inmost I do approve

' That virtue which destroys me.'

Ire. Canst thou, then,

Forgive and pity me?

Selim. I do,—I do.

Ire. On my knees,

Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince!—

O earth and Heav'n! that such unequal'd worth

Shou'd meet so hard a fate!—That I—That I—
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Shou'd be th' accurst destroyer!—Strike, in pity,
And end this hated life!

Selim. Cease, dear *Irene*.

Submit to Heaven's high will.—I charge thee live;
And to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother!

Ire. With my life

I'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe!

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage!—To frown on thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, [Embracing.
And mingle rapture with the pains of death!

Officer. No more.—Prepare the rack.

Ire. Stand off, ye fiends!

Here will I cling. No pow'r on earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my *Selim*! [A shout.

Officer. Hark! what noise
Strikes on mine ear?

Selim. Again!

Ala. Arm, arm!—Treach'ry and murder! [Without.
[Executioners go to seize Selim.

Selim. Off slaves!—Or I will turn my chains to arms,
And dash you piece-meal!—‘For I have heard a sound
Which lifts my tow'ring soul to *Atlas'* height,
That I cou'd prop the skies!’

Ala. Where is the king?

The foe pours in. ‘The palace gates are burst:
‘The centinels are murder'd! Save the king!
‘They seek him thro’ the palace!’

Officer. Death and ruin!

Follow me, slaves and save him.

[Exit Officer and Executioner.

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is come!

‘*Ire.* What means yon mad'ning tumult!—O my
fears!

‘*Selim.* Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty
And walks her deadly round! [walls,

Ire. Whom dost thou mean! my father?

‘*Selim.* Yes: thy father;
Who murder'd mine!

Ire. Is there no room for mercy ?

O Selim ! by our love !—

Selim. Thy tears are vain !

Vain were thy eloquence, tho' thou didst plead
With an archangel's tongue !

Ire. Spare but his life !

Selim. Heav'n knows I pity thee. But he must bleed ;
Tho' my own life-blood, nay, tho' thine, more dear,
Shou'd issue at the wound !

Ire. Must he then die ?

Let me but see my father, ere he perish !

Let me but pay my parting duty to him !—

[Clash of swords.]

Hark !—'twas the clash of swords ! Heav'n save my father ?

O cruel, cruel Selim ! [Exit Irene.]

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast,
In pow'rless ignominy ; while my sword
Shou'd haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down !

[Without.]

Cib. Where is the prince ?

Selim. Here, *Othman*, ' bound to earth !

' Set me but free !—O cursed, cursed chain !

Enter *Othman* and party, who free *Selim*.

Oth. O my brave prince !—Heav'n favours our design.

[Embraces him.]

Take that :—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[Giving him a sword.]

Selim. Now, *Barbarossa*, let my arm meet thine :

'Tis all I ask of Heav'n ! [Exit *Selim*.]

Oth. Guard ye the prince— [Part go out.]

Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [Exeunt *Othman*, &c.]

S C E N E changes to the open palace.

Enter *Barbarossa*.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life : Yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter *Othman*.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor ?—Die !—

' *Oth.* Long hath my wish,

' Pent in my struggling breast, been robb'd o' utterance.
' Now valour scorns the mask.—I dare thee, tyrant !

' And

‘ And arm’d with justice, thus wou’d meet thy rage,
 ‘ Tho’ thy red right hand grasp’d the pointed thunder !
 ‘ Now, Heav’n decide betwixt us ! [They fight.]

‘ Bar. Coward !

‘ Oth. Tyrant !

‘ Bar. Traitor !

‘ Oth. Infernal fiend, thy words are fraught with falsehood :

‘ To combat crimes like thine, by force or wiles,

‘ Is equal glory.’ [Barbarossa falls.]

‘ Bar. I faint ! I die !—O horror !

Enter Selim and Sadi.

Selim. The foe gives way : sure this way went the storm.

Where is the tyger fled !—What do I see !

Sadi. Algiers is free !

Oth. This sabre did the deed !

Selim. I envy thee the blow !—‘ Yet’ valour scorns
To wound the fallen.—But if life remain,

I will speak daggers to his guilty soul !

Hoa ! Barbarossa ! Tyrant ! Murderer !

‘ Tis Selim, Selim calls thee !

Bar. Off, ye fiends !

Torment me not !—O Selim art thou there !—

Swallow me earth ! ‘ Bury me deep, ye mountains !

‘ Accursed be the day that gave me birth !’

Oh, that I ne’er had wrong’d thee !

Selim. Dost thou then

Repent thee of thy crimes !—He does ! He does !

He grasps my hand ! See the repentant tear,

Starts from his eye !—Dost thou indeed repent ?—

Why then I do forgive thee : ‘ From my foul

‘ I freely do forgive thee !’—And if crimes

Abhor’r d as thine, dare plead to Heav’n for mercy,—

May Heav’n have mercy on thee !

Bar. Gen’rous Selim !

Too good,—I have a daughter ! Oh, protect her !

Let not my crimes !—

[Dies.]

Oth. There fled the guilty soul !

Selim. Haste to the city,—stop the rage of slaughter.

Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free ;

And tyranny no more.

[Exeunt Slaves.]

‘ Sadi.

‘ *Sadi*. And, to confirm
 ‘ The glorious tidings, soon as morning shines,
 ‘ Be his dead carcase dragg’d throughout the city,
 ‘ A spectacle of horror !
 ‘ *Selim*. Curb thy zeal.
 ‘ Let us be brave, not cruel : nor disgrace
 ‘ Valour, by barb’rous and inhuman deeds.
 ‘ Black was his guilt : and he hath paid his life,
 ‘ The forfeit of his crimes. Then sheath the sword :
 ‘ Let vengeance die.—Justice is satisfy’d !’

Enter Zaphira.

Zaph. What mean these horrors!—wheresoe’er I turn
 My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
 Welt’ring in gore!—And dost thou live, my *Selim*.

Selim. Lo, there he lies!

Zaph. The bloody tyrant slain!

O righteous Heav’n !

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
 Whose faith and courage have o’erwhelm’d the pow’r
 Of *Barbarossa*. Here, once more, thy virtues
 Shall dignify the throne and blesst thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, O Heav’n !—Vain terrors
 hence ;

Once more *Zaphira*’s blest!—My virtuous son,
 How shall I e’er repay thy boundless love !
 Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
 And on thy bosom weep my griefs away !

Selim. O happy hour!—happy, beyond ‘ the flight’
 Ev’n ‘ of any ardent’ hope!—Look down, blest shade,
 From the bright realms of bliss!—Behold thy queen
 Unspotted, unseduc’d, unmov’d in virtue.
 Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
 And to the mem’ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
 Accept this sacrifice !

Zaph. My generous *Selim*.

Selim. Where is *Irene*?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
 She fought her father where the tumult rag’d ;
 She pass’d me, while the coward *Aladin*
 Fled from my sword : and as I cleft him down,
 She fainted at the sight.

Otb. But soon recover'd ;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair-one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care :—Come, let us
seek
Th' afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt !—Thy throne be hers :
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.—O'er her father's
crimes

Pity shall draw her veil ; ' nay, half absolve them,'
When she beholds the virtues of his child !—
Now let us thank th' eternal pow'r : convinc'd,
That Heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction :
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days !

Exeunt omnes.

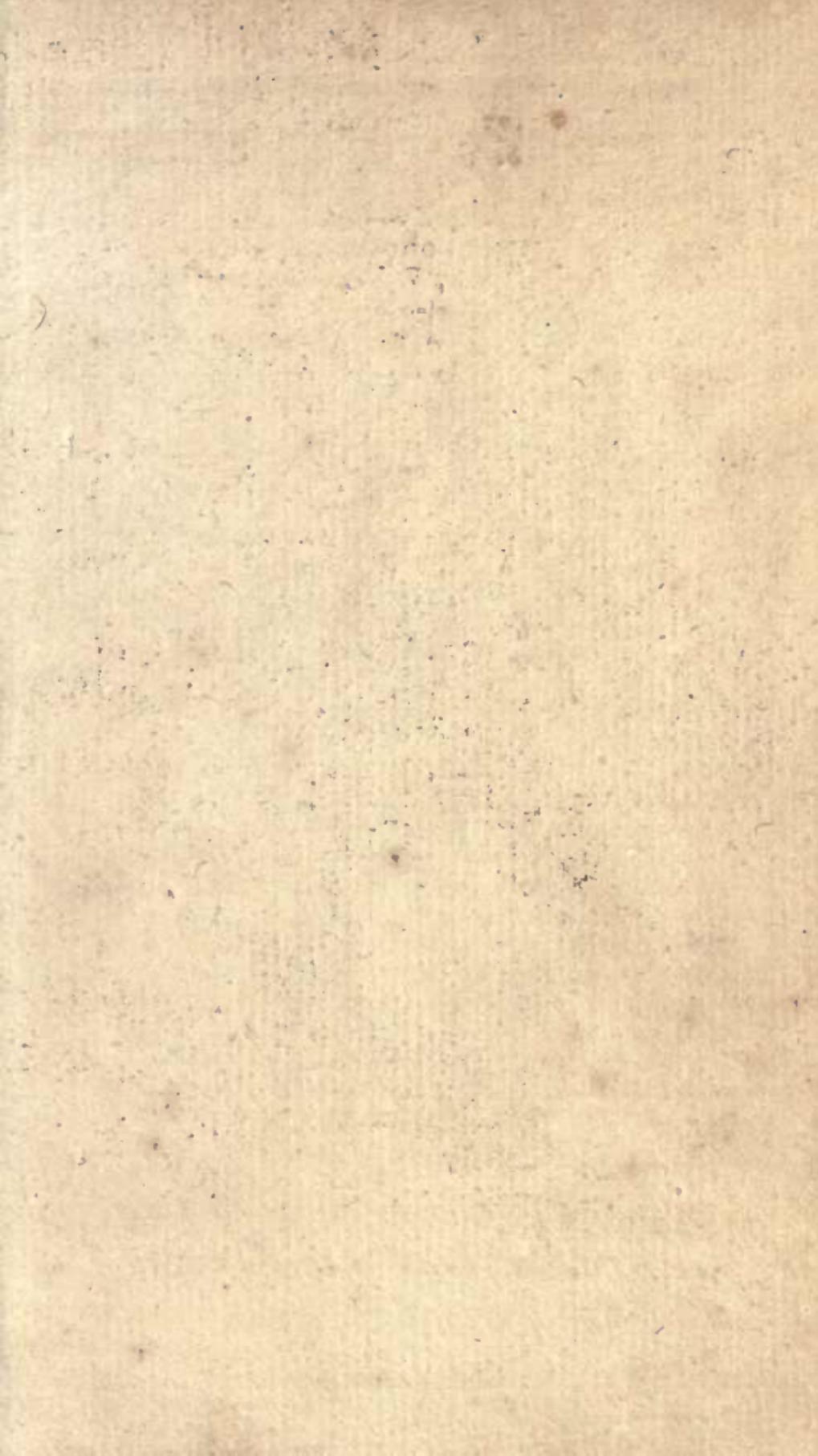
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ALL FOR LOVE.



M^r YATES as CLEOPATRA.

I'll die, I will not bear it, you may hold me.

Act V. Scene 1.

Published March 26, 1777 by T. Newland, & Partners.

ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE

WORLD WELL LOST.

A

T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

MR. D R Y D E N.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R's B O O K,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare:
idque restinctis animorum incendiis irridere.* CICERO.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. STRAHAN; T. DAVIES; R. BALDWIN; T. LOWNDES; T. BECKET; W. NICOLL; and W. FOX.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 25 to 39, in Page 6.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT flocks of criticks hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armes for their prey,
All gaping for the carcase of a play ! }
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone ; you've watch'd your time !
He fights this day unarm'd ; without his rhyme.
And brings a tale which often has been told ;
As sad as Dido's ; and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all :
He's somewhat lewd ; but a well-meaning mind ;
Weeps much ; fights little ; but is wondrous kind.
In short, a pattern, and companion fit,
For all the keeping tonies of the pit.
I could name more : a wife and mistress too ;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you :
The wife good-natur'd, and the mistress true.
Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day ;
Like Hectors, in at ev'ry petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all ;
Errors like straws upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can ;
As pygmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas ; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests ;
Drink hearty draughts of ale, from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals :
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such shrivell'd fruits as winter can afford.

Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|-------------------|----------------|
| Marc Antony, | — | At COVENT GARDEN. | At DRURY-LANE. |
| —Ventidius, his General, | — | Mr. BARRY. | Mr. SMITH. |
| -Dolabella, his Friend, | — | Mr. CLARKE. | Mr. PALMER. |
| Alexas, the Queen's Eunuch, | — | Mr. AIKIN. | Mr. BRERETON. |
| Serapion, Priest of Isis, | — | Mr. YOUNG. | Mr. WHITFIELD. |
| Romans, — | — | Mr. BATES. | Mr. GRIFFITHS. |
| | | { Mr. STRANGE. | Mr. NORRIS. |
| | | { Mr. THOMPSON. | |

W O M E N.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|-----------------|----------------|
| Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, — | — | Mrs. BARRY. | Mrs. YOUNGE. |
| O&avia, Antony's Wife, — | — | Mrs. MATTOCKS. | Mrs. YATES. |
| Charmion, } Cleopatra's Maids, | — | { Miss SIMPSON. | Mrs. JOHNSTON. |
| Iras, | — | | Mrs. PLATT. |
| Antony's two little Daughters, | — | | |

S C E N E, ALEXANDRIA.

marc Anto

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR, THE

WORLD WELL LOST.

A C T I. SCENE, *the Temple of Isis.*

Serapion, Myris, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. **P**Ortents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful
Flow'd ere the wonted season, with a torrent [Nile]
So unexpected, and so wond'rous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On th' utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then, with so swift an ebb, the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by 'em,
Sea horses flound'ring in the slimy mud,
Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ouze about 'em..

Enter Alexas, behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, Heaven.

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone isle o'the temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.

From out each monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed ghoul starts up : the boy-king last
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My blood ran back,
 My shaking knees against each other knock'd ;
 On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene !

Alex. And dream'd you this ? or, did invent the story ? [Shewing himself.
 To frighten our *Ægyptian* boys withal,
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood ?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
 Nor meant my words should reach your ears ; but what I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
 Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
 And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty :
 This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should :
 Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
 All southern from yon hills, the *Roman* camp
 Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
 Just breaking on our heads.

* *Ser.* Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Antony* ;
 * But in their servile hearts they own *Octavius*.
 * *Myr.* Why then does *Antony* dream out his hours,
 * And tempts not Fortune for a noble day,
 * Which might redeem what *Actium* lost ?

* *Alex.* He thinks 'tis past recovery.
 * *Ser.* Yet the foe
 * Seems not to press the siege.

* *Alex.* Oh, there's the wonder.
 * *Mecenas* and *Agrippa*, who can most
 * With *Cæsar*, are his foes. His wife *Ottavia*,
 * Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge ;
 * And *Dolabella*, who was once his friend,
 * Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin ;
 * Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.'

Ser. 'Tis strange that *Antony*, for some days past,
 Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra*,
 But here, in *Isis'* temple lives retir'd,

And

And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true ; and we much fear he hopes by ab-
To cure his mind of love. [fence.

' *Ser.* If he be vanquish'd,

' Or make his peace, *Egypt* is doom'd to be
' A *Roman* province ; and our plenteous harvests
' Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
' While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
' Rival'd proud *Rome*, (dominion's other seat ;)
' And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
' Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

' *Alex.* Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,
' Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,
' Each by the other's sword ; but, since our will
' Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
' Depend on one ; with him to rise or fall.'

Ser. How stands the queen affected ?

Alex. Oh ! she dotes,

She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins ;
Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey to his pursuers hands,
She might preserve us all : but 'tis in vain —
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms,
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things ; no more of your ill omens,
And black prognostics ; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

*Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a gentleman of
Antony's,*

Ser. These *Romans* will o'er-hear us.
But, who's that stranger ? By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shew'd *Rome* that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
When *Antony* return'd from *Syria* last,
He left this man to guard the *Roman* frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cicilia* first,

When *Cleopatra* there met *Antony* ;
 A mortal foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*.
 But, let me witness to the worth I hate,
 A braver *Roman* never drew a sword :
 Firm to his prince; but, as a friend, not slave.
 He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
 O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels :
 In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
 Of an old true-stampt *Roman* lives in him.
 His coming bodes I know not what of ill
 To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
 And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
 And what's our present work.

[They withdraw to a corner of the stage: and *Ventidius*, with the other, comes forward to the front.]

Vent. Not see him, say you?

I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
 On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
 Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
 Of any thing, but thought; or, if he talks,
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
 Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
 Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
 The boy *Octavius*; then he draws his mouth
 Into a scornful smile, and cries, take all,
 The world's not worth my care.

Vent. Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
 For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,
 And bounds into a vice that bears him far
 From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
 'But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
 'Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
 'He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
 'Judging himself with malice to himself,
 'And not forgiving what as man he did,
 'Because his other parts are more than man.'

He must not thus be lost.

[Alexas and the priests come forward.]

Alex. You have your full instructions ; now advance ;
Proclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans, Ægyptians, hear the queen's command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids : let labour cease ;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord ; 'tis *Antony*'s.
Live *Antony* ; and *Cleopatra* live.
Be this the general voice sent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry public place repeat this echo..

Vent. Fine pageantry !

[Aside.]

Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd ; with laurels wreath your posts,
And strow with flow'rs the pavement ; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness..

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy..
Can they be friends of *Antony*, who revel
When *Antony*'s in danger ? Hide, for shame,
You *Romans*, your great grandfathers images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love which knows no bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the day with honours ; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence. Her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other prince, not him.

Alex. Your emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my queen, for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest ?
• He knows him not his executioner.
• Oh she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
• Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
• And made perdition pleasing : she has left him.

' The blank of what he was :'
 I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him :
 Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
 Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
 Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy,
 Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
 And cramp't within a corner of the world ?

O *Antony* !

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends !
 Bounteous as nature ; next to nature's god !
 Couldst thou but make new worlds, so would'ft thou ;
 As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle, [give 'em,
 As the first *Romans*, when they went to war ;
 Yet, after victory, more pitiful,
 Than all their praying virgins left at home !

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining vir-
 His truth to her who loves him. [tues,

Vent. Would I could not.
 But, wherefore waste I precious hours with thee ?
 Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.
 Let your *Ægyptian* timbrels play alone ;
 Nor mix effeminate sounds with *Roman* trumpets.
 You dare not fight for *Antony* ; go pray,
 And keep your coward's holy-day in temples.

[*Exeunt Alex. Ser.*

Enter another gentleman of M. Antony's.

2 Gent. The emperor approaches, and commands,
 On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 Gent. I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
 Which way his humour drives : the rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd motion before
 he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it
 With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

'Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward

To be trod out by *Cæsar* ?

Vent.

Vent. [Aside.] On my soul
 'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful !

Ant. Count thy gains.
 Now, *Antony*, would'st thou be born for this ?
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
 Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him !
 So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there thou
 shadow of an emperor ;
 The place thou presleſt on thy mother earth
 Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
 When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes ; then *Octavia*,
 (For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to *Cæsar*.
 ' *Cæsar* will weep, the crocodile will weep,
 ' To see his rival of the universe
 ' Lie still and peaceful there.' I'll think no more on't.
 Give me some musick ; look that it be sad.
 I'll sooth my melancholy, 'till I swell,
 And burst myself with sighing — — — [Soft music]
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature ;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all ;
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it ;
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face ; a murmur'ring brook
 Runs at my foot — — —

' *Vent.* Methinks, I fancy
 ' Myself there too.

' *Ant.* The herd come jumping by me,
 ' And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
 ' And take me for their fellow citizen.
 ' More of this image, more ; it lulls my thoughts.

[*Soft music again* ;
Vent.

Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.

[Stands before him.]

Ant. [Starting up.] Art thou *Ventidius*?

Vent. Are you *Antony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

' *Ant.* I'm angry.

' *Vent.* So am I.'

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,

[Weeping.]

I have not wept this forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old man he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,

Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

' *Vent.* I'll do my best.'

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine — Nay, father —

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the stile of victory.

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his general so: but never more

Shall

Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly: [think'st;
But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought? fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

‘ I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

‘ *Vent.* I did.

‘ *Ant.* I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.

‘ In the full vintage of my flowing honours,

‘ Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.

‘ Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,

‘ And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.

‘ When first I came to empire, I was borne

‘ On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs:

‘ The wish of nations, and the willing world,

‘ Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.

‘ I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,

‘ Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,

‘ And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,

‘ And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.

‘ My careless days, and my luxurious nights,

‘ At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,

‘ Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.’ Help me, soldier,
To curse this mad-man, this industrious fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour into your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

‘ *Ant.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

‘ *Vent.* You laugh.

‘ *Ant.* I do, to see officious love

‘ Give cordials to the dead.

‘ *Vent.* You would be lost then?

‘ *Ant.* I am.

‘ *Vent.* I say you are not. Try your fortune.

‘ *Ant.* I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me des-

‘ Without just cause? No, when I found all lost, [perate

‘ Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,

‘ And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do

‘ So heartily, I think it is not worth

‘ The cost of keeping.

‘ *Vent.* Cæsar thinks not so:

‘ He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.

‘ You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do

‘ Hold out you throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

‘ *Ant.* No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

‘ *Vent.* I can die with you too, when time shall serve;

‘ But fortune calls upon us now to live,

‘ To fight, to conquer.’

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, *Ventidius*!

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.

Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journies,
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Partbian* marches, to the *Nile*.

'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates ['em.
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent.

Vent. I said, in *Lower Syria*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither ;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd
To double my despair ? They're mutinous. [aids,

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

• *Ant.* Yet they will not march
• To succour me. O trifler !

• *Vent.* They petition
• You would make haste to head 'em.

• *Ant.* I'm besieged.

• *Vent.* There's but one way shut up—How came I

• *Ant.* I will not stir. [hither ?

• *Vent.* They would perhaps desire
• A better reason.'

Ant. ' I have never us'd

• My soldiers to demand a reason of

• My actions.' Why did they refuse to march ?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said ?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave ? To gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her ?—Then she new names her jewels,
• And calls this diamond such or such a tax ;
• Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.'

Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults : but, on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra* ; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted human kind ;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia* put in balance ;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman !
• I think the gods are *Antonies*, and give,
• Like prodigals, this nether world away
• To none but wasteful hands.'

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love ! plain arrogance, plain insolence !
Thy men are cowards ; thou, an envious traitor ;

Who,

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill *Ottavia's* bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear.

Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
‘But you, e're love misled your wand'ring eyes,
‘Were sure the chief and best of human race,
‘Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature;
‘So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
‘At their own skill, and cry'd, a lucky hit
‘Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
‘Else you had been immortal, and a pattern
‘When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
‘To copy out again.’

Ant. But *Cleopatra*—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou may'st;

Vent. Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind
May I believe you love me? Speak again. [word.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[Hugging him.]

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this —

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. O Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh, she went.

Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe

Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.'

Ant. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To *Cassius'* camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;

Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
 Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
 And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble harvest of the field. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, *a grand Saloon*.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. **W**HAT shall I do; or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight.
 Flatter me not: if once he goes, he's lost,
 And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
 Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen.
 Is this to be a queen, to be besieged
 By yon insulting *Roman*, and to wait
 Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small;
 For *Antony* is lost, and I can mourn
 For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
 I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
 I'm fit to be a captive: *Antony*
 Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Iras. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
 And none would have; my love's a noble madness,
 Which shows the cause deserve it. Moderate sorrow
 Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:
 But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
 I soar'd, at first, quite out of reason's view,
 And now am lost above it.— No, I'm proud
 'Tis thus: would *Antony* could see me now;
 Think you he would not sigh? Though he must leave
 Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd, [me
 And bears a tender heart; I know him well,

• Ah,

- ‘ Ah, no! I know him not; I knew him once,
- ‘ But now ’tis past.
- ‘ *Iras.* Let it be past with you:
- ‘ Forget him, madam.
- ‘ *Cleo.* Never, never, *Iras.*
- ‘ He once was mine; and once, though now ’tis gone,
- ‘ Leaves a faint image of possession still.
- ‘ *Alex.* Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.
- ‘ *Cleo.* I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain,
- ‘ Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
- ‘ I still must love him.’

Enter Charmion.

Now, what news, my *Charmion*?
 Will he be kind? And will he not forsake me?
 Am I to live or die? ‘ Nay, do I live?
 ‘ Or am I dead? For when he gave his answer,
 ‘ Fate took the word, and then I liv’d or dy’d.’
Char. I found him, madam——
Cleo. A long speech preparing?
 If thou bring’st comfort, haste, and give it me;
 For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
 Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies,
 To soften what he said; but give me death,
 Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis’d,
 And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him then
 Incompas’d round, I think, with iron statues,
 So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
 While awfully he cast his eyes about,
 And ev’ry leader’s hopes and fears survey’d;
 Methought he look’d resolv’d, and yet not pleas’d.
 When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
 He blush’d, and bade, make way.

Alex. There’s comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fix’d his eyes upon my passage
 Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
 And sullenly gave place. I told my message
 Just as you gave, broken and disorder’d;
 I number’d in it all your sighs and tears;
 And while I mov’d your pitiful request,
 That you but only begg’d a last farewell,

He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
 I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
 But shun'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.
 He seem'd not now that awful *Antony*
 Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod ;
 But making show as he would rub his eyes,
 Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep ? And was I worth a tear?
 If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
 Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
 He could deny you nothing, if he saw you ;
 And therefore —

Cleo. Thou would'st say, he would not see me.

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a power
 Which he could ill resist ; yet he should ever
 Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
 For *Antony* to use to *Cleopatra* ?

Oh, that faint word, respect ! how I disdain it !
 Disdain myself, for loving after it !

• He should have kept that word for cold *Ottavia* ;
 • Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,
 • That dull insipid lump, without desires,
 • And without pow'r to give 'em ?

Alex. You misjudge ;
 You see through love, and that deludes your sight ;
 • As what is freight, seems crooked through the water ;
 But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
 Can see this *Antony*, this dreaded man,
 A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
 And shuns his master's eyes ; if you pursue him,
 My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
 That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee —

Alex. By every circumstance I know he loves.
 True, he's hard prest, by int'rest and by honour ;
 Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out
 Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word,
 He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more ?
 He shows his weakness who declines the combat ;

And

And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds,
Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him. [A march.
I hear the trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. [Exit with Char. and Iras.

Alex. I fear so too;
Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it.

[Withdraws. A march till all are on.
Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: then enter

Antony and Ventidius, followed by other Commanders.

Ant. *Octavius* is the minion of blind chance;
But holds from virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
Oh, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge;
The most deliberate fighter! If he ventures,
(As in *Ilyria* once they say he did,
To storm a town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after;
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I hear'd you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius*.
What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame.—
He said he had more ways than one to die:
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one:
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an ague or a fever.

Ant. No; it must be an ague, not a fever:
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice.
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
O Hercules! Why should a man like this,

Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

- *Vent.* You conquer'd for him :
- *Philippi* knows it; there you shar'd with him
- That empire, which your sword made all your own.
- *Ant.* Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
- I bore this wren, 'till I was tir'd with soaring,
- And now he mounts above me.
- Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the man who braves me?
- Who bids my age make way? Drives me before him,
- To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?
- Vent.* Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.
- Ant.* Then give the word to march.

I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions; and, in open field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppress'd, a god;
This message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing lord.

Vent. Smooth sycophant!
Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand pray'rs,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
‘As many dear embraces to your arms,’
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears have weary'd you already.

Vent. [Aside.] False crocodile!
Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes, [her,
And too presuming (for her low fortune, and your eb-
bing love,)]

That were a wish for her most profsp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [Aside.] Well, I must man it out—What would
the queen?

Alex. First to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chace of fame,

(Too

(Too daring and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness *Aetium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him forward,
With ardour too heroick, on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him, this god is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wish'd return, she will redeem

[*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*

With all the wealth of *Egypt*.

This, to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not ashame'd of honest poverty;
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And she that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

Your slave, the queen——

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then you mistress.

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a bracelet.*

Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;

Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more then aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, *Ventidius*;
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time;
And now and then the fury of her love,
When——— And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [Going to tie it.] We soldiers are so awkward—
Help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward
In these affairs; so are all men indeed;
'Ev'n I, who am not one.' But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Vent. Hell! death! this eunuch pandar ruins you.
You will not see her?

[Alexas whispers an attendant, who goes out.]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an *Aethiop*. Y'are undone!
Y'are in the toils! y'are taken! y'are destroy'd!
Her eyes do *Cæsar*'s work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant too myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither.
Born in the depths of *Africk*; I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her; how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting!

Then, we must part!

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each
Into our mutual ruin. [other

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
'I have no friends in Heav'n;' and all the world,
(As 'twere the business of mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love; ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest: you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore, hear me;
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone—

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!
Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in *Egypt*,
Ere *Cæsar* saw your eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father on his throne, was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.

But I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself—

Ant. Again you break your promise
 I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
 Took you into my bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
 And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
 And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
 Shut out enquiring nations from my sight,
 To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

[Aside.]

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
 That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
 As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
 One day past by, and nothing saw but love;
 Another came, and still 'twas only love;
 The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
 And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first;
 So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my wife, grew jealous,
 As she indeed had reason, rais'd a war
 In *Italy*, to call me back.

Vent. But yet
 You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
 The world fell mouldring from my hands each hour,
 And left me scarce a grasp, I thank your love for't.

Vent. Well push'd! that last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else, not.
 Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
 (Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd.)
 'To set the world at peace, I took *Ottavia*.
 This *Cæsar*'s sister; in her pride of youth,
 And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
 Whom blushing I must praise, altho' I left her.
 You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
 This rais'd the *Roman* arms; the cause was yours.
 I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
 You hinder'd it: yet, when I fought at sea,
 Forsook me fighting; and, O stain to honour!
 O lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
 But fled to follow you.

Vent.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails ;
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, would you multiply more ruins on me ?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes ;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded :
Despair is in her eyes. [Aside.]

Vent. Now lay a sigh i'th'way, to stop his passage :
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions ;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you my judge
Already have condemn'd me ? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate ?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me ;
For love once past, is, at the best, forgotten,
But oftner sours to hate : 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched ? Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you ;
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better.
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd

My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possess'd my person, you my love;
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.

' If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
' I judg'd it due to the first name of men;
' And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a tyrant,
' What he would take by force.'

Vent. O syren! syren!

Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd: 'tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,
Such *Fulvia* was.

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Ottavia* for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words! But *Actium*, sir, remember
Actium.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I coun-
To fight at sea; but, I betray'd you not. [sell'd
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:
Would I had been a man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your friendship,
Who envy me your love.

Ant. We're both unhappy;
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak! Would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Vent. See now the effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her:
But, could she scape without you, O how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleo.

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.

[Giving Antony a writing,

Cou'd I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the writing of *Oætavius*!
‘I know it well: ‘tis that proscribing hand,
‘Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
‘And left me but the second place in murder’—
See, see, *Ventidius*! here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joins all *Syria* to it, as a present,
So, in requital, she forsakes my fortunes,
And joins her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Antony*; and yet I love you..
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
‘Tis all that Heav'n can give.

* *Alex.* He melts; we conquer. [Aside.]
Cleo. No; you shall go; your int'rest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here— [Takes his hand.]
Go; leave me, soldier;
(For you're no more a lover:) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, she's dead!
The soldiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your *Roman* gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, ‘tis too much! too much for man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forsaken woman, and a lover?
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not
This minute in your arms! I'll die ‘apace,
‘As fast as e'er I can,’ and end your trouble:

Ant. Die!—Rather let me perish! Loosen'd nature
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of Heav'n,

And fall the skies to crush the nether world.

My eyes! my soul! my all!— [Embraces her.

Vent. And what's this toy,

• In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

• *Ant.* What is't, *Ventidius!* it out-weighs 'em all;

• Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæsar* now:

• My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.

• This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!

But, could she scape without me, with what haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,

And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,

And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!

• Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,

• That I should go from her, who sets my love

• Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods,

Give to your boy, your *Cæsar*,

This rattle of a globe to play withal,

This gew-gaw world, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance

Of love in public; and the foolish world,

Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Vent. O women! women! women! All the gods

Have not such pow'r of doing good to man,

As you of doing harm.

[Exit.]

Ant. Our men are arm'd.

Unbar the gate that looks to *Cæsar*'s camp;

I would revenge the treachery he meant me;

And long security makes conquest easy.

I'm eager to return before I go;

For all the pleasures I have known, beat thick

On my remembrance. How I long for night!

That both the sweets of mutual love may try,

And triumph once o'er *Cæsar* ere we die.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Alexas, and a train of
Ægyptians; Antony and Romans. Cleopatra crowns
Antony*

‘ *Ant.* I Thought how those white arms would fold me in,
 And strain me close and melt me into love ;
 So pleas’d with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my strength to every blow.
 Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms,
 You’ve been too long away from my embraces ;
 But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
 I’ll say, you are unkind, and punish you,
 And mark you red with many an eager kiss.’

Ant. My brighter *Venus* !

Cleo. O my greater *Mars* !

Ant. Thou join’st us well, my love.

‘ Suppose me come from the *Phlegræan* plains,
 Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword :
 And mountain tops par’d off each other blow,
 To bury those I slew ; receive me, goddesses ;
 Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle nets, like *Vulcan*,
 In thy embraces I would be beheld
 By Heav’n and earth at once,
 And make their envy what they meant their sport.
 Let those who took us blush : I would love on
 With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
 As their superior god.’

There’s no satiety of love in thee ;
 Enjoy’d, thou still art new ; perpetual spring
 Is in thy arms ; the ripen’d fruit but falls,
 And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
 And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O now the dangers past ; your general comes,
 He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs :
 But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
 As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me, truly loves me ;

He never flatter'd me in any vice,
 But awes me with his virtue ; even this minute
 Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
 Lead to the temple ; I'll avoid his presence,
 It checks too strong upon me. [Exeunt the rest.]

[As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.
Vent. Emperor !

Ant. 'Tis the old argument ; I pr'ythee spare me.

[Looking back.]

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe ! or, by my father Hercules——

Vent. By Hercules's father—that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observ'd ; attend me here,
 And I'll return. [Exit.]

Vent. I'm waneing in his favour, yet I love him ;
 I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin !
 And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him :
 His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
 As would confound their choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter Antony,

Ant. We can conquer,
 You see, without your aid.
 We have dislodg'd their troops,
 ‘ They look on us at distance, and, like curs
 ‘ Scap'd from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
 ‘ And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.’
 Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
 Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well : and he
 Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.
 Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
 An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
 Of arms——

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius* !
 The boy pursues my ruin ; he'll no peace !
 ‘ His malice is considerate in advantage ;
 ‘ Oh, he's the coolest murderer ! so staunch,
 ‘ He kills and keeps his temper.’

Vent. Have you no friend
 In all his army, who has power to move him ;
Mucenat, or *Agrippa*, might do much.

‘ *Ant.*

- ‘ Ant. They’re both too deep in *Cæsar’s* interests,
- We’ll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.
- ‘ Vent. Fain I would find some other.
- ‘ Ant. Thank thy love.
- Some four or five such victories as this
- Will save thy farther pains.
- ‘ Vent. Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his guard.
- ‘ I know, sir, you have conquer’d against odds;
- ‘ But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
- ‘ And of *Ægyptians*; he has all the world,
- ‘ And, at his beck, nations come pouring in,
- ‘ To fill the gaps you make.’ Pray, think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search
 For foreign aids; to hunt my memory,
 And range all o’er a wide and barren place
 To find a friend? The wretched have no friends—
 Yet I had one, the bravest youth of *Rome*,
 Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the love of women,
 ‘ He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
 ‘ From that hard rugged image melt him down
 ‘ And mould him in what softer form he pleas’d.’

Vent. Him would I see; that man of all the world!
 Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov’d me too,
 I was his soul; he liv’d not but in me;
 We were so clos’d within each other’s breasts,
 The rivets were not found that join’d us first,
 ‘ That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt
 ‘ As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost;
 ‘ We were one mass; we could not give or take
 ‘ But from the same: for he was I, I he.

‘ Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [Aside.]

‘ Ant.’ After this,
 I need not tell his name: ’twas *Dclabella*.

Vent. He’s now in *Cæsar’s* camp.

Ant. No matter where,
 Since he’s no longer mine. He took unkindly
 That I forbade him *Cleopatra’s* sight; because
 Because I fear’d he lov’d her. ‘ He confess’d
 ‘ He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled:
 ‘ For ’twere impossible that two so one
 ‘ Should not have lov’d the same. When he departed,
 ‘ He took no leave; and that confirm’d my thoughts.

- ‘ Vent. It argues that he lov’d you more than her,
- ‘ Else he had staid ; but he perceiv’d you jealous,
- ‘ And would not grieve his friend : I know he loves you.
- ‘ Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.
- ‘ Vent. Perhaps
- ‘ He has thus long been lab’ring for your peace.
- ‘ Ant. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov’d you ?
 I read your answer in your eyes you would.
 Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
 A messenger from Cæsar’s camp, with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I’ll bring him instantly.

[Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.]

Ant. ‘Tis he himself, himself ! by holy friendship !

[Runs to embrace him.]

Art thou return’d at last, my better half !
 Come, give me all myself !
 ‘ Let me not live,
 ‘ If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
 ‘ Was ever half so fond.’

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
 About a nobler work. She’s new come home ;
 Like a long absent man, and wanders o’er
 Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
 If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what’s left of me ;
 ‘ For I am now so sunk from what I was,
 ‘ Thou find’st me at my lowest water-mark.
 ‘ The rivers that run in, and rais’d my fortunes,
 ‘ Are all dry’d up, or take another course :
 ‘ What I have left is from my native spring :
 ‘ I’ve still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
 ‘ And lifts me to my banks.

‘ Dol. Still you are lord of all the world to me.

‘ Ant. Why, then I yet am so, for thou art all !
 ‘ If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
 ‘ I grudg’d it to myself ; methought I robb’d
 ‘ Thee of thy part.’ But, O my Dolabella !

Thou hast beheld me other than I am —
 Hast thou seen my morning chamber fill’d
 With scepter’d slaves, who waited to salute me ?
 With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun

To worship my uprising ? Menial kings
 ' Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,'
 Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
 And, at my least command, all started out,
 Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæsar's* now ; and what am I ?

Vent. What you have made yourself ; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done ?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so, I must join with him ;
 Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide :
 Why am I else your friend ?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
 How thou upbraid'ſt my love ! The queen has eyes,
 And thou too hast a soul ! Canſt thou remember
 When, ſwell'd with hatred, thou beheld'ſt her first,
 As accenſary to thy brother's death ?

Dol. Spare my remembrance ! 'twas a guilty day,
 And ſtill the bluſh hangs here.

Ant. To clear herſelf,
 For ſending him no aid, ſhe came from *Egypt*,
 Her galley down the ſilver *Sydnos* row'd,
 The tackling ſilk, the streamers wav'd with gold ;
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails :
 Her nymphs, like nereids, round her couch were plac'd ;
 Where ſhe, another ſea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dol. No more ! I would not hear it !

Ant. Oh, you muſt !
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
 And caſt a look ſo languishingly ſweet,
 As if, ſecure of all beholders hearts,
 Negle&ting ſhe could take 'em ! Boys, like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning with their painted wings, the winds
 That play'd about her face : but if ſhe ſmil'd,
 A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad :
 That men's deſiring eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the object ! To ſoft flutes
 The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the fight,
 And both to thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or ſomewhat more !
 For ſhe fo charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
 Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice :

Then,

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy soul ?
 Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder ?
 Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
 And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not
 That I accus'd her of my brother's death !

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours ?
 Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
 ' When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
 ' Made it a debt to nature.' Yours—

Vent. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
 ' When no more heat was left but what you forc'd.
 ' When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
 ' When it went down, then they constrain'd the course,
 ' And robb'd from nature to supply desire ;'
 In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
 'Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha !

Dol. 'Twas urg'd too home.
 But yet the loss was private that I made ;
 'Twas but myself I lost : I lost no legions ;
 I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend ?

Dol. Yes, *Antony*, a true one ;
 A friend so tender, that each word I speak
 Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
 O judge me not less kind because I chide :
 To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods !

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar* !

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal :
 While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble ?

Methinks thou shouldest not bring 'em else ; yet he
 Is full of deep dissembling ; knows no honour
 Divided from his int'rest. ' Fate mistook him ;
 ' For nature meant him for an usurer ;'
 He's fit, indeed, to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
 What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
 To honorable terms ?

Ant.

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some god.

Dol. Not I; nor yet *Mecenas*, nor *Agrippa*:

They were your enemies; and I a friend

Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman* deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that man
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine,

And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [Exit *Vent.*

Dol. You'll remember

To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,

Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.

My queen shall thank him too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,

Leave me, my better stars; for she has truth

Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,

At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me:

But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me

For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dol. Yes; there's my reason.

Re-enter *Ventidius*, with *Octavia*, leading *Antony's two little Daughters*.

Ant. Where? — *Octavia* there! [Starting back.]

Vent. What is she poison to you? a disease?

Look on her; view her well, and those she brings:

Are they all strangers to your eyes? Has nature

No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive 'em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.

' Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,

' To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,

' To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out,

' And aim a kiss, ere you could reach their lips.'

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought them in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold?

O&. Thus long I have attended for my welcome ;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I ?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

O&. That's unkind !

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp ;
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer :
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride :
I come to claim you as my own ; to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness ;
Your hand, my lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his hand.]

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dol. On my soul,

And so she does : ' She's neither submissive,
' Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean
' Shows, as it ought, a wife, and Roman too.'

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

O&. Begg'd it, my lord ?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadrefs ;
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your brother.

O&. Poorly and basely, I could never beg ;
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a king ; shall I fall down
And cry, forgive me, Cæsar ! ' Shall I set
' A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
' As he could give me being ?' No ; that word,
Forgive, would choak me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd
me—

' My friend too ! To receive some vile conditions.'
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears ;
And now I must become her branded slave.
In ev'ry peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave. If I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my brother.

O&.

Oæ. My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take : I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said

Oæavia's husband was her brother's slave.

Sir, you are free ; free ev'n from her you loath ;
For, tho' my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours ; I cannot take

Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.

I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd ;

He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the east : I may be dropt at *Athens* ;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,

And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour !
Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dol. Oh ! she has touch'd him in the tender'st part.
See how he reddens with despite and shame
To be out-done in generosity !

' *Vent.* See how he winks ! how he dries up a tear
' That fain would fall !'

Ant. *Oæavia*, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul ;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd :
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love ;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens* ; was't not so ?

Oæ. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not ; who, to herself,
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it ; no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oæ. Would you triumph o'er poor *Oæavia's* virtue ?
That pride was all I had to bear me up ;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

' I have been injur'd, and my haughty soul

' Could brook but ill the man who flights my bed.'

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Oæ.

Oæ. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me.

Oæ. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. O *Dolabella!* which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul:
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Oæavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for *Oæavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be rain'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In ev'ry thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. O my distracted soul!

Oæ. Sweet Heav'n, compose it.
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go,
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
‘ For you may speak, and he may own you too,
‘ Without a blush; and so he cannot all
‘ His children, Go, I say, and pull him to me,
‘ And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman:
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his arms;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his waist;
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dol. Friend!

Oæ. Husband!

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Oæavia; take me, children; share me all.

[*Embracing them.*

I've been a thrifless debtor to your loves,

And

And run out much in riot, from your stock ;
But all shall be amended.

O&t. O blest hour !

Dol. O happy change !

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue !

• But it has found two channels here for one,
• And bubbles out above.'

Ant. [To O&t.] This is thy triumph : lead me where
thou wilt,

Even to thy brother's camp.

O&t. All there are yours.

[Enter Alexas, *hastily*.]

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours —

Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night;
To-morrow, Cæsar and we are one.

[Ex. leading O&t. Dol. and the Children follow.]

Vent. There's news for you ! Run, my officious eunuch,
Be sure to be the first ; haste forward : [nuch,
Haste my dear eunuch, haste. [Exit.]

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-scull'd
This blunt unthinking instrument of death, [hero,
With plain dull virtue, has out-gone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my early'it infancy ;
The luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a man,
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind ;
Yet greatness kept me from contempt : that's gone.
Had Cleopatra follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for love ; but she has known its joys :
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves ?

[Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and train.]

O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes !

Octavia's here !

Cleo. Peace with that raven's note !

I know it too ; and now am in

The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a queen ;

Ægypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt ?

My life, my soul is lost ! Octavia has him !

O fatal

- ‘ O fatal name to *Cleopatra’s* love !
- ‘ My kisses, my embraces now are hers ;
- ‘ While I —— But thou hast seen my rival ; speak,
- ‘ Does she deserve this blessing ? Is she fair ?
- ‘ Bright as a goddes? And is all perfection
- ‘ Confin’d to her ? It is. Poor I was made
- ‘ Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finish’d,
- ‘ The gods threw by, for rubbish.
- ‘ *Alex.* She is, indeed, a very miracle.
- ‘ *Cleo.* Death to my hopes, a miracle !
- ‘ *Alex.* A miracle —— [Bowing.]
- ‘ I mean of goodness ; for in beauty, madam,
- ‘ You make all wonder cease.
- ‘ *Cleo.* I was too rash :
- ‘ Take this in part of recompence. But, Oh !
- ‘ I fear thou flatterest me. [Giving a ring.]
- ‘ *Char.* She comes ! She’s here !
- ‘ *Iras.* Fly, madam, *Cæsar’s* sister !
- ‘ *Cleo.* Were she the sister of the thund’rer *Jove*,
- ‘ And bore her brother’s light’ning in her eyes,
- ‘ Thus would I face my rival.
- ‘ Enter *Oktavia* with *Ventidius*, *Okt.* bears up to *Cleo*.
- ‘ *Okt.* I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
- ‘ Your haughty carriage ——
- ‘ *Cleo.* Shows I am a queen,
- ‘ Nor need I ask who you are.
- ‘ *Okt.* A Roman :
- ‘ A name that makes and can unmake a queen.
- ‘ *Cleo.* Your lord, the man who serves me, is a *Roman*.
- ‘ *Okt.* He was a *Roman*, till he lost that name
- ‘ To be a slave in *Ægypt*; but I come.
- ‘ To free him hence.
- ‘ *Cleo.* Peace, peace, my lover’s *Juno*.
- ‘ When he grew weary of that houshold-clog,
- ‘ He chose my easier bonds.
- ‘ *Okt.* I wonder not
- ‘ Your bonds are easy ; you have long been practis’d
- ‘ In that lascivious art. He’s not the first
- ‘ For whom you spread your snares : let *Cæsar* witness,
- ‘ *Cleo.* I lov’d not *Cæsar*; ‘twas but gratitude
- ‘ I paid his love ; the worl^t your malice can,
- ‘ Is but to say the greatest of mankind
- ‘ Has been my slave. The next, but far above him,
- ‘ In

• In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
• But whom his love made mine.

• O^r. I would view nearer [Coming up close to her.]

• That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,

• To find th' inevitable charms, that catch

• Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear lord.

• Cleo. O you do well to search: for had you known

• But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

• O^r. Far be their knowledge from a *Roman* lady,

• Far from a modest wife. Shame of our sex!

• Dost thou not blush, to own those black endearments

• That make sin pleasing?

• Cleo. You may blush, you want 'em.

• If bounteous nature, if indulgent Heav'n,

• Have given me charms to please the bravest man,

• Should I not thank 'em? Should I be ashamed,

• And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;

• And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this face

• For one like that.

• O^r. Thou lov'st him not so well.

• Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

• O^r. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruin.

• Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but Cleopatra?

• Who made him scorn'd abroad, but Cleopatra?

• At *Aetium*, who betray'd him? Cleopatra?

• Who made his children orphans, and poor me

• A wretched widow? Only Cleopatra.

• Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.

• If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.

• You bear the specious title of a wife,

• To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world

• To favour it: the world contemns poor me;

• For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,

• And stain'd the glory of my royal house,

• And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

• There wants but life, and that too I would lose

• For him I love.

• O^r. Be't so then; take thy wish. [Exit cum suis.]

• Cleo. And 'tis my wish,

• Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

• My sight grows dim, and every object dances,

• And swims before me, in the maze of death.

• My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;

‘ They

- They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn :
- But now she's gone they faint.
- ‘ *Alex.* Mine have had leisure
- To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
- To ruin her ; who else must ruin you.
- ‘ *Cleo.* Vain promiser !
- Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand too, *Iras.*
- My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
- Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
- And draw the curtains round ;
- Then leave me to myself, to take alone
- My fill of grief :
- ‘ There I till death will his unkindness weep :
- ‘ As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.’

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E, A Saloon.

Enter Antony and Dolabella.

Dol. WHY would you shift it from yourself on me ?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. O *Dolabella*,
How many deaths are in this word depart !
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so :
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let *Ventidius* ;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh! he'll speak too harshly ;
He'll kill her with the news : thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That ‘ but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure
‘ Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
‘ And robs me of my manhood.’ —— I should speak
So faintly ; with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant.

Ant. Therefore; therefore
 Thou only, thou art fit: think thyself me,
 And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
 Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
 And let our parting be as gently made
 As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
 That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so,

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task: farewell.
 I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the door, and comes back.]

I forgot;
 Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
 Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,
 If I have pow'r with Cæsar—O be sure
 To think on that.

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

[Antony goes again to the door, and comes back.]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
 I did not this, but with extremest force.
 Desire her not to hate my memory,
 For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

Dol. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all [Goes out, and returns again.]
 Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
 Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
 If I should hear she took another love,
 The news would break my heart—Now I must go;
 For every time I have return'd, I feel
 My soul more tender; and my next command
 Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [Exit.]

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind.
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view: thus I discover'd,
 And blam'd the love of ruin'd *Antony*;
 Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventiidius above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself! Concern'd too!

Perhaps my guess is right; he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dol. O friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:
Unfaithful in th' attempt; hopeless to win:
And, if I win, undone. Mere madness all.
And yet th' occasion fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with *Antony*. [Aside.]
Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion, Iras,
on the other side.

Dol. She comes! What charms have sorrow on that
face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! her eunuch there!
That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras; seems
to talk with them.*]

To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.'

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word or glance,
You give this youth, will kindle him with love:
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleb. Can I do this? Ah, no; my love's so true,
That

'That I can neither hide it where it is,
 Nor show it where it is not. ' Nature meant me
 ' A wife, a silly, harmless, household dove,
 ' Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
 ' But fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
 ' Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
 ' Of falsehood to be happy.'

Alex. Force yourself.

'Th' event will be, your lover will return
 Doubly desirous to possess the good
 Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it ;
 But Oh ! with what regret !

[Exit Alex. She comes up to Dolabella.

Vent. So now the scene draws near ; they're in my reach.

Cleo. [To Dol.] Discouraging with my women ! Might
 Share in your entertainment ? [not I

Char. You have been
 The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How ! and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleo. Mere poetry.

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
 Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,
 Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung :
 I, who have seen —— had I been born a poet,
 Should chuse a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your nation's vice : all of your country
 Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.
 I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No, madam ; yet he sent me ——

Cleo. Well, he sent you ——

Dol. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing ?

Less to yourself, or me ?

Dol. Madam, to both ;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You Charmion and your fellow, stand at distance.
 Hold up, my spirits. [Aside.] —— Well, now your
 mournful matter ;

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it, too.

Dol.

Dol. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news: and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances! woman! woman!
Dear, damn'd, inconstant sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
'I should have been more griev'd another time.'
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewel, *Egypt*.
Yet, is there any more?

Dol. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune:
And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol.— You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

Dol. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:
'But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.' [Exit.

Dol. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a chearfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella*.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?
Or sought you this employment?

Dol. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word depart.

Dol.

Dol. Oh ! you mistake : he chose the harshest words ;
 With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
 He coin'd his face in the severest stamp ;
 And fury shook his fabrick like an earthquake :
 He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,
 In sounds scarce human, " hence, away for ever :
 Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
 And bane of all my hopes :

[All the time of this speech, Cleopatra seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.]

Let her be driv'n as far as men can think
 From man's commerce : she'll poison to the center."

Cleo. Oh I can bear no more ! [Faints.]

Dol. Help, help ! O wretch ! cursed, cursed wretch !
 What have I done !

' *Char.* Help, chafe her temples, *Iras.*

' *Iras.* Bend, bend her forward quickly.'

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
 She comes again.

' *Cleo.* Oh, let him not approach me.'

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,
 Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
 And injur'd love ? For pity, let me go ;
 For, if there be a place of long repose,
 I'm sure I want it. ' My disdainful lord
 ' Can never break that quiet, nor awake
 ' The sleeping soul, with hollowing in my tomb
 ' Such words as fright her hence.' Unkind, unkind.

Dol. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak, [Kneeling.]
 That sure deserves belief ; I injur'd him :
 My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
 How often he came back, and every time
 With something more obliging and more kind,
 To add to what he said ; what dear farewels,
 How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
 And lean'd to what unwillingly he left :
 I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
 (But what can you not do, who made me false !)
 I forg'd that lie : for whose forgiveness kneels
 This self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish !
 Rise, *Dolabella* ; if you have been guilty,
 I have contributed, and too much love

Has made me guilty too.

Th' advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy ;
But 'twould not last. Oh! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dol. I find your breast fenc'd round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal ;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. ' My friend, my friend !
• What endless treasure hast thou thrown away ;
• And scatter'd, like an infant, in the ocean,
• Vain sums of wealth which none can gather thence.'

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear ?
• Like one who wanders through long barren wilds,
• And yet foreknows no hospitable inn.
• Is near to succour hunger,
• Eats his fill, before his painful march :
• So would I feed a-while my famish'd eyes'
Before we part ; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, *with Octavia, behind.*

Vent. From whence you may discover—O, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed ? the pretty hand in earnest ?

Dol. I will, for this reward. [Takes her hand.
—Draw it not back,

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

' *Okt.* What quick eyes has guilt !'

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, *Ventidius* ?

Vent. No.

I sought him ; but I heard that he was private.

None with him, but *Hipparchus* his freedman.

Dol. Knew you his bus'ness ?

Vent. Giving him instructions,
And letters, to his brother *Caesar*.

Dol. Well,

He must be found. [Exeunt Dolabella and Cleopatra.

Okt. Most glorious impudence !

Vent. She look'd, methought,
As she would say, take your old man, *Octavia* ;
Thank you, I'm better here.

Well,

Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

O^t. Let it die.

Vent. I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms.
To draw the moon from Heav'n; for eloquence,
The sea-green syrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bleſſ her wanton eyes: even I, who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, 'while I curse, desire it.' *Antony*
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. — "But see he comes—"
I know, this minute,
With Cæſar he's endeavouring her peace.

O^t. You have prevail'd: — But for a farther
purpose [Walks off.]
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart;
It must not, sha' not be.
Vent. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.'

Enter Antony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love:
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

O^t. Mine, my lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius!

[Drawing him aside.]

Vent. My lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now, my lord,
He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. It look'd, indeed,
Like your farewell.

[Aloud.]

Ant. More softly — My farewell!

What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose. [Aloud.
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourn'd!
The poor forsaken creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. Thou dost belie her; [Aloud.
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Oæt. You seem disturb'd, my lord. [Coming up.

Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love:

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent—

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'd me;
Thy life shall answer it. [Angrily.

Oæt. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. [To Oæt.] 'Tis less, a very nothing: you too
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret. [saw it,

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes: she saw young Dolabella—

Ant. Young Dolabella!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly.

‘ And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his:

‘ At which he whisper'd kisses back on hers;

And then she cry'd aloud, that constancy

Should be rewarded.—This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend!

Not Cleopatra?

Vent. Ev'n she, my lord!

Ant.

Ant. My Cleopatra?

Vent. Your Cleopatra;

Dolabella's Cleopatra:

Every man's Cleopatra.

Ant. 'Tis false.

' *Vent.* I do not lie, my lord.

' Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,
' And not provide against a time of change?
' You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

' *Ant.* I'll think no more on't.'

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.

' You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia*:

' What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?

' She's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:

' Urge it no farther, love.

' *Ost.* Are you concern'd

' That she's found false?

' *Ant.* I should be, were it so;

' For tho' 'tis past, I would not that the world

' Should tax my former choice: that I lov'd one

' Of so light note; but I forgive you both.'

Vent. What has my age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?

If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and earth

Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a witness
From hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;

[*Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate; speak

' You are of *Cleopatra's* private counsel, [truth.

' Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;

' Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,

' And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the moon,

' Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.'

Alex. My noble lord.

Vent. My most illustrious pandar,
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain home-spun truth, is what I ask:
I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love
To *Dolabella*. Speak; for I will know,

By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em ;
 How near the bus'ness draws to your employment ;
 And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
 Or please *Ventidius*, care not. Justify
 Thy injur'd queen from malice. Dare his worst.

'*O. A.* [Aside.] See how he gives him courage, how he
 ' To find her false ! and shuts his eyes to truth, [fears
 ' Willing to be misled !'

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
 Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover ;
 So far (divine *Octavia*) may my queen
 Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him,
 Who is your lord : so far from brave *Ventidius*,
 May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken : mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
 Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.
 Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
 From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant vows
 Of fighting kings ; and at her feet were laid
 The scepters of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
 To chuse where she would reign ;
 She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her ;
 And, of all *Romans*, only *Antony*.
 And, to be less than wife to you, disdain'd
 Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet tho' love, and your unmatch'd desert,
 Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
 At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
 To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
 Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd.
 The sad effects of this unprosperous war,
 Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Vent. [Aside.] Oh, wheel you there ?
 Observe him now ; the man begins to mend,
 And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch,
 The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his ears
 With what the last necessity has urg'd
 On my forsaken mistress ; yet I must not
 Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee, dare
Not pronounce that fatal word.

O&T. Must I bear this? Good Heav'n, afford me pa-
tience! [Aside.]

Vent. On, sweet eunuch; my dear half man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long; he, next my god-like lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd—

Ant. Hence, from my sight, for I can bear no more!
Let furies drag thee quick to hell! each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[Exit *Alexas* *tburst out* by *Antony*.]

O&T. 'Tis not well!

Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me.
To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd faithless prostitute.

Ant. *O&tavia*, leave me! I am much disorder'd!
Leave me, I say!

O&T. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

* *Vent.* Obey him, madam; best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

* *O&T.* Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

* *Ant.* 'Tis too much;

* Too much, *O&tavia*! I am prest with sorrows.
Too heavy to be borne, and you add more!
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.

* *O&T.* You would mourn

* In private for your love, who has betray'd you.
You did but half return to me, your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty. Wond'rous proofs
Of love to me!

' *Ant.* Are you my friend, *Ventidius* ?
 • Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
 • And let this fury loose ?
 ' *Vent.* Oh, be advis'd,
 • Sweet madam, and retire.'

Oet. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
 ' You shall no more be haunted with this fury.'
 My lord, my lord, love will not always last,
 When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain.
 Take her again whom you prefer to me;
 She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man !
 Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
 Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
 Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
 My duty shall be yours.
 To the dear pledges of our former love,
 My tenderness and care shall be tranfer'd.
 And they shall cheer by turus my widow'd nights !
 So take my last farewell ! for I despair
 To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [Exit.]
Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best designs !
 My last attempts must be to win her back;
 But, Oh ! I fear, in vain. [Exit.]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,
 Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weaknes,
 But bears its workings outward to the world ?
 I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
 And forc'd a smile at *Cleopatra*'s falsehood:
Oetavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
 But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
 Seen to the bottom : all my clearnes scorn'd,
 And all my faults expos'd—See where he comes
 Enter *Dolabella*.

Who has prophan'd the sacred name of friend,
 And worn it into vileness !
 With how secure a brow, and specious form
 He gilds the secret villain ! sure that face
 Was meant for honesty; but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
 And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp,
 To make its work more easy.

' *Dol.* O my friend !'

Aut. Well, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my message ?
Dol. I did, unwillingly.

Ant.

Ant. Unwillingly ? Was it so hard for you to bear our parting ? You should have wish'd it.

Dol. Why ?

Ant. Because you love me. And she receiv'd my message, with as true, With as unfeign'd a sorrow, as you brought it ?

Dol. She loves you ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh ! I know it. You, *Dolabella*, do not better know How much she loves me. And should I Forsake this beauty, this all perfect creature ?

Dol. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first Persuaded me. How come you alter'd since ?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go : I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears, But pity must prevail : and so, perhaps, It may again with you ; for I have promis'd That she should take her last farewell : and, see, She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dolabella* !

Dol. What's false, my lord ?

Ant. Why *Dolabella*'s false, And *Cleopatra*'s false ; both false and faithless. Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents, Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd, Till I am stung to death.

Dol. My lord, have I Deserv'd to be thus us'd ?

Cleo. Can heav'n prepare A newer torment ? Can it find a curse Beyond our separation ?

Ant. Yes, if fate Be just, much greater : ' Heav'n should be ingenious ' In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone, ' And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented ' When *Jove* was young, and no examples known ' Of mighty ills ; but you have ripen'd sin ' To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods ' To find an equal torture.' Two, two such ! Oh ! there's no farther name, two such—to me,

To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,
 Had no desires, no joys, no life but you;
 ' When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
 ' In dowry with my heart: I had no use,
 ' No fruit of all, but you : ' a friend and mistress
 Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra !
 O Dolabella ! how could you betray
 This tender heart, which with an infant fondness
 Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
 Secure of injur'd faith ?

Dol. If she has wrong'd you,
 Heav'n, hell, and you revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me !

* Thou would'st evade thy part of guilt; but swear
 * Thou lov'st not her.

* *Dol.* Not so as I love you.

* *Ant.* Not so ! swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love

* *Dol.* No more than friendship will allow. [her.

* *Ant.* No more ?

* Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd —
 * And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'st her not ;
 * But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite !
 * Who durst not own to her thou dost not love,
 * Nor own to me thou dost ! ' Ventidius heard it ;
 Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: he, he confess it ;
 He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
 Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself ? [To Dol.
 You whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
 Return'd to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer ?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd ;
 But if to have repented of that love
 Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
 Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
 Let her not suffer: she is innocent.

* *Cleo.* Ah, what will not a woman do who loves !

* What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
 * Where all her joys are plac'd ! 'Twas I encourag'd,
 * 'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his soul,
 * To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
 * But all in vain; I could not counterfeit :

- In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
- And drown'd my heart again ; fate took th' occasion ;
- And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
- My whole life's truth.'

Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood ;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dol. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

• *Ant.* You have convinc'd yourselves.

• You plead each other's cause : what witness have you,

• That you but meant to raise my jealousy ?

• *Cleo.* Ourselves and Heav'n.

• *Ant.* Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friend-

• You have no longer place in human breasts, [ship !

• These two have driv'n you out : avoid my sight ;

• I wou'd not kill the man whom I have lov'd ;

• And cannot hurt the woman ; but avoid me,

• I do not know how long I can be tame ;

• For, if I stay one miuite more to think

• How I am wrong'd, my justice and revenge

• Will cry so loud within me, that my pity

• Will not be heard for either.

• *Dol.* Heaven has but

• Our sorrow for our sins ; and then delights

• To pardon erring man : sweet mercy seems

• Its darling attribute, which limits justice :

• As if there were degrees in infinite ;

• And infinite would rather want perfection,

• Than punish to extent.'

Ant. I can forgive

A foe ; but not a mistress, and a friend :

Treason is there in its most horrid shape,

Where trust is greatest : ' and the soul resign'd

' Is stabb'd by its own guards.' I'll hear no more ;

Hence from my sight, for ever.

Cleo. How ? for ever !

I cannot go one moment from your sight,

And must I go for ever ?

My joys, my only joys are center'd here :

What place have I to go to ? My own kingdom ?

'That I have lost for you : or to the *Romans* ?

They hate me for your sake. Or must I wander

The wide world o'er, a helpless, banish'd woman ?

Banish'd for love of you ; banish'd from you ;
 Ay, there's the banishment ! Oh ! hear me ; hear me,
 With strictest justice ; for I beg no favour :
 And if I have offended you, then kill me,
 But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.

I have a fool within me takes your part ;
 But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me !

' Would you cast off a slave who follow'd you,
 ' Who crouch'd beneath your spurn ?—He has no pity !
 ' See, if he gives one tear to my departure ;
 ' One look, one kind farewell : O, iron heart !
 ' Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
 ' If he did ever love !

' *Ant.* No more : *Alexas* !

' *Dol.* A perjur'd villain !

' *Ant.* [To Cleo.] Your *Alexas* ! yours !

' *Cleo.* Oh ! 'twas his plot : his ruinous design
 ' T'engage you in my love by jealousy.

' Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.

' *Ant.* I have ; I have.

' *Cleo.* And if he clear me not.—

' *Ant.* Your creature ! one who hangs upon your
 ' Watches your eye, to say or to unsay [smiles !]
 ' What'er you please.' I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part ? Farewel, my cruel lord.
 Th' appearance is against me ; and I go,
 Unjustify'd, for ever from your sight.
 How I have lov'd, you know : how yet I love,
 My only comfort is, I know myself :
 I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
 Than when you lov'd me most ; so well, so truly,
 I'll never strive against it ; but die pleas'd
 To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
 Must I weep too ? That calls 'em innocent,
 I must not weep ; and yet I must, to think
 That I must not forgive—

Live ; but live wretched, 'tis but just you should,
 Who made me so : live from each other's sight :
 Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,
 And all the seas, betwixt your funder'd loves :

View nothing common but the sun and skies; & birds
Now, all take several ways;
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore;
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exeunt severally.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *the Temple.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

* *Char.* BE juster, Heav'n! such virtue punish'd thus
Will make us think that chance rules all
above,

* And shuffled, with a random hand, the lots
* Which man is forc'd to draw?

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith — I'll die, I will not bear it.

* You may hold me —

* [She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.
* But I can keep my breath: I can die inward,
* And choak this love.]

Enter Alexas.

* *Iras.* Help, O *Alexas*, help!
The queen grows desperate, her soul struggles in her,
With all the agonies of love and rage;
And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, traitor! — Oh,
Oh for a little breath, to vent my rage!

* Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty?
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful pow'r

* Which

‘ Which courts its own destruction.’

Cleo. I would reason

More calmly with you. Did you not o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open love,
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?

Now, what's th' event? *Ottavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra* banish'd ‘ Thou, thou, villain,
‘ Hast push'd my boat to open sea; to prove,
‘ At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
‘ It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
‘ Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil—
‘ I can no more: thou, and my griefs, have sunk
‘ Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

‘ *Alex.* Suppose some shipwreck'd seamen near the shore,

‘ Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,
‘ If, from above, some charitable hand
‘ Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
‘ To draw the other's weight; would he look back
‘ And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
‘ But one step more, and you have gain'd the height.

‘ *Cleo.* Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. ‘ *Ottavia*'s gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.’

Believe me, madam, *Antony* is yours.

His heart was never lost; but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man, 'tis so advanc'd,
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else—

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens—*Antony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose turret,
He stands surveying our *Ægyptian* gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæsar*'s fleet: now death, or conquest;
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise,
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

[A distant shout within.]

Char. Have comfort, madam: Did you mark that shout?

[Second shout nearer.]

Iras.

Iras. Hark ; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port.

The loudness shows it near. Good news, kind Heav'ns.

' *Cleo.* Osiris make it so.'

Enter Serapion.

Ser. Where, where's the queen ?

' *Alex.* How frightfully the holy coward stares !

' As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,

' When all his gods, and what's more dear to him,

' His off'rings, were at stake.'

Ser. O horror, horror !

Ægypt has been ; the latest hour is come.

The queen of nations from her ancient seat

Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss :

Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,

And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain :

Say, whence thou cam'st, (though fate is in thy face ;

Which from thy haggard eyes look wildly out,

And threatens ere thou speak'st.)

Ser. I came from *Pharos* ;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our land's last hope, your navy —

Cleo. Vanquish'd ?

Ser. No,

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that. I saw,

With *Antony*, your well-appointed fleet

Row out ; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,

And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back :

' 'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,

' About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,

' With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,

' And flatter to the last ;' the well-tim'd oars

Now dipt from every bark, now smoothly run

To meet the foe ; and soon, indeed, they met,

But not as foes. In few we saw their caps

On either side thrown up : the *Ægyptian* gallies,

Receiv'd like friends, past through, and fell behind

The *Roman* rear ; and now, they all come forward,

And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough Serapion :

I've heard my doom. This needed not, you gods :
When I lost *Antony*, your work was done.
‘ ‘Tis but superfluous malice.’ Where's my lord ?
How bears he this last blow ?

Ser. His fury cannot be express'd by words :
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar*'s galley :
Witheld, he raves on you, cries, he's betray'd.
Should he now find you —

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not ; haste you to the monument,
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

Cleo. *Cæsar.* No,
I have no busines with him.

Alex. I can werk him,
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base, fawning wretch ! wculdst thou betray him
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor ; [too ?
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest ; counsel me :
But haste, each moment's precious.

Ser. Retire ; you must not yet see *Antony*.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger : let him clear you ;
And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from *Cæsar*,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heav'ns ! I dare not :
I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'ft it.
Not that I fear my lord will I avoid him ;
I know him noble : When he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life :
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou
can't,
Now for thy life, which basely thou would save,

While

While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Ser. Char. and Iras.*

Alex. Oh! that I less cou'd fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball, in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor reason! What a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say, to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Which way? Where?

[*Within.*

Vent. This leads to th' monument.

[*Within.*

Alex. Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd,
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot go far hence.

[*Exit.*

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead.
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Antony*;
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm betray'd.

' *Vent.* Curse on this treach'rous train!
' Their soil and Heaven infect'em all with baseness:
' And their young souls come tained to the world
' With the first breath they draw.
' *Ant.* Th' original villain sure no god created;
' He was a bastard of the *Sun*, by *Nile*;
' Ap'd into man, with all his mother's mud
' Crusted about his soul.'

Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid and valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
' The least unmortag'd hope?' For, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as *Cæsar*,
' The world's one half is yet in *Antony*;
' And from each limb of it that's hew'd away,
' The soul comes back to me.'

Vent.

Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town. The last assault
Lopt off the rest. If death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes ;
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars ; but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts : ' So every death
' Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
' And pay thee back a soul.'

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. ' Not a word
' Of chiding more.' By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* fate,
That I would not be *Cæsar*, to outlive you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shwon to all th' ethereal crowd ;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their
troops,
And reach my veterans yet ? 'Tis worth the tempting,
' T' o'erleap this gulf of fate,
' And leave your wand'ring destinies behind.'

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that villain !
See ' Cleopatra stamp't upon that face,
' With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood !
' How she looks out through those dissembling eyes !
How he has set his count'nance for deceit ;
And promises a lie, before he speaks !

Let me dispatch him first.

[Drawing.]

' Alex. O spare me, spare me.'

Ant. Hold ; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy queen ;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By love or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella* !
Die, traitor, I revoke my promise, die. [Going to kill him.]

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant.

Ant. She is. My eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship :
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rous'd
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman !
Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,
‘ Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
‘ Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake ;’
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so :

Her fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her naval force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a bribe !

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. ‘Tis too plain ;
Else wou'd she have appear'd to clear herself.

Alex. ‘ Too fatally she has ;’ she could not bear
To be accus'd by you ; but shut herself
Within her monument : look'd down and sigh'd ;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting,
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd ;
At last she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast —

Ant. My heart forebodes —

Vent. ‘ All for the best.’ Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast : then turn'd to me ;
Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell,
And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith.
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love ?
And art thou dead ?

Oh, those two words ! their sound should be divided :
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd ; or hadst thou liv'd,

And

And hadst been true—But innocence and death!
 This shows not well above. Then what am I?
 The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
 Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
 As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The gods have been too gra-
 And thus you thank 'em for't. [cious;

Ant. [To Alex.] Why stay'st thou here?
 • Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
 • And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence:
 Thou art not worthy to behold what now
 Becomes a *Roman* emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still: [Aside.
 • His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
 • She's yet alive, compleats the reconciliation;
 • I've sav'd myself, and her. But, O the *Romans*!
 • Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
 • Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.' [Exit.

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',
 Before *Ottavia* went; you might have treated;
 Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
 Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work for war.
 • The business of my angry hours is done.

Vent. *Cæsar* is at your gate,
 Ant. Why, let him enter:
 • He's welcome now.

Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
 Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire,
 • To free myself from bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.
 Ant. 'I will; but not by fighting.' O *Ventidius*!
 What should I fight for now? My queen is dead.
 I was but great for her; my pow'r, my empire,
 Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
 And conquer'd kings, my factors. Now she's dead,
 Let *Cæsar* take the world—

An empty circle, since the jewel's gone
 • Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;
 • For all the bribes of life are gone away.'

Vent. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant.

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken :

- But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius* ;
- For I'll convey my soul from *Cæsar's* reach,
- And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
- Shou'd have a lord, and know whom to obey.
- We too have kept its homage in suspence,
- And bent the globe on whose each side we trod,
- Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
- Alone upon't ; I'm weary of my part.
- My torch is out ; and the world stands before me
- Like a black desart at th' approach of night :
- I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. 'I could be griev'd ;

- But that I'll not out-live you.' Chuse your death ;
- For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
- I care not which I take : I'm only troubled,
- The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
- 'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,
- We threw it from us with a better grace ;
- That, like two lions taken in the toils,
- We might, at least, thrust out our paws and wound
- The hunters that inclose us.

'*Ant.* I have thought on't ;

- *Ventidius*, you must live.

'*Vent.* I must not, sir.

- *Ant.* Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me ?
- To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
- From the ill tongues of men ?

'*Vent.* Who shall guard mine

- For living after you ?

'*Ant.* Say, I command it.

- *Vent.* If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
- And need no living witness.'

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die ;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. Thank your kindness.

You said I lov'd you : and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a traitor ! Did I think
You would have us'd me thus ! that I should die
With a hard thought of you !

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
 Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* death,
 My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
 But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
 I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n I will not,
 Let it not be t' outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,
 And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
 Thy friend, before thyself.

Vent. Give me your hand—
 We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell; emperor.

[Embrace.]

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
 Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend.
 That's all—

I will not make a busines of a trifle—
 And yet I cannot look on you and kill you.
 Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: Strike home be sure.

Vent. Home, as my sword will reach. [Kills himself.]

Ant. O thou mistak'ft!
 That wound was none of thine: give it me back.
 Thou robb'ft me of my death.

Vent. I do indeed;
 But, think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;
 If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods,
 Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
 Rather than kill my friend. [Dies.]

Ant. Farewel! ever my leader, ev'n in death!
 My queen and thou have got the start of me;
 And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
 Is death no more! 'He us'd him carelefly,
 'With a familiar kindness: ere he knock'd,
 'Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
 'As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,
 'A friend need give no warning—Books had spoil'd him,
 'For all the learn'd are cowards by profession.'
 'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, for ought I know,
 Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his sword.]

I've miss'd my heart—O unperforming hand!

Thou

'Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

' My fortune jades me to the last; and death,

' Like a great man, takes state and makes me wait

' For my admittance'—— [Trampling within.

Some perhaps from *Cæsar*!

' If he should find me living, and suspect

' That I play'd booty with my life!' I'll mend

My work, ere they can reach me. [Rises upon his knees.

Enter Cleopatra. Charmion, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is my lord? Where is he?

' *Char.* There he lies,

' And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My fears were prophets! I am come too late!

O that accrue'sd *Alexas*! [Runs to him.

Ant. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost that meets me?

' *Cleo.* Help me seat him!

' Send quickly, send for help! [They place him in a chair.

' *Ant.* I am answer'd.

' We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*;

' I'll make the most I can of life, to stay

' A moment more with thee.'

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a man

Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,

But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;

And he, for that returns upon the spur:

So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to
O now be kind, and give me back [me!

His fleeting life.

Ant. It will not be, my love!

I keep my soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.

Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my death;

Which, when I knew, I hasten'd to prevent

This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd

Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dolabella*——

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd: but hated now.

Ant.

Ant. Enough! my life's not long enough for more.
 Thou say'it thou wilt come after; I believe thee;
 For I can now believe whate'er thou say'it,
 That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come;
 Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'it,
 My last disastrous times:
 Think we have had a clear and glorious day;
 And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
 Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,
 And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
 To th' utmost joys! What ages have we liv'd!
 And now to die each others! and, so dying,
 While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
 Whole troops of lovers ghosts shall flock about us,
 And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
 Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
 For your unkindness, and not one for love!

Ant. No, not a minute—This one kiss—more worth
 Than all I leave to *Cæsar*.— [Dies.

Cleo. O tell me so again!
 ‘ And take ten thousand kisses for that word’—
 My lord! my lord! Speak, if you yet have being!
 Sigh to me if you cannot speak! or cast
 One look; do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far to hear you,
 ‘ And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
 ‘ The leavings of a soul.’

Char. Remember, madam,
 He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
 I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
 What should become his wife—his wife, my *Charmion*!
 For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
 And now I'll not die less. ‘ Let dull *Oæavia*
 ‘ Survive to mourn him dead: my noble fate
 ‘ Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong
 ‘ For *Roman* laws to break.’

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo.

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question ?
Fly both and bring the cure of all our ills.

‘ *Iras.* *Cæsar* is merciful. ——

‘ *Cleo.* Let him be so

• To those that want his mercy : my poor lord
• Made no such cov'nant with him, to spare me
• When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar's* pride !
• What, to be led in triumph thro' the streets,
• A spectacle to base Plebeian eyes ;
• While some dejected friend of *Antony's*,
• Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
• A secret curse on her that ruin'd him ——
• I'll none of that ——

‘ *Char.* Whatever you resolve

• I'll follow ev'n to death.

‘ *Iras.* I only fear'd

• For you ; but more should fear to live without you.

‘ *Cleo.* Why now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,

• Dispatch ; ere this, the town's in *Cæsar's* hands :

• My lord looks down concern'd and fears my stay,

• Lest I should be surpriz'd ;

• Keep him not waiting for his love too long.

• You, *Charmion*, bring my crown and richest jewels,

• With 'em the wreath of victory I made

• (Vain augury !) for him who lies now dead ;

• You, *Iras*, bring the cure of all our ills.'

Iras. The aspicks, madam ?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice ? [Ex. *Char.* and *Iras.*]
‘ Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death,

“ *And meet my leve.*”

‘ And seize him first ! if he be like my love,

‘ He is not frightful sure !

‘ We're now alone, in secrecy and silence ;

‘ And is not this like lovers ? I may kiss

‘ These pale, cold lips — *Oæavia* does not see me ;

‘ And, Oh ! 'tis better far to have him thus,

‘ Than see him in her arms !’ — O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion and Iras, with the aspicks, &c.

‘ *Char.* What must be done ?

‘ *Cleo.* Short ceremony, friends ;

‘ But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel

‘ Shall crown my hero's head : he fell not basely,

‘ Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
 ‘ Couldst triumph o’er thyself; and thou alone
 ‘ Wert worthy to triumph.

‘ *Char.* To what end

‘ These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

‘ *Cleo.* Dull, that thou art! why, ‘tis to meet my love;
 ‘ As when I saw him first on *Cydno’s* bank,
 ‘ All sparkling like a goddess; so adorn’d,
 ‘ I’ll find him once again: my second spousals
 ‘ Shall match my first, in glory. Haste, haste, both,
 ‘ And dress the bride of *Antony*!

‘ *Char.* ‘Tis done.

‘ *Cleo.* Now set me by my lord. I claim this place;
 ‘ For I must conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
 ‘ And win my share o’t’world. Hail, you dear relicks
 ‘ Of my immortal love!
 ‘ Oh! let no impious hand remove you hence;
 ‘ But rest for ever here: let *Egypt* give
 ‘ His death that peace, which it deny’d his life.
 ‘ Reach me the casket.

‘ *Iras.* Underneath the fruit the aspick lies.’

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

[Putting aside the leaves.]

Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
 Dost open life, and, unperceiv’d by us,
 Ev’n steals us from ourselves: ‘ discharging so
 ‘ Death’s dreadful office, better than himself,
 ‘ Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
 ‘ That death stands by, deceiv’d by his own image,
 ‘ And thinks himself but sleep.’

Ser. The queen, where is she?

[Within.]

The town is yielded, *Cæsar’s* at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t’invade the rights of death.
 Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent’s fury.

[Holds out her arm, and draws it back.]

Coward flesh——

Would’st thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
 As thou wert none of mine? I’ll force thee to’t,
 And not be sent by him,

But bring myself, my soul to *Antony*.

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.]

Take hence: the work is done.

Ser.

Ser. Break ope the door,
And guard the traitor well.

[Within

‘Char. The next is ours.

‘Iras. Now *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.’ [They apply the aspicks.

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps thro’ every limb,
And now ’tis at my head: my eye-lids, fall,
And my dear love is vanished in a mist!

‘Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him!

‘And lay me on his breast’—*Cæsar*, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. [Dies.

[Iras sinks down at her feet and dies; Charmion stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.

Enter Serapion, two Priests. Alexas bound, and Egyptians.

‘2 Priest. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock death has
Ser. ’Twas what I fear’d. [made!

‘Charmion, is this well done?

‘Char. Yes, ’tis well done, and like a queen, the last
‘Of her great race: I follow her. [Sinks down and dies.

‘Alex. ’Tis true,

‘She has done well: much better thus to die,

‘Than live to make a holy-day in *Rome*.’

Ser. See how the lovers lie in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind.

Th’ impression of a smile left in her face,
Shows she dy’d pleas’d with him for whom she liv’d,
And went to charm him in another world.

Cæsar’s just entering; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace th’ imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair,
Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o’er your tomb;

And Fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers liv’d so great, or dy’d so well. [Exeunt.

E P I L O G U E.

*POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd thro' the pit:
And this is all their equipage of wit.*

*We wonder how the devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The thread-bare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears a foot:
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks the oracle his glass,
If pink or purple best becomes his face.*

*For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your wit, just as you like his plays,
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.*

*He does his best, and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his writ of ease.*

*Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.*

*Let Cæsar's pow'r the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love.*

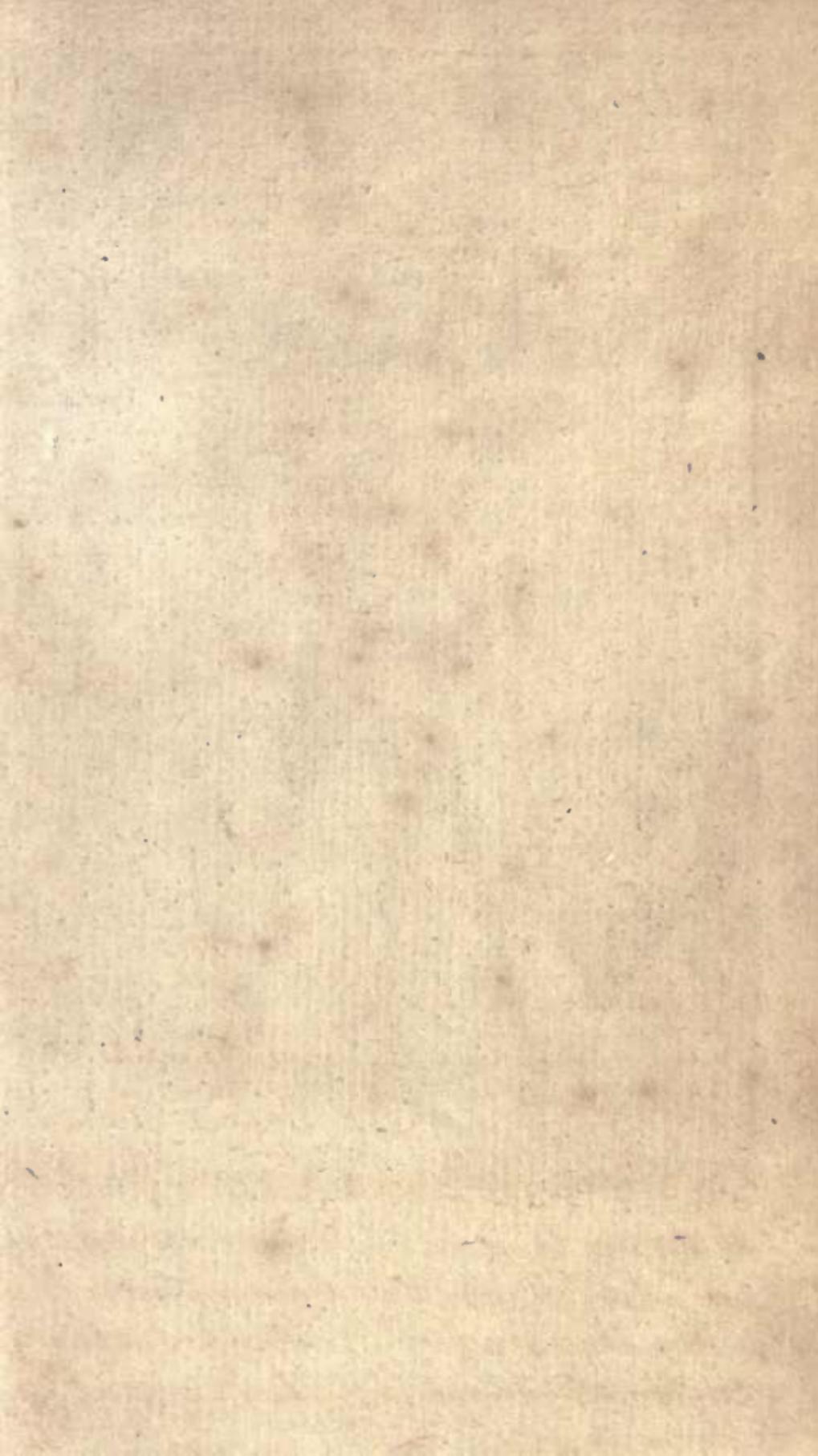
*Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copy'd in his play;*

*Heav'n help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.*

*Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks be too his aid must call,
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.*

}

F I N I S.



MAHOMET.



Edwards ad. vir. del.

Published March 8th 1777 by T. Lévêque & Partners.

Copier Sculp!

M. BENSLY in the Character of MAHOMET.
Ma: Thou Alcoran! hast won more Battles for me,
than thrice my feeble Numbers had atchievd,
without the Succour of thy sacred impulse.

Act 2. Sc. 2.

M A H O M E T

T H E

I M P O S T O R.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Marked with the Variations of the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K ,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON
AND SONS, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDES,
T. CASLON, W. NICOLL, AND S. BLADON,

M.DCC.LXXVII.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted
in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and
marked with single inverted Commas; as at Line 19 to 22,
in Page 9.

London, Feb. 24, 1777.

This play is partly a translation, and partly an imitation of the celebrated MAHOMET of Voltaire, the first four acts composed by the Rev. Mr. Miller, and the last by the late Dr. Hoadley, a gentleman eminent for his dramatic talents. It passed thro' two editions, during the run of its being acted in the years 1743 and 1744, and has since received some alterations by David Garrick, Esq.

DEDICATION to the FIRST EDITION.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD SOUTHWELL, Esq.

S I R,

IT was the design of my deceased husband to have presented this piece to You ; as it was always my duty and inclination to obey his commands whilst living, so I still find a secret satisfaction (though after his death) in performing what he intended.

That he might not put a trifle into your hands, he waited for the opinion of the town ; and now that has been *favourable*, it has fallen to my disconsolate office to make the melancholy offering.

In my unfortunate circumstances, it cannot be expected (though I were capable) that I should speak either to the merits of the piece or of the patron ; the *former* may possibly *want* a recommendation to the world, but I have often heard my husband say the *latter* did *not*.

What I have more to add is, that you would be pleased to receive this as the last testimony of his esteem and gratitude, from the hands of his

Disconsolate wife,

DOROTHY MILLER.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counsels shaken, and what states undone ;
What bellish fury wings th' enthusiast's rage,
And makes the troubled earth one tragic stage ;
What blasphemies Imposture dares advance,
And builds what terrors on weak ignorance ;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a Pandæmonium of our minds ;
Our Gallic Bard, fir'd with these glorious views,
First to his Crusade led the tragic muse ;
Her power through France his charming numbers bore,
But France was deaf—for all her priests were sore.

On English ground she makes a firmer stand,
And hopes to suffer by no hostile hand.
No clergy here usurp the free-born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enslave mankind :
Religion here bids persecution cease,
Without, all order, and within, all peace ;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, though pious, find no entrance there.

Religion, to be sacred, must be free ;
Men will suspect—where bigots keep the key.
Hooded and train'd like hawks, th' enthusiast fly,
And the priest's victims in their pounces die.
Like cubs born blind, by mother church they're bred,
Nor wake to fight, or know themselves misled :
Murder's the game—and to the sport unprest,
Proud of the sin, and in the duty blest,
The layman's but the bloodhound of the priest.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'st such themes advance,
To priest-rid Spain repair, or slavish France.
For Juda's bire there do the devil's task,
And trick up slavery in religion's mask.
England still free, no surer means requires
To sink their sottish souls, and damp their martial fires.

Britons, these numbers to yourselves you owe ;
Voltaire hath strength to shoot in Shakespeare's bow :
Fame led him at his Hippocrene to drink,
And taught to write with Nature, as to think :
With English freedom, English wit be knew,
And from the inexhausted stream profusely drew.
Cberish the noble bard yourselves have made,
Nor let the frauds of France steal all our trade.
Now of each prize the winner has the wearing,
E'en send our English stage a privateering :
With your commission we'll our sails unfold,
And from their loads of dross, import some gold.

Dramatis Personæ.

At Drury Lane.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------|---|---|---|-------------------------------|
| Mahomet, | — | — | — | — | Mr. BENSLEY. |
| Mirvan, his general, | — | — | — | — | Mr. BRANSBY. |
| Ali, | { officers of Mahomet, | — | — | — | { Mr. WHITFIELD. |
| Hercides, | | — | — | — | |
| Ammon, | { captives brought up under Mahomet, | — | — | — | { Mr. NORRIS. |
| Zaphna, | | — | — | — | |
| Palmira, | { chief of the senate of Mecca, | — | — | — | { Mr. STAGELIER. |
| Alcanor, | | — | — | — | |
| Pharon, his friend, | — | — | — | — | { Mr. BRERETON. |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | { Miss YOUNG. A Gentleman. |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | { Mr. DAVIS. |
| | | | | | |

S C E N E M a g i c .

M A H O M E T
 THE
 I M P O S T O R.

SCENE, *an apartment in the temple of Mecca.*

Enter Alcanor and Pharon.

Alc. PHARON, no more—Shall I
 Fall prostrate to an arrogant impostor,
 Homage in Mecca one I banish'd thence,
 And incense the delusions of a rebel !
 No—blast Alcanor, righteous Heav'n ! if e'er
 This hand, yet free and uncontaminate,
 Shall league with fraud, or adulate a tyrant.

Pba. August and sacred chief of Ishmael's senate,
 This zeal of thine, paternal as it is,
 Is fatal now—our impotent resistance
 Controlls not Mahomet's unbounded progress ;
 But, without weak'ning, irritates the tyrant.
 When once a citizen, you well condemn'd him
 As an obscure, seditious innovator :
 But now he is a conqu'ror, prince, and pontiff ;
 Whilst nations numberless embrace his laws,
 And pay him adoration—Ev'n in Mecca
 He boasts his proselytes.

Alc. Such proselytes
 Are worthy of him—low, untutor'd reptiles,
 In whom sense only lives—most credulous still
 Of what is most incredible !

Pba. Be such
 Disdain'd, my lord ! But mayn't the pest spread up-
 wards,

And seize the head—Say, is the senate sound?
I fear some members of that rev'rend class
Are mark'd with the contagion, who, from views
Of higher power and rank,
Worship this rising sun, and give a sanction
To his invasions.

Alc. If, ye Powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush those vipers,
Who, singled out by a community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell 'em to the foe!

Pha. Each honest citizen, I grant, is thine,
And, grateful for thy boundless blessings on them,
Would serve thee with their lives; but the approach
Of this usurper to their very walls
Strikes 'em with such a dread, that even these
Implore thee to accept his proffer'd peace.

Alc. Oh, people lost to wisdom, as to glory!
Go, bring in pomp, and serve upon your knees
This idol, that will crush you with its weight.
Mark, I abjure him: by his savage hand,
My wife and children perish'd, whilst in vengeance
I carry'd carnage to his very tent,
Transfix'd to earth his only son, and wore
His trappings as a trophy of my conquest.
This torch of enmity thus lighted 'twixt us,
The hand of Time itself can ne'er extinguish.

Pha. Extinguish not, but smother for a while
Its fatal flame, and greatly sacrifice
Thy private suff'rings to the public welfare.
Oh, say, Alcanor, wert thou to behold
(As soon thou may'st) this fam'd metropolis
With foes begirt, behold its pining tenants
Prey on each other for the means of life,
Whilst lakes of blood, and mountains of the slain,
Putrify the air,
And sweep off thousands with their pois'nous steams,
Would thy slain children be aveng'd by this?

Alc. No, Pharon, no; I live not for myself.
My wife and children lost, my country's now
My family.

Pha. Then let not that be lost.

Alc. 'Tis lost by cowardice.

Pha. By rashness, often.

Alc. Pharon, desist.

Pha. My noble lord, I cannot,
Must not desist, will not, since you're possess'd
Of means to bring this insolent invader
To any terms you'll claim.

Alc. What means?

Pha. Palmira,

That blooming fair, the flow'r of all his camp,
By thee borne off in our last skirmish with him,
Seems the divine ambassadress of peace,
Sent to procure our safety. Mahomet
Has, by his heralds, thrice propos'd her ransom,
And bade us fix the price.

Alc. I know it, Pharon.

And wouldest thou then restore this noble treasure
To that Barbarian? 'Wouldst thou, for the frauds,
'The deaths, the devastations he brings on us,
'Enrich his russsian hands with such a gem,'
And render beauty the reward of rapine?—
Nay, smile not, friend, nor think that at these years,
Well travell'd in the winter of my days,
I entertain a thought tow'rs this young Beauty,
But what's as pure as is the western gale,
That breathes upon the uncropted violet.—

Pha. My lord —

Alc. This heart, by age and grief congeal'd,
Is no more sensible to love's endearments,
Than are our barren rocks to morn's sweet dew,
That balmy trickles down their rugged cheeks.

Pha. My noble chief, each master-piece of nature
Commands involuntary homage from us.

Alc. I own a tenderness, unfelt before,
A sympathetic grief, with ardent wishes
To make her happy, fill'd my widow'd bosom.
I dread her being in that monster's power,
And burn to have her hate him, like myself.
'Twas on this hour I, at her modest suit,
Promis'd her audience in my own pavilion.

Pharon, go thou, mean while, and see the senate
Assembled strait—I'll sound 'em as I ought.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E changes to a room of state.

Enter Palmira.

Pal. What means this boding terror that usurps,
In spite o' me, dominion o'er my heart,
• Converting the sweet flow'r of new-blown hope
• To deadly night-shade ; pois'ning to my soul
• The fountain of its bliss'— Oh, holy prophet !
Shall I ne'er more attend thy sacred lessons ?
Oh, Zaphna ! much-lov'd youth ! I feel for thee
As for myself.— But hold, my final audit
Is now at hand— I tremble for th' event !
Here comes my judge— Now liberty or bondage !

Enter Alcanor.

Alc. Palmira, whence those tears ? Trust me, fair maid,
Thou art not fall'n into Barbarians hands ;
What Mecca can afford of pomp or pleasure,
To call attention from misfortune's lap,
Demand and share it.

Pal. No, my generous victor,
My suit's for nothing Mecca can afford ;
Pris'ner these two long months beneath your roof,
I've tasted such benignity and candour,
Whilst your own hands so labour'd to beguile
The anxious moments of captivity,
That oft I've call'd my tears ingratitude.

Alc. If ought remains that's in my power, to smooth
The rigour of your fate, and crown your wishes,
Why, 'twould fill
The furrows in my cheeks, and make old age
Put on its summer's garb.

Pal. Thus low I bless thee.
It is on you, on you alone, Alcanor,
My whole of future happiness depends.
Have pity, then :
Pity, Alcanor, one who's torn from all
That's dear or venerable to her soul ;

Restore

Restore me then, restore me to my country,
Restore me to my father, prince, and prophet.

Alc. Is slav'ry dear then ? is fraud venerable ?
What country ? a tumultuous wand'ring camp !

Pal. My country, sir, is not a single spot
Of such a mold, or fix'd to such a clime !
No, 'tis the social circle of my friends,
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,
And in whose welfare all my wishes center.

Alc. Excellent maid ! Then Mecca be thy country,
Robb'd of my children, would Palmira deign
To let me call her child, the toil I took
To make her destiny propitious to her,
Would lighten the rough burthen of my own.
But no ; you scorn my country and my laws.

Pal. Can I be yours when not my own ? Your
bounties

Claim and share my gratitude.—But Mahomet
Claims right o'er me of parent, prince, and prophet.

Alc. Of parent, prince, and prophet ! Heavens !
that robber,

Who, a scap'd felon, emulates a throne,
And, scoffer at all faiths, proclaims a new one !

Pal. Oh cease, my lord ; this blasphemous abuse
On one, whom millions with myself adore,
Does violence to my ear ; such black profaneness
'Gainst Heav'n's interpreter, blots out remembrance
Of favours past, and nought succeeds but horror.

Alc. Oh, Superstition ! thy pernicious rigours,
Inflexible to reason, truth, and nature,
Banish humanity from gentlest breasts.
Palmira, I lament to see thee plung'd
So deep in error —

Pal. Do you then reject
My just petition ? Can Alcanor's goodness
Be deaf to suff'ring virtue ?
Name but the ransom,
And Mahomet will treble what you ask.

Alc. There is no ransom Mahomet can offer
Proportion'd to the prize. Trust me, Palmira,
I cannot yield thee up : what ! to a tyrant,

Who wrongs thy youth, and mocks thy tender heart
With vile illusions, and fanatic terrors! —

Enter Pharon.

What wouldst thou, Pharon?

Pba. From yon western gate,
Which opens on Moradia's fertile plains,
Mahomet's gen'ral, Mirvan, hastes to greet thee.

Alc. Mirvan, that vile apostate!

Pba. In one hand
He holds a scimitar, the other bears
An olive-branch, which to our chiefs he waves,
An emblem of his suit—a martial youth,
Zaphna by name, attends him for our hostage.

Pal. [Apart.] Zaphna! Mysterious heav'n!

Pba. Mirvan advances
This way, my lord, to render you his charge.
Alc. Mirvan advance! How dare the traitor see
me?

Palmira, thou retire—Pharon, be present.

[*Exit Palmira.*

Enter Mirvan.

After six years of infamous rebellion
Against thy native country, dost thou, Mirvan,
Again prophane, with thy detested presence,
These sacred walls, which once thy hands defended,
But thy bad heart has vilely since betray'd?
Thou poor deserter of thy country's gods,
Thou base invader of thy country's rights,
What wouldst thou have with me?

Mir. I'll pardon thee—

Out of compassion to thy age and suff'rings,
And high regard for thy experienc'd valour,
Heav'n's great apostle offers thee in friendship
A hand could crush thee; and I come commission'd
To name the terms of peace he deigns to tender.

Alc. He deigns to tender! Insolent impostor!
Dost thou not, Mirvan, blush

To serve this wretch—this base of soul, as birth?

Mir. Mahomet's grandeur's in himself, he shines
not
With borrow'd lustre.

Plung'd

Plung'd in the night of Prejudice, and bound
 In fetters of hereditary faith,
 My judgment slept; but when I found him born
 To mould anew the prostrate universe,
 I started from my dream, join'd his career,
 And shar'd his arduous and immortal labours.
 Once, I must own, I was as blind as thou;
 Then wake to glory, and be chang'd like me.

Alc. What death to honour, wak'ning to such glory!

Pba. Oh, what a fall from virtue was that change!

Mir. Come, embrace our faith, reign with Mahomet,
 And, cloath'd in terrors, make the vulgar tremble.

Alc. 'Tis Mahomet, and tyrants like to Mahomet,
 'Tis Mirvan, and apostates like to Mirvan
 I only would make tremble.—Is it, say'lt thou,
 Religion, that's the parent of this rapine,
 This virulence and rage?—No, true Religion
 Is always mild, propitious, and humane;
 Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
 Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels,
 But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
 And builds her grandeur on the public good.

Mir. Thou art turn'd Christian, sure! some strag-
 gling monk
 Has taught thee these tame lessons——

Alc. If the Christians
 Hold principles like these, which reason dictates,
 ' Which all our notions of the pow'rs divine
 ' Declare the social laws they meant for man,
 ' And all the beauties and delights of nature
 ' Bear witness to,' the Christians may be right:
 Thy sect cannot, who, nurs'd in blood and slaughter,
 Worship a cruel and revengeful Being,
 And draw him always with his thunder round him,
 As ripe for the destruction of mankind.

Mir. If clemency delights thee, learn it here.
 Though banish'd by thy voice his native city,
 Though by thy hand robb'd of his only son,
 Mahomet pardons thee; nay farther, begs
 The hatred burning 'twixt you be extinguish'd
 With Reconciliation's generous tear.

Alc.

Alc. I know thy master's arts ; his gen'rous tears
 Like the refreshing drops that previous fall
 To the wild outrage of o'erwhelming earthquakes,
 Only forerun destruction ;
 Courage he has, not bravery,
 For blood and havock are the sure attendants
 On his victorious car.

Pba. Leagues he will make too——

Alc. Like other grasping tyrants, till he eyes
 A lucky juncture to enlarge his bounds ;
 Then he'll deride 'em, leap o'er ev'ry tie
 Of sacred guarantee, or sworn protection,
 And, when th' oppress'd ally implores assistance,
 Beneath that mask, invade the wish'd-for realms,
 And from pure friendship take them to himself.

Mir. Mahomet fights Heaven's battles, bends the
 bow
 To spread Heaven's laws, and to subject to faith
 The iron neck of Error.

Alc. Lust and Ambition, Mirvan, are the springs
 Of all his actions, whilst, without one virtue,
 Dissimulation, like a flatt'ring painter,
 Bedecks him with the colouring of them all.
 This is thy master's portrait — But no more —
 My soul's inexorable, and my hate
 Immortal as the cause from whence it sprang.

Mir. What cause——

Alc. The diff'rence between good and evil.

Mir. Thou talk'st to me, Alcanor, with an air
 Of a stern judge, that from his dread tribunal
 Intimidates the criminal beneath him.
 Resume thy temper, act the minister,
 And treat with me as with th' ambassador
 Of Heaven's apostle, and Arabia's king.

Alc. Arabia's king ! What king ! - Who crown'd
 him ?

Mir. Conquest——

Whilst to the stile of conqueror, and of monarch,
 Patron of peace he'd add — Name then the price
 Of peace and of Palmira — Boundless treasures,
 The spoils of vanquish'd monarchs, and the stores

Of rifled provinces are thrown before thee.
 Our troops, with matchless ardor, hasten hither,
 To lay in ruin this rebellious city;
 Stem then the rushing torrent: Mahomet
 In person comes to claim a conference with thee
 For this good purpose.

Alc. Who! Mahomet!

Mir. Yes, he conjures thou'l grant it.

Alc. Traitor, were I sole ruler here in Mecca,
 I'd answer thee with chastisement——

Mir. Hot man!

I pity thy false virtue——But farewell——

And since the senate shares thy power in Mecca,
 To their serener wisdoms I'll appeal. [Exit Mirvan.

Alc. I'll meet thee there, and see whose voice is
 victor.

Come, Pharon, aid me to repulse this traitor;
 To bear him, with impunity, amongst us,
 Is treason 'gainst ourselves—Ye sacred Pow'rs,
 My country's gods, that for three thousand years
 Have reign'd protectors of the tribe of Ishmael!
 Oh, support my spirit

In that firm purpose it has always held,
 To combat violence, fraud, and usurpation,
 To pluck the spoil from the oppressor's jaws,
 And keep my country, as I found it, free.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE Palmira's Apartment.

Enter Palmira.

Pal. C EASE, cease, ye streaming instruments of
 woe
 From your ignoble toil——Take warmth, my heart,
 Collect thy scatter'd powers, and brave misfortune.
 In vain the storm-tost mariner repines;
 Were he within to raise as great a tempest,
 As beats him from without, it would not smooth

One

One boist'rous surge : impatience only throws
Discredit on mischance, and adds a shame
To our affliction.

Enter Zaphna.

Ha ! all-gracious Heav'n !

Thou, Zaphna ! is it thou ? What pitying angel
Guided thy steps to these abodes of bondage ?

Zaph. Thou, sov'reign of my soul, and all its
powers ;

Object of every fear and every wish ;
Friend, sister, love, companion, all that's dear !
Do I once more behold thee, my Palmira ?
Oh, I will set it down the whitest hour
That Zaphna e'er was blest with ! —

Pal. Say, my hero —

Are my ills ended then ? They are, they are ;
Now Zaphna's here, I am no more a captive,
Except to him ; Oh, blest captivity !

Zaph. Those smiles are dearer to my raptur'd
breast,

Sweeter those accents to my list'ning heart,
Than all Arabia's spices to the sense.

Pal. No wonder that my soul was so elate,
No wonder that the cloud of grief gave way,
When thou, my sun of comfort, wert so nigh.

Zaph. Since that dire hour, when on Sabaria's
strand,
The barb'rrous foe depriv'd me of Palmira,
In what a gulph of horror and despair,
Have thy imagin'd perils plung'd my soul !
Stretch'd on expiring corses, for a-while
To the deaf stream I pour'd out my complaint,
And begg'd I might be number'd with the dead
That strew'd its banks — Then, starting from despair,
With rage I flew to Mahomet for vengeance :
He, for some high mysterious purpose, known
To Heaven and him alone, at length dispatch'd
The valiant Mirvan, to demand a truce.
Instant on wings of lightning I pursu'd him,
And enter'd as his hostage — fix'd, Palmira,
Or to redeem, or die a captive with thee.

Pal. Heroic youth !

Zapb. But how have these barbarians
Treated my fair ?

Pal. With high humanity.

I, in my victor, found a friend —— Alcanor
Has made me feel captivity in nothing
But absence from my Zaphna and my friends. ——

Zapb. I grieve a soul so generous is our foe.
But now presented as a hostage to him,
His noble bearing and humanity
Made captive of my heart ; I felt, methought,
A new affection lighted in my breast,
And wonder'd whence the infant ardor sprang.

Pal. Yet, gen'rous as he is, not all my prayers,
Not all the tears I lavish at his feet,
Can move him to restore me ——

Zapb. But he shall ——
Let the barbarian know he shall, Palmira,
The god of Mahomet, our divine protector,
Whose still triumphant standard I have borne
O'er piles of vanquish'd infidels —— That power
Which brought unnumber'd battlements to earth,
Will humble Mecca too.

Enter Mirvan.

Well, noble Mirvan,
Do my Palmira's chains sit loose upon her ;
Say, is it freedom ? This presumptuous senate ——

Mir. Has granted all we ask'd, all we could wish. —
The truce obtain'd, the gates to Mahomet
Flew open ——

Zapb. Mahomet in Mecca ! say'st thou ?
Once more in Mecca !

Pal. Transport, bid him welcome !

Zapb. Thy suff'rings then are o'er, the ebb is
past,
And a full tide of hope flows in upon us.

Mir. The spirit of our prophet, that inspir'd me,
Breath'd such divine persuasion from my lips,
As shook the reverend fathers —— Sirs, cried I,
This fav'rite of high Heav'n, who rules in battle,
Before whose footstool tributary kings

Bow

Bow their anointed heads, born here in Mecca,
 Asks but to be enroll'd a senator,
 And you refuse his pray'r. Deluded sages !
 Although your conqueror, he requests no more
 Than one day's truce, pure pity to yourselves !
 To save you, if he can ; and you—Oh, shame !—
 At this a gen'ral murmur spread around,
 Which seem'd propitious to us—

Zapb. Greatly carried !

Go on—

Mir. Then straight th' inflexible Alcanor
 Flew through the streets, assembling all the people,
 To bar our prophet. Thither too I fled,
 Urg'd the same arguments, exhorted, threaten'd,
 'Till they unhing'd the gates, and gave free passage
 To Mah'met and his chiefs— In vain, Alcanor,
 And his dishearten'd party, strove t'oppose him ;
 Serene and dauntless, through the gazing crowd,
 With more than human majesty he mov'd,
 Bearing the peaceful olive, whilst the truce
 Was instantly proclaim'd—

Pal. But where's the prophet ?

Mir. Reclin'd in yonder grot that joins the temple,
 Attended by his chiefs.

Zapb. There let us haste
 With duteous step, and bow ourselves before him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to a spacious grotto.

Mahomet discovered, with the Alcoran before him.

Mah. Glorious hypocrisy ! What fools are they,
 Who fraught with lustful or ambitious views,
 Wear not thy specious mask—Thou, Alcoran !
 Hast won more battles, ta'en more cities for me,
 Than thrice my feeble numbers had atchiev'd,
 Without the succour of thy sacred impulse.

Enter Hercides, Ammon, and Ali.
 Invincible supporters of our grandeur !
 My faithful chiefs, Hercides, Ammon, Ali :
 Go and instruct this people in my name ;

That

That faith may dawn, and, like a morning star,
Be herald to my rising.

Lead them to know, and to adore my God :
But, above all, to fear him—Lo, Palmira !

[*Exeunt Hercides, &c.*]

Her angel-face, with unfeign'd blushes spread,
Proclaims the purity that dwells within.

Enter Mirvan, Zaphna, and Palmira.

[*To Palmira.*] The hand of war was ne'er before so
barbarous,

Never bore from me half so rich a spoil,
As thee, my fair.

Pal. Joy to my heav'nly guardian !

Joy to the world, that Mahomet's in Mecca !

Mab. My child, let me embrace thee—How's
this, Zaphna !

Thou here !

Zapb. [*Kneeling.*] My father, chief, and holy pontiff !
The god that thou'rt inspir'd by, march'd before me.
Ready, for thee, to wade through seas of danger,
Or cope with death itself ; I hither hasten'd,
To yield myself an hostage, and, with zeal,
Prevent thy order.

Mab. 'Twas not well, rash boy :
He that does more than I command him, errs
As much as he who falters in his duty,
And is not for my purpose—I obey
My god—implicitly obey thou me.

Pal. Pardon, my gracious lord, his well-meant ardor ;
Brought up, from tender infancy, beneath
The shelter of thy sacred patronage,
Zaphna and I've been animated still
By the same sentiments : alas, great prophet !
I've had enough of wretchedness—To languish
A prisoner here, far both from him and you :
Grudge me not, then, the ray of consolation
His presence beam'd, nor cloud my dawning hope
Of rising freedom and felicity.

Mab. Palmira, 'tis enough ; I read thy heart—
Be not alarm'd ; tho' burden'd with the cares
Of thrones and altars, still my guardian eye

Will

Will watch o'er thee, as o'er the universe.
 Follow my generals, Zaphna. Fair Palmira,
 Retire, and pay your powerful vows to Heaven,
 And dread no wrongs but from Alcanor.

[Zaphna and Palmira go out separately.]

Mirvan ——

Attend thou here——'Tis time, my trusty soldier,
 My long-tried friend, to lay unfolded to thee,
 The close resolves and counsels of my heart.
 The tedious length of a precarious siege,
 May damp the present ardor of my troops,
 And check me in the height of my career.
 Let us not give deluded mortals leisure,
 By reason to disperse the mystic gloom
 We've cast about us.——Prepossession, friend,
 Reigns monarch of the million——Mecca's crowd
 Gaze at my rapid victories, and think
 Some awful Power directs my arm to conquest.
 But whilst our friends once more renew their efforts,
 To win the wav'ring people to our interest.
 What think'st thou, say, of Zaphna and Palmira?

Mir. As of thy most resign'd and faithful vassals.

Mab. Oh, Mirvan! they're the deadliest of my foes.

Mir. How!

Mab. Yes, they love each other——

Mir. Well——What crime?—— [then—

Mab. What crime, dost say?—Learn all my frailty,
 My life's a combat: keen austerity
 Subjects my nature to abstemious bearings.
 I've banish'd from my lips that trait'rous liquor,
 That either works to practices of outrage,
 Or melts the manly breast to woman's weakness;
 Or on the burning sands, or desert rocks,
 With thee I bear th' inclemency of climates,
 Freeze at the pole, or scorch beneath the line.
 For all these toils love only can retaliate,
 The only consolation or reward;
 Fruit of my labours, idol of my incense,
 And sole divinity that I adore.
 Know, then, that I prefer this young Palmira
 To all the ripen'd beauties that attend me;
 Dwell on her accents, doat upon her smiles,

And

And am not mine, but her's. Now, judge, my friend,
 How vast the jealous transports of thy master,
 When at his feet he daily hears this charmer
 Avow a foreign love, and, insolent !
 Give Mahomet a rival.

Mir. How ! and Mahomet
 Not instantly revenge ——

Mab. Ah ! should he not ?
 But better to detest him, know him better :
 Learn then, that both my rival, and my love,
 Sprang from the loins of this audacious tyrant.

Mir. Alcanor !
Mab. Is their father ; old Hercides,
 To whose sage institution I commit
 My captive infants ; late reveal'd it to me ——
 Perdition ! I myself light up their flame,
 And fed it till I set myself on fire.
 Well ; means must be employ'd ; but see, the father :
 He comes this way, and launches from his eye
 Malignant sparks of enmity and rage.
 Mirvan, see all ta'en care of ; let Hercides,
 With his escort, beset yon gate ; bid Ali
 Make proper disposition round the temple ;
 This done, return, and render me account
 Of what success we meet with 'mongt the people :
 Then, Mirvan, we'll determine, or to loose,
 Or bridle in our vengeance, as it suits. [Exit Mirvan.

Enter Alcanor.

Why dost thou start, Alcanor ? Whence that horror ?
 Is then my sight so baneful to thee ?

Alc. 'Heavens !'
 Must I then bear this ? Must I meet in Mecca
 On terms of peace, this spoiler of the earth ? [Heav'n,

Mab. Approach, old man, without a blush, since
 For some high end, decrees our future union.

Alc. I blush not for myself, but thee, thou tyrant ;
 For thee, bad man ! who com'st, with serpent-guile,
 To sow dissention in the realms of peace.
 Thy very name sets families at variance,
 'Twixt son and father bursts the bonds of nature,
 And scares endearment from the nuptial pillow.

‘ Ev'n

‘ Ev’n truce with thee is a new stratagem.’
 And is it, insolent dissembler ! thus
 Thou com’st to give the sons of Mecca peace,
 And me an unknown god ?

Mab. Were I to answer any but Alcanor,
 That unknown god should speak in thunder for me :
 But here with thee I’d parley as a man. [fence ?

Alc. What canst thou say ? What urge in thy de-
 What right hast thou receiv’d to plant new faiths,
 Or lay a claim to royalty and priesthood ?

Mab. The right that a resolv’d and tow’ring spirit,
 Has o’er the grov’ling instinct of the vulgar —

Alc. Patience, good Heavens ! have I not known thee,
 When void of wealth, inheritance, or fame, [Mahomet,
 Rank’d with the lowest of the low at Mecca ?

Mab. Dost thou not know, thou haughty, feeble
 That the low insect, lurking in the grass, [man,
 And the imperial eagle, which aloft
 Ploughs the ethereal plain, are both alike
 In the eternal eye — Mortals are equal.
 It is not birth, magnificence, or pow’r,
 But virtue only makes the diff’rence ’twixt them. [lips !

Alc. [Apart.] What sacred truth, from what polluted

Mab. By virtue’s ardent pinions borne on high,
 Heav’n met my zeal, gave me in solemn charge
 Its sacred laws, then bade me on and publish.

Alc. And did Heav’n bid thee on and plunder too ?

Mab. My law is active, and inflames the soul
 With thirst of glory. What can thy dumb gods ?
 What laurels spring beneath their footy altars ?
 Thy slothful sect disgrace the human kind,
 Enervate, lifeless images of men !
 Mine bear th’ intrepid soul ; my faith makes heroes.

Alc. Go, preach these doctrines at Medina, where
 By prostrate wretches, thou art rais’d to homage.

Mab. Hear me ; thy Mecca trembles at my name :
 If, therefore, thou wouldst save thyself or city,
 Embrace my proffer’d friendship — What, to-day,
 I thus solicit, I’ll command to-morrow.

Alc. Contract with thee a friendship ! frontless man !
 Know’st thou a god can work that miracle ?

Mab. I do—Necessity—Thy interest.

Alc. Interest is thy god : equity is mine.

Propose the tie of this unnatural union ;

Say, is't the loss of thy ill-fated son,

Who, in the field, fell victim to my rage,

Or the dear blood of my poor captive children,

Shed by thy butchering hands ?

Mab. Ay, 'tis thy children.

Mark me then well, and learn th' important secret

Which I'm sole master of—Thy children live.

Alc. Live !

Mab. Yes—both live—

Alc. What say'st thou ? Both !

Mab. Ay, both.

Alc. And dost thou not beguile me ?

Mab. No, old man.

Alc. Propitious Heavens ! Say, Mahomet, for now,
Methinks I could hold endless converse with thee,
Say, what's their portion, liberty, or bondage ?

Mab. Bred in my camp, and tutor'd in my law,
I hold the balance of their destinies ;
And now 'tis on the turn——their lives, or deaths—
'Tis thine to say which shall preponderate. [som—

Alc. Mine ! Can I save them ? Name the mighty ran—
If I must bear their chains, double the weight,
And I will kiss the hand that puts them on :
Or if my streaming blood must be the purchase,
Drain every sluice and channel of my body,
My swelling veins will burst to give it passage.

Mab. I'll tell thee then—renounce thy pagan faith ;
Abolish thy vain gods, and——

Alc. Ha !

Mab. Nay, more,

Surrender Mecca to me, quit this temple,
Assist me to impose upon the world,
Thunder my Koran, to the gazing crowd,
Proclaim me for their prophet, and their king,
And be a glorious pattern of credulity
To Korah's stubborn tribe. These terms perform'd,
Thy son shall be restor'd, and Mah'met's self
Will deign to wed thy daughter.

Alc.

Alc. Hear me, Mahomet——
 I am a father, and this bosom boasts
 A heart as tender as e'er parent bore,
 After a fifteen years of anguish for them,
 Once more to view my children, clasp them to me,
 And die in their embraces? — Melting thought!
 But were I doom'd, or to enslave my country,
 And help'd to spread black error o'er the earth;
 Or to behold these blood-embred hands,
 Deprive me of them both—Know me, then, Mahomet,
 I'd not admit a doubt to cloud my choice—
 [Looking earnestly at Mahomet for some time before he
 speaks.]

Farewel.

[Exit Alcanor.]

Mab. Why, fare thee well, then—Churlish dotard!
 Inexorable fool! Now, by my arms,
 I will have great revenge; I'll meet thy scorn
 With treble retribution.

Enter Mirvan.

Well, my Mirvan,
 What say'st thou to it now?

Mir. Why that Alcanor,
 Or we must fall.

Mab. Fall, then, th' obdurate rebel!

Mir. The truce expires to-morrow, when Alcanor
 Again is Mecca's master, and has vow'd
 Destruction on thy head: the senate too
 Have pass'd thy doom.

Mab. Those heart-chill'd, paltry babblers
 Plac'd on the bench of sloth, with ease can nod,
 And vote a man to death; why don't the cowards
 Stand me in yonder plain? — With half their numbers,
 I drove them headlong to their walls for shelter;
 And he was deem'd the wisest senator,
 That enter'd first the gate; but now they think
 They've got me in the toil, their spirits mount,
 And they could prove most valorous assassins—
 Well, this I like— — I always ow'd my greatness
 To opposition; had I not met with struggles,
 I'd been obscure— — Enough— — Perish Alcanor!
 He marbled up, the pliant populace,

Those

Those dupes of novelty, will bend before us,
Like osiers to a hurricane.—

Mir. No time
Is to be lost.

Mab. But for a proper arm ;
For, however irksome, we must save
Appearances, and mask it with the vulgar.

Mir. True, my sage chief—What think'st thou then

Mab. Of Zaphna, say'st thou ! [of Zaphna †

Mir. Yes, Alcanor's hostage—

He can in private do thee vengeance on him.
Thy other fav'rites of maturer age,
And more discreetly zealous, would not risk it :
Youth is the stock, whence grafted superstition
Shoots with unbounded vigour. He's a slave
To thy despotic faith, and urg'd by thee,
However mild his nature may appear,
Howe'er humane and noble is his spirit,
Or strong his reason, where allow'd to reason,
He would, for Heaven's sake, martyr half mankind.

Mab. The brother of Palmira !

Mir. Yes, that brother,
The only son of thy outrageous foe,
And the incestuous rival of thy love.

Mab. I hate the stripling, loathe his very name ;
The manes of my son, too, cry for vengeance
On the curs'd fire ; but then thou know'st my love,
Know'st from whose blood she sprang ; this staggers,

Mirvan,

And yet I'm here surrounded with a gulph
Ready to swallow me ; come too, in quest
Of altars and a throne—What must be done ?—
My warring passions, like contending clouds,
When fraught with thunder's fatal fuel, burst
Upon themselves, and rend me with the shock.
And shall enervating contagious love,
Hag my aspiring spirit, sink me down
To woman's shackles, make a lap-thing of me ?
Glory ! that must not be ! Ambition still,
And great revenge, impetuous urge their claims,
And must be notic'd. Mirvan, sound this youth :

Touch not at once upon the startling purpose,
But make due preparation.

Mir. I'll attack him
With all the forces of enthusiasm :
There lies our strength.

Mab. First then, a solemn vow
To act whatever Heav'n by me enjoins him.
Next, omens, dreams, and visions may be pleaded :
Hints too of black designs by this Alcanor,
Upon Palmira's virtue, and his life :—
But to the proof—Be now propitious, Fortune,
Then love, ambition, vengeance jointly triumph.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. SCENE, *a grand Apartment.*

Enter Zaphna and Palmira.

Zapb. ALCANOR claim a private conference with
us !

What has he to unfold ?

Pal. I tremble, Zaphna.

Zapb. Time press'd too, did he say ?

Pal. He did ; then cast
A look so piercing on me, it o'erwhelm'd
My face with deep confusion ; this he mark'd,
Then, starting, left me.

Zapb. [*Aside.*] Ha ! this gives me fear
That Mirvan's jealousies are too well grounded ;
But I must not distract her tender bosom
With visionary terrors. [*To Pal.*] Both in private ?

Pal. In private both.

Zapb. Her virtue, and my life ! [*Apart.*]
It cannot be ; so reverend a form
Could ne'er be pander to such black devices.

Pal. But let us shun it, Zaphna ; much I fear
Alcanor has deceiv'd us : dread the treachery
Of this blood-thirsty senate. Trust me, Zaphna,

They've sworn the extirpation of our faith,
Nor care by what vile means —

Zaph. My soul's best treasure,
For whose security my ev'ry thought
Is up in arms, regardless of my own ;
Shun thou Alcanor's presence. This hour, Palmira,
Mirvan, by order of our royal pontiff
Prepares to solemnize some act of worship
Of a more hallow'd and mysterious kind
Than will admit of vulgar eye. Myself
Alone am honour'd to assist.

Pal. Alone !

Zaph. Yes, to devote myself by solemn vow
For some great act, of which my fair's the prize.

Pal. What act ?

Zaph. No matter, since my lov'd Palmira
Shall be the glorious recompence —

Pal. 'Oh, Zaphna !'

Methinks I do not like this secret vow.
Why must I not be present ? Were I with thee
I should not be so anxious ;
For, trust me, Zaphna, my affection for thee
Is of that pure, disinterested nature,
So free from passion's taint, I've no one wish
To have thee more than thus ; have thee my friend,
Share thy lov'd converse, wait upon thy welfare,
And view thee with a sister's spotless eye.

Zaph. Angelic excellence !

Pal. And, let me tell thee,
This Mirvan, this fierce Mirvan, gives me terrors ;
So far from tend'ring consolation to me,
His theme is blood and slaughter : as I met him,
His eyes flam'd fury, whilst in dubious phrase
He thus bespoke me — The destroying angel
Must be let loose—Palmira, Heav'n ordains
Some glorious deed for thee, yet hid in darkness ;
Learn an implicit rev'rence for its will,
And above all, I warn thee, fear for Zaphna.

Zaph. What could he mean ? Can I believe, Al-
canor,
Thy fair deportment but a treach'rous mask ?

Yet, spite of all the rage that ought to fire me
 Against this rebel to our faith and prophet,
 I've held me happy in his friendship,
 And bondage wore the livery of choice.

Pal. How has Heav'n fraught our love-link'd hearts,
 my Zaphna,
 With the same thoughts, aversions, and desires ?
 But for thy safety, and our dread religion,
 That thunders hatred to all infidels,
 With great remorse I should accuse Alcanor.

Zaph. Let us shake off this vain remorse, Palmira,
 Resign ourselves to Heav'n, and act its pleasure.
 The hour is come that I must pledge my vow.
 Doubt not but the Supreme, who claims this service,
 Will prove propitious to our chaste endearments.
 Farewel, my love ; I fly to gain the summit
 Of earth's felicity——to gain Palmira. [Exit.]

Pal. Where'er I turn me here, 'tis all suspicion.
 What means this vow ? Mirvan, I like thee not.
 Alcanor too distracts my tim'rous breast.
 Ev'n Mah'met's self I dread whilst I invoke him.
 Like one benighted 'midst a place of tombs,
 I gaze around me, start at ev'ry motion,
 And seem hemm'd in by visionary spectres.
 All-righteous Pow'r, whom, trembling, I adore,
 And blindly follow, Oh, deliver me
 From these heart-rending terrors !—Ha ! who's here ?

Enter Mahomet.

'Tis he ! 'tis Mahomet himself ! kind Heav'n
 Has sent him to my aid—My gracious lord,
 Protect the dear, dear idol of my soul ;
 Save Zaphna ; guard him from —————

Mab. From what ?—Why, Zaphna ?
 Whence this vain terror ? Is he not with us ?

Pal. Oh, sir, you double now my apprehensions !
 Those broken accents, and that eager look,
 Shew you have anguish smothering at the heart,
 And prove, for once, that Mahomet's a mortal.

Mab. [Apart.] Ha ! I shall turn a traitor to myself—

Oh, woman, woman ! Hear me ; ought I not

Te

To be enrag'd at thy profane attachment ?
 How could thy breast, without the keenest sting,
 Harbour one thought not dictated by me ?
 Is that young mind, I took such toil to form,
 Turn'd an ingrate, and infidel at once ?
 Away, rebellious maid —

Pal. What dost thou say,
 My royal lord ? Thus prostrate at your feet,
 Let me implore forgiveness, if in aught
 I have offended ; talk not to me thus ;
 A frown from thee, my father and my king,
 Is death to poor Palmira. Say then, Mahomet,
 Didst thou not in this very place permit him
 To tender me his vows ?

Mab. [Apart.] ' His vows ! perdition !'
 How the soft trait'ress racks me ! — Rise, Palmira —
 [Apart.] Down, rebel love ! I must be calm — Come
 hither ;

Beware, rash maid, of such imprudent steps,
 They lead to guilt. What wild pernicious errors
 Mayn't the heart yield to, if not greatly watch'd ?

Pal. In loving Zaphna, sure it cannot err ;
 There's nothing wild, nothing pernicious —

Mah. How !

This theme delights you —

Pal. I must own it does.

Yes, my great master ; for I still have thought
 That Heav'n itself approv'd of my affection,
 And gave a sanction to our mutual ardours.
 Can what was virtue once, be now a crime ?
 Can I be guilty —

Mab. Yes, towards me you are —

You, nurs'd from infancy beneath my eye,
 Child of my care, and pupil of my faith ;
 You, whom my partial fondness still distinguish'd
 From all the captive youths that grac'd my triumphs ;
 And you, who now, without my leave, permit
 A slave to bear thee from my fight for ever.

Pal. No, we both live, nay more, would die for
 thee :

And, Oh, my lord, if all that earth can offer

Of grandeur, opulence, or pleasure, e'er
Shall make me deaf to Gratitude's demands,
May Zaphna's self be evidence against me;
And plead for double vengeance on my treach'ry.

Mab. [Apart.] Zaphna again! Furies! I shall re-lapse,
And make her witness of my weakness.

Pal. Sir!

What sudden start of passion arms that eye!

Mab. Oh, nothing: pray retire awhile; take cou-rage,

I'm not at all displeas'd; 'twas but to sound
The depth of thy young heart. I praise thy choice.
Trust then thy dearest int'rest to my bosom:
But know, your fate depends on your obedience.
If I have been a guardian to your youth,
If all my lavish bounties past weigh aught,
Deserve the future blessings which await you,
Howe'er the voice of Heav'n dispose of Zaphna,
Confirm him in the path where duty leads,
That he may keep his vow, and merit thee.

Pal. Distrust him not, my sov'reign; noble Zaphna
Disdains to lag in love or glory's course.

Mab. Enough of words—

Pal. As, boldly, I've avow'd
The love I bear that hero at your feet,
I'll now to him, and fire his gen'rous breast,
To prove the duty he has sworn to thee.

[*Exit Palmira.*

Mab. [Alone.] Confusion! must I, spite o'me, be
made
The confident of her incestuous passion?
What could I say? Such sweet simplicity
Lur'd down my rage, and innocently wing'd
The arrow through my heart. And, shall I bear this?
Be made the sport of curst Alcanor's house?
Check'd in my rapid progress by the fire,
Supplanted in my love by this rash boy,
And made a gentle pander to the daughter?
Perdition on the whole detested race!

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Now, Mahomet, 's the time to seize on
Mecca,

Crush this Alcanor, and enjoy Palmira.
This night the old enthusiast offers incense
To his vain gods in sacred Caabo.
Zaphna, who flames with zeal for Heav'n and thee,
May be won o'er to seize that lucky moment.

Mab. He shall ; it must be so ; he's born to act
The glorious crime ; and let him be at once
The instrument and victim of the murder.
My law, my love, my vengeance, my own safety,
Have doom'd it so.—But, Mirvan, dost thou think
His youthful courage, nurs'd in superstition,
Can e'er be work'd —————

Mir. I tell thee, Mahomet,
He's tutor'd to accomplish thy design.
Palmira too, who thinks thy will is Heav'n's,
Will nerve his arm to execute thy pleasure.
Love and enthusiasm blind her youth :
They're still most zealous who're most ignorant.

Mab. Didst thou engage him by a solemn vow ?

Mir. I did, with all th' enthusiastic pomp
Thy law enjoins ; then gave him, as from thee,
A consecrated sword to act thy will.
Oh, he is burning with religious fury !

Mab. But hold, he comes —————

Enter Zaphna.

Child of that awful and tremendous Pow'r,
Whose laws I publish, whose behests proclaim,
Listen, whilst I unfold his sacred will.
'Tis thine to vindicate his ways to man,
'Tis thine his injur'd worship to avenge.

Zaph. Thou lord of nations, delegate of Heav'n,
Sent to shed day o'er the benighted world,
Oh, say, in what can Zaphna prove his duty ?
Instruct me how a frail earth-prison'd mortal
Can or avenge or vindicate a God.

Mab. By thy weak arm he deigns to prove his cause,
And launch his vengeance on blaspheming rebels.

Zaph. What glorious action, what illustrious danger

Does that Supreme, whose image thou, demand ?
 Place me, Oh, place me in the front of battle,
 'Gainst odds innnumerable ; try me there.
 Or, if a single combat claim my might,
 The stoutest Arab may step forth, and see
 If Zaphna fail to greet him as he ought.

Mab. Oh, greatly said, my son ; 'tis inspiration ?
 But heed me : 'tis not by a glaring act
 Of human valour, Heav'n has will'd to prove thee ;
 This infidels themselves may boast, when led
 By ostentation, rage, or brute-like rashness.
 To do whate'er Heav'n gives in sacred charge,
 Nor dare to frown its fathomless decrees,
 This, and this only's meritorious zeal.
 Attend, adore, obey ; thou shalt be arm'd
 By Death's remorseless angel, which awaits me.

Zaph. Speak out, pronounce, what victim must I
 offer ?
 What tyrant sacrifice ? Whose blood requir'st thou ?
Mab. The blood of a detested infidel,
 A murderer, a foe to Heav'n and me,
 A wretch who slew my child, blasphemers my God,
 And like a huge Colossus, bears a world
 Of impious opposition to my faith ;
 The blood of curst Alcanor.

Zaph. I ! — Alcanor !
Mab. What ! dost thou hesitate ? rash youth, be
 ware,

He that deliberates is sacrilegious.
 Far, far from me be those audacious mortals,
 Who for themselves would impiously judge,
 Or see with their own eyes ; who dares to think,
 Was never born a proselyte for me.
 Know who I am ; know, on this very spot,
 I've charg'd thee with the just decree of Heav'n ;
 And when that Heav'n requires of thee no more
 Than the bare offering of its deadliest foe,
 Nay, thy foe too, and mine, why dost thou balance,
 As thy own father were the victim claim'd ?
 Go, vile idolater, false mussulman,
 Go, seek another master ; a new faith.

Zaph.

Zaph. Oh, Mahomet !

Mab. Just when the prize is ready,
When fair Palmira's destin'd to thy arms ——
But what's Palmira ? or what's Heav'n to thee,
Thou poor, weak rebel to thy faith and love ?
Go, serve, and cringe to our detested foe.

Zaph. Oh, pardon, Mahomet ; methinks I hear
The oracle of Heav'n—it shall be done.

Mab. Obey then, strike, and for his impious blood,
Palmira's charms and paradise be thine.

* [Apart to Mirvan.] Mirvan, attend him close, and
let thy eyes

* Be fix'd on ev'ry movement of his soul.' [Exeunt.

Zaph. [Alone.] Soft, let me think—this duty wears
the face

Of something more than monstrous—pardon, Heav'n !
To sacrifice an innocent old man,

Weigh'd down with age, unsuccour'd, and unarm'd !
When I am hostage for his safety too ! ——

No matter, Heav'n has chose me for the duty,
My vow is pass'd, and must be straight fulfill'd.

Ye stern, relentless ministers of wrath,
Spirits of vengeance, by whose ruthless hands

The haughty tyrants of the earth have bled,
Come to my succour ; to my flaming zeal

Join your determin'd courage ;
And thou, angel

Of Mahomet, exterminating angel,
That mow'it down nations to prepare his passage,

Support my faltering will, harden my heart,
Lest nature, pity, plead Alcanor's cause,

And wrest the dagger from me.
Hah ! who comes here ?

Enter Alcanor.

Alc Whence, Zaphna, that deep gloom,
That like a blasting mildew on the ear

Of promis'd harvest, blackens o'er thy visage ?
Grieve not that here, through form, thou art con-

fin'd :

I hold thee not as hostage, but as friend,
And make thy safety partner with my own.

Zaph. [Apart.] And make my safety partner with thy own !

Alc. The bloody carnage, by this truce suspended
For a few moments, like a torrent check'd
In its full flow, will with redoubled strength
Bear all before it.—

In this impending scene of public horror,
Be then, dear youth, these mansions thy asylum.
I'll be thy hostage now, and with my life
Will answer that no mischief shall befall thee.
I know not why, but thou art precious to me.

Zaph. Heav'n, duty, gratitude, humanity ! [Apart.]
What did'st thou say, Alcanor ? Did'st thou say,
That thy own roof should shield me from the tempest ?
That thy own life stood hostage for my safety ?

Alc. Why thus amaz'd at my compassion for thee ?
I am a man myself, and that's enough
To make me feel the woes of other men,
And labour to redress 'em.—

Zaph. [Apart.] What melody these accents make !
And whilst my own religion spurs to murder,
His precepts of humanity prevail.

[To Alcanor.] Can then a foe to Mahomet's sacred
law

Be virtue's friend ?

Alc. Thou know'st but little, Zaphna,
If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd
To climes or systems ; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream throughout the whole crea-
tion,

And beats the pulse of every healthful heart.
How canst thou, Zaphna, worship for thy God
A Being claiming cruelty and murders
From his adorers ? Such is thy master's God —

Zaph. [Apart.] Oh, my relenting soul ! thou'rt
almost thaw'd
From thy resolve.—I pray you, sir, no more.
Peace, reason, peace !

Alc. [Apart.] The more I view him, talk with
him, observe
His understanding tow'ring 'bove his age ;

His

His candour, which ev'n bigotry can't smother ;
The more my breast takes interest in his welfare.

[To Zaphna.] Zaphna, come near—I oft have
thought to ask thee,

To whom thou ow'st thy birth ; whose gen'rous blood
Swells thy young veins, and mantles at thy heart.

Zaph. That dwells in darkness, no one friendly
beam

E'er gave me glimpse from whom I am descended.
The camp of godlike Mahomet has been
My cradle, and my country ; whilst of all
His captive infants no one more has shar'd
The sunshine of his clemency and care.

Alc. I do not blame thy gratitude, young man.
But why was Mahomet thy benefactor ?
Why was not I ? I envy him that glory.
Why then this impious man has been a father
Alike to thee, and to the fair Palmira.

Zaph. Oh !

Alc. What's the cause, my Zaphna, of that sigh,
And all that language of a smother'd anguish ?
Why didst thou snatch away thy cordial eye,
That shone on me before ?

Zaph. [Apart.] Oh, my torn heart !
Palmira's name revives the racking thought
Of my near blunted purpose.

Alc. Come, my friend.

The flood-gates of destruction soon thrown ope,
Will pour in ruin on that curse of nations.
If I can save but thee, and fair Palmira,
From this o'erflowing tide, let all the rest
Of his abandon'd minions be the victims
For your deliverance—I must save your blood.

Zaph. [Apart.] Just Heav'n ! and is't not I must
shed his blood ?

Alc. Nay, tremble, if thou dar'st to hesitate.
Follow me straight.

Enter Pharon.

Pba. Alcanor, read that letter,
Put in my hands this moment by an Arab,

With utmost stealth, and air bespeaking somewhat
Of high importance.

Alc. [Reads.] Whence is this?—Hercides!
Cautious, my eyes! be sure you're not mistaken
In what you here insinuate. Gracious Heav'n!
Will then thy Providence at length o'er-rule
My wayward fate, and, by one matchless blessing,
Sweeten the suff'rings of a threescore years!

[After looking for some time earnestly at Zaphna.
Follow me.

Zaph. Thee!—But Mahomet—

Alc. Thy life,
And all its future bliss, dwells on this moment.
Follow, I say. [Exeunt Alcanor and Pharon.
Enter Mirvan and his attendants, hastily on the other side
of the stage.

Mir. [To Zaphna.] Traitor, turn back; what
means

This conference with the foe? To Mahomet
Away, this instant; he commands thy presence.

Zaph. [Apart.] Where am I? Heav'ns! How shall
I now resolve?

How act! A precipice on ev'ry side
'Awaits me,' and the first least step's perdition.

Mir. Young man, our prophet brooks not such
delay;
Go, stop the bolt that's ready to be launch'd
On thy rebellious head.

Zaph. Yes, and renounce
This horrid vow, that's poison to my soul.

[Exit with Mirvan, &c.

Re-enter Alcanor and Pharon.

Alc. Where is this Zaphna?—But he flies me still:
In vain I call in all the soft'ning arts
Of pity, love, and friendship to engage him:
His breast is fear'd by that Impostor's precepts,
'Gainst ill who bid defiance to his laws.
But, Pharon, didst thou mark the baneful gloom,
The somewhat like reluctance, rage, and pity,
'That blended sat upon his pensive brow?

Pba. I did; there's something at his heart—

Alc.

Alc. There is —————

Would I could fathom it ! This letter, Pharon,
 His aspect, age ; the transport that I taste
 When he is near me ; the anxiety
 His absence gives, do too much violence
 To my distracted sense. Hercides here
 Desires to see me ; 'twas his barbarous hands
 That robb'd me of my children ; they are living,
 He tells me, under Mahomet's protection ;
 And he has something to unfold, on which
 Their destiny and mine depends. This Zaphna,
 And young Palmira, vassals of that tyrant,
 Are ignorant from whom they are descended,
 Imagination's pregnant with the thought.
 My wishes mock me. Sinking with my grief,
 I blindly catch at ev'ry flatt'ring error,
 And supplicate deception's self for succour.

Pba. Hope, but yet fear, Alcanor ; think, my chief,

How many infants from their parents torn,
 E'er conscious whose they are, attend that tyrant,
 Drink in his dictates, place their being in him,
 And deem him an infallible dispenser
 Of Heaven's decisions —————

Alc. Well, no matter, Pharon.

At noon of night conduct Hercides hither ;
 Thy master, in th' adjoining fane, once more
 Will importune the Gods with prayers and incense,
 That he may save his friends, and see his children.

Pba. Thou shalt not find thy Pharon slack in
 aught,

That tends to thy deliverance from this anguish.

[Exit Pharon.]

Alc. Just Heav'n, if by erroneous thought or act,
 I have drawn down your fierce displeasure on me,
 Point me to right ; I'll onward to its goal
 With double energy ; will expiate all,
 That in the days of ignorance might offend.
 Only restore my children to my care,
 Give to my craving arms my hapless children,
 That I may form them, turn 'em back from wrong,

Weed

Weed their young minds of those pernicious errors
 The arch-impostor has implanted in 'em ;
 Train 'em in virtue's school, and lead them on
 To deeds of glorious and immortal honour. [Exit.]

A C T I V. SCENE, Mahomet's *apartment.**Mahomet alone.*

AMBITION knows not conscience — — —
 Well, this Zaphna
 Is fix'd at length—I lesson'd him so home,
 Dealt to his young enthusiastic soul
 Such promises and threats — — —

Enter Mirvan.

Mirvan, what news ?

Mir. Oh, Mahomet, I fear the nice-wov'n web
 Of our design's unravell'd. Ere thy spirit
 Had re-inflam'd young Zaphna with the thirst
 Of old Alcanor's blood, he had reveal'd
 The dreadful purpose to Hercides —

Mab. Hah !

Mir. Hercides loves the youth, and Zaphna still
 Has held him as a father.

Mab. That I like not.

What does Hercides say ? thinks he with us ?

Mir. Oh, no ; he trembles at the very thought
 Of this dread scene ; compassionates Alcanor,
 And — — —

Mab. He's but a half-friend then, and a half-friend
 Is not a span from traitor. Mirvan, Mirvan,
 A dangerous witness must be some way dealt with ;
 And I obey'd ?

Mir. 'Tis done.*Mab.* Then for the rest — — —

Or e'er the harbinger of morrow's dawn
 Gleam in the East, Alcanor, thou must set,
 Or Mahomet and all his hopes must perish.
 That's the first step then — Zaphna, next for thee.

Soon

Soon as thy hands have dealt the midnight-mischief,
 In thy own blood the secret must be drown'd.
 Thus quit of son and father (those curst rivals
 Who elbow me at once in love and grandeur,) Both Mecca and Palmira shall be mine.
 Oh, tow'ring prospect ! How it fills the eye
 Of my aspiring and enamour'd soul !
 Night, put on double sable, that no star
 May be a spy on those dark deeds—Well, Mirvan,
 Shall we accomplish this ?

Mir. We shall, my chief.

Mab. What though I seize his life from whom she sprung ?

He's not her father, as she knows it not.
 Trust me, those partial ties of blood and kindred,
 Are but th' illusive taints of education :
 What we call nature is mere habit, Mirvan ;
 That habit's on our side ; for the whole study
 Of this young creature's life has been obedience ;
 To think, believe, and act, as pleasur'd me.
 But hold, the hour on which our fortune hangs,
 Is now at hand. While Zaphna seeks the temple,
 Let us look round us, see that not a wheel
 Lag in the vast machine we have at work.
 It is success that consecrates our actions.
 The vanquish'd rebel as a rebel dies ;
 The victor-rebel plumes him on a throne. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E changes to the temple.

Enter Zaphna with a drawn sword in his hand.

Zaph. Well then, it must be so ; I must discharge
 This cruel duty—Mahomet enjoins it,
 And Heav'n, thro' him, demands it of my hands.
 Horrid, tho' sacred act !—My soul shrinks back,
 And won't admit conviction—Ay, but Heav'n !
 Heav'n's call I must obey—Oh, dire obedience,
 What dost thou cost me ! My humanity !
 Why, Duty, art thou thus at war with Nature ?

Enter Palmira.

Thou here, Palmira ! Oh, what fatal transport
 Leads thee to this sad place, these dark abodes,

Sacred

Sacred to death ? Thou hast no business here.

Pal. Oh, Zaphna, fear and love have been my guides.

What horrid sacrifice is this enjoin'd thee ?

What victim does the God of Mahomet

Claim from thy tender hand ?

Zaphb. Oh, my guardian angel,

Speak, resolve me ;

How can assassination be a virtue ?

How can the gracious Parent of mankind

Delight in mankind's suff'rings ? Mayn't this prophet,

This great announcer of his heav'nly will,

Mistake it once ?

Pal. Oh, tremble to examine.

He sees our hearts—To doubt is to blaspheme.

Zaphb. Be steady then, my soul, firm to thy purpose,

And let religion steel thee against pity.

Come forth, thou foe to Mahomet and Heav'n,

And meet the doom thy rebel faith deserves ;

Come forth, Alcanor.

Pal. Who, Alcanor ?

Zaphb. Yes.

Pal. The good Alcanor ?

Zaphb. Why d'ye call him' good !

Curse on his Pagan virtues ! He must die :

So Mahomet commands. And yet, methinks,

Some other deity arrests my arm,

And whispers to my heart—Zaphna, forbear.

Pal. Distracting state !

Zaphb. Alas, my dear Palmira,

I'm weak, and shudder at this bloody bus'ness.

Help me ; Oh help, Palmira ; I am torn,

Distracted with this conflict.

Zeal, horror, love, and pity seize my breast.

And drag it diff'rent ways. Alas, Palmira,

You see me tossing on a sea of passions ;

'Tis thine, my angel, to appease this tempest,

Fix my distracted will, and teach me—

Pat.

Pal. — What?

What can I teach thee in this strife of passions?
Oh, Zaphna! I revere our holy prophet,
Think all his laws are register'd in heav'n,
And every mandate minted in the skies.

Zapb. But then, to break through hospitality,
And murder him by whom we are protected!

Pal. Oh, poor Alcanor! gen'rous, good Alcanor!
My heart bleeds for thee.

Zapb. Know then, unless I act this horrid scene,
Unless I plunge this dagger in the breast
Of that old man, I must—I must——

Pal. What——

Zapb. Must, Palmira——

(Oh, agonizing thought!) lose thee for ever.

Pal. Am I the price of good Alcanor's blood?

Zapb. So Mahomet ordains.

Pal. Horrible dow'ry!

Zapb. Thou know'st the curse our prophet has—
denounc'd

Of endless tortures on the disobedient:
Thou know'st with what an oath I've bound myself,
To vindicate his laws, extirpate all
That dare oppose his progress. Say then, Fair-one,
Thou tutore'st divine, instruct me how,
How to obey my chief, perform my oath,
Yet list to Mercy's call.

Pal. This rends my heart.

Zapb. How to avoid being banish'd thee for ever.

Pal. Oh, save me from that thought! must that
e'er be?

Zapb. It must not: thou hast now pronounc'd his
doom.

Pal. What doom?—Have I!

Zapb. Yes, thou hast seal'd his death.

Pal. I seal his death!—Did I?

Zapb. 'Twas Heav'n spoke by thee; thou'rt its
oracle,

And I'll fulfil its laws. This is the hour
In which he pays at the adjoining altar

Black rites to his imaginary Gods.
Follow me not, Palmira.

Pal. I must follow,
I will not, dare not leave thee.

Zaph. Gentle maid,
I beg thee fly these walls, thou can't not bear
This horrid scene—Oh, these are dreadful moments!
Begone—quick—this way—

Pal. No, I follow thee,
Re-tread thy ev'ry footstep, though they lead
To the dark gulf of death.

Zaph. Thou matchless maid!—To the dire trial
then. [Exeunt.

SCENE draws and discovers the inner part of the temple
with a Pagan altar and images. Alcanor addressing
himself to the idols.

Alc. Eternal Powers, that deign to bless these
mansions,

Protectors of the sons of Ishmael,
Crush, crush this blasphemous Invader's force,
And turn him back with shame. If pow'r be yours,
Oh, shield your injur'd votaries, and lay
Oppression bleeding at your altar's foot.

Enter Zaphna and Palmira.

Pal. [Entering.] Act not this bloody deed: Oh,
save him, save him.

Zaph. Save him, and lose both paradise and thee!

Pal. Hah, there he stands—Oh, Zaphna, all my
blood

Is frozen at the fight.

Alc. 'Tis in your own behalf that I implore
The terrors of your might; swift, swiftly
Pour vengeance on this vile apostate's head,
Who dares profanely wrest your thunder from you,
And lodge it with an unknown fancied God.

Zaph. Hear how the wretch blasphemes! So, now—

Pal. Hold, Zaphna.

Zaph. Let me go—

Pal. I cannot—cannot.

Alc. But if, for reasons which dim-sighted mortals
Can't look into, you'll crown this daring rebel

With

With royalty and priesthood, take my life.
 And if, ye gracious Pow'rs, you've ought of bliss
 In store for me, at my last hour permit me
 To see my children, pour my blessing on them,
 Expire in their dear arms; and let them close
 These eyes, which then would wish no after-sight.

Pal. His children, did he say?

Zaph. I think he did —

Alc. For this I'll at your altar pay my vows,
 And make it smoke with incense.

[Retires behind the altar.]

Zaph. 'Now's the time.' [Drawing his sword.]
 Insulting Heav'n, he flies to stones for refuge:
 Now let me strike.

Pal. Stay but one moment, Zaphna.

Zaph. It must not be—unhand me.

Pal. What to do!

Zaph. To serve my God and king, and merit thee.

[Breaking from Palmira, and going towards the
 altar, he starts, and stops short.]

Ha! what are ye, ye terrifying shades?
 What means this lake of blood that lies before me?

Pal. Oh, Zaphna, let us fly these horrid roofs.

Zaph. No, no—Go on, ye ministers of death;

Lead me the way. I'll follow ye.

Pal. Stay, Zaphna,

Heap no more horrors on me; I'm expiring
 Beneath the load.

Zaph. Be hush'd—the altar trembles!

What means that omen? Does it spur to murder,
 Or would it rein me back? No, 'tis the voice
 Of Heav'n itself, that chides my ling'ring hand.
 Now send up thither all thy vows, Palmira,
 Whilst I obey its will, and give the stroke.

[Goes out behind the altar after Alcanor.]

Pal. What vows! will Heav'n receive a murd'rer's
 vows?

For sure I'm such, whilst I prevent not murder.
 Why beats my heart thus? What soft voice is this
 That's waken'd in my soul, and preaches mercy?
 If Heav'n demands his life, dare I oppose?

Is it my place to judge?—Hah! that dire groan
Proclaims the bloody bus'ness is about.
Zaphna! Oh, Zaphna!

Re-enter Zaphna.

Zapb. Hah, where am I?
Who calls me? Where's Palmira? She's not here:
What fiend has snatch'd her from me?

Pal. Heavens! he raves!
Dost thou not know me, Zaphna? Her who lives
For thee alone?—Why dost thou gaze thus on me?

Zapb. Where are we?

Pal. Hast thou then discharg'd
The horrid duty?

Zapb. What dost thou say?

Pal. Alcanor—

Zapb. Alcanor! what, Alcanor?

Pal. Gracious Heaven,
Look down upon him!

Let's begone, my Zaphna,
Let's fly this place.

Zapb. Oh, whither fly! to whom?
D'ye see these hands? Who will receive these hands?

Pal. Oh, come, and let me wash them with my
tears!

Zapb. Who art thou? let me lean on thee—I find
My pow'r's returning. Is it thou, Palmira?
Where have I been? What have I done?

Pal. I know not.
Think on't no more.

Zapb. But I must think, and talk on't too,
Palmira.

I seiz'd the victim by his hoary locks—
(Thou, Heav'n, didst will it)
Then, shuddering with horror, buried strait
The poignard in his breast. I had redoubled
The bloody plunge—(what cannot zeal persuade!)
But that the venerable fire pour'd forth
So piteous a groan! look'd so, Palmira,—
And with a feeble voice, cry'd, Is it Zaphna?
I could no more. Oh, hadst thou seen, my love,
The fell, fell dagger in his bosom, view'd

His

His dying face, where sat such dignity,
Cloath'd with compassion tow'rds his base assassin,

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

The dire remembrance weighs me to the earth—

Here let me die—

Pal. Rise, my lov'd Zaphna, rise,
And let us fly to Mah'met for protection,
If we are found in these abodes of slaughter,
Tortures and death attend us; let us fly.

Zaph. [Starting up.] I did fly at that blasting fight,
Palmira.

When, drawing out the fatal steel, he cast
Such tender looks! I fled—The fatal steel,
The voice, the tender looks, the bleeding victim
Blessing his murderer, I could not fly:
No, they clung to me, riv'd my throbbing heart,
And set my brain on fire. What have we done?

Pal. Hark! What's that noise? I tremble for thy
Oh, in the name of love, by all the ties, [life.
Those sacred ties that bind thee mine for ever,
I do conjure thee follow me.

[*Alcanor comes from behind the Altar, leaning
against it, with the bloody sword in his hand.*]

Zaph. Hah! look, Palmira, see what object's that
Which bears upon my tortur'd sight? Is't he?
Or is't his bloody manes come to haunt us?

Pal. 'Tis he himself, poor wretch! struggling with
And feebly crawling tow'rds us. Let me fly, [death,
And yield what help I can. Let me support thee,
Thou much-lamented, injur'd, good old man.

Zaph. Why don't I move? My feet are rooted here,
And all my frame is struck, and wither'd up,
As with a lightning's blast.

Alc. My gentle maid,
Wilt thou support me?
Weep not; my Palmira.

Pal. I could weep tears of blood, if that would serve
thee.

Alc. [Sitting down.] Zaphna, come hither; thou
haſt ta'en my life;
For what offence, or what one thought towards thee
That

That anger or malevolence gave birth,
Heav'n knows I am unconscious. Do not look so :
I see, thou dost relent.

Enter Pharon hastily.

Pal. [Starting back.] Hah ! 'tis too late, then.

Alc. Would I could see Hercides !—Pharon, lo,
Thy martyr'd friend, by his distemper'd hand,
Is now expiring.

Pba. Dire, unnat'ral crime !

Oh, wretched parricide !—behold thy father.

[Pointing to Alcanor.]

Zaph. My father !

Pal. Father ! Hah !

Alc. Mysterious Heav'n !

Pba. Hercides, dying by the hand of Mirvan,
Who flew him, lest he should betray the secret,
Saw me approach, and, in the pangs of death,
Cry'd, Fly, and save Alcanor ; wreit the sword
From Zaphna's hands, if 'tis not yet too late,
That's destin'd for his death ; then let him know
That Zaphna and Palmira are his children.

Pal. That Zaphna and Palmira are his children !
Dost hear that, Zaphna !

Zaph. 'Tis enough, my fate !
Canst thou ought more !

Alc. Oh, nature ! Oh, my children !
By what vile instigations wert thou driven,
Unhappy Zaphna, to this bloody action ?

Zaph. [Falling at his father's feet.] Oh, I cannot
speak,
Restore me, Sir, restore that damned weapon,
That I for once may make it, as I ought,
An instrument of justice.

Pal. [Kneeling.] Oh, my father,
Strike here ; the crime was mine ; 'twas I alone,
That work'd his will to this unnatural deed.
Upon these terms alone he cou'd be mine,
And incest was the price of parricide.

Zaph. Strike your assassins—

Alc. I embrace my children ;
And joy to see them, though my life's the forfeit.

Rise,

Rise, children, rise and live ; live to revenge
 Your father's death.—But, in the name of nature,
 By the remains of this paternal blood
 That's oozing from my wound, raise not your hands
 'Gainst your own being. Zaphna, wouldst thou do me
 A second deadlier mischief ?
 Self-slaughter can't atone for parricide.

Zaph. Then I will live,
 Live to some purpose ; this is glorious suffering.

Alc. Thy undetermin'd arm han't quite fulfill'd
 Its bigot-purpose ; I hope to live to animate
 Our friends 'gainst this impostor ; lead 'em, Zaphna,
 To root out a rapacious baneful crew,
 Whose zeal is phrenzy, whose religion murder.

Zaph. Swift, swift, ye hours ! and light me to revenge !

Come, thou infernal weapon,

[Snatches the bloody sword.]

I'll wash off thy foul stain with the heart's blood
 Of that malignant sanctified assassin.

[As Zaphna is going off, Mirvan and his followers enter, and stop him.]

Mir. Seize Zaphna,
 And load the traiterous murderer with chains.
 Help you the good Alcanor.—Hapless man !
 Our prophet, in a vision, learnt to-night
 The mournful tale of thy untimely end,
 And sent me straight to seize the vile assassin,
 That he might wreak severest justice on him.
 Mahomet comes to vindicate the laws,
 Not suffer, with impunity, their breach.

Alc. Heav'ns ! what accumulated crimes are here !

Zaph. Where is the monster ? Bear me instant to him,
 That I may blast him with my eye, may curse him
 With my last hesitating voice.

Pal. Thou traitor,
 Did not thy own death-doing tongue enjoin
 This horrid deed ?

Mir. Not mine, by Heav'n !

Zaph. Not thine !

Mir. No, by our prophet, and his holy faith,

Of all the thoughts e'er harbour'd in this breast,
It ne'er had such a monster for it's tenant.

Zaph. Most accomplish'd villain !
Mirvan, look at me—dar'st thou——

Mir. Off with him, [To the Soldiers.
And see him well secur'd, till Mahomet
Demands him of you.

Pal. Villain, hold ! [Laying hold of Zaphna.

Mir. Away.

Zaph. Just, just reward of my credulity !

Pal. Let me go with him ; I will share thy fate,
Unhappy Zaphna, for I share thy guilt.
But then—— [Looking back at Alcanor.

Mir. No more—you must to Mahomet,
Obey without reluctance ; our great prophet,
In pity to your tender frame and years,
Will take you under his divine protection.

Pal. [Apart.] Oh, death, deliver me from such
protection !

Mir. If you would ought to save the destin'd
Zaphna,
Follow me to the prophet, you may move him
To mitigate his doom.—Away.

[To the Soldiers who hold Zaphna.
You this way. [To Palmira.

Zaph. Pardon !

Pal. Oh, pardon !

[They are led off by degrees, looking alternately at
their father, and each other.

Alc. Oh, insupportable !
Both from me torn, then when I wanted most
Their consolation. [A shout.

Pha. Hark !
The citizens are rouz'd, and all in arms
Rush on to your defence.

Alc. Pharon, support me
Some moments longer.—Help, conduct me tow'rds
'em,

Bare this wound to 'em ; let that speak the cause,
The treach'rous cause, for words begin to fail me ;
Then, if in death I can but serve my country,

Save my poor children from this tiger's gripe,
 And give a second life to that lov'd pair,
 By whose misguided zeal I lose my own ;
 What patriot, or parent, but would wish,
 In so divine a cause, to fall a martyr ! [Exeunt.]

A C T V. *Enter Mahomet and Mirvan.*

Mah. **W**RONG will be ever nurs'd and fed with
 blood—

So, this boy-bigot held his pious purpose ?

Mir. Devoutly.

Mah. What a reasonless machine
 Can superstition make the reas'ner man !

Alcanor lies there on his bed of earth ?

Mir. This moment he expir'd, and Mecca's youth
 In vain lament their chief. To the mad crowd
 That gather'd round, good Ali and myself,
 (Full of thy dauntless, heav'nly-seeming spirit)
 Disclaim'd the deed, and pointed out the arm
 Of righteous Heav'n, that strikes for Mahomet.—
 Think ye, (we cried, with eyes and hands uprear'd)
 Think ye our holy prophet would consent
 To such a crime, whose foulness casts a blot
 On right of nations, nature, and our faith ?
 Oh, rather think he will revenge his death,
 And root his murd'rer from the burden'd earth !
 Then struck our breasts, and wept the good old man,
 And only wish he'd dy'd among the faithful,
 And slept with Ibrahim.

Mah. Excellent Mirvan !

Mir. We then both at large
 Desp'cated on thy clemency and bounty.
 On that, the silent and desponding crowd
 Broke out in murmurs, plaints, and last in shouts,
 And each mechanic grew a Mussulman.

Mah. Oh, worthy to deceive, and awe the world,
 Second to Mahomet ! let me embrace thee.—
 But say, is not our army at their gates,
 To back our clemency ?

Mir. Omar commands
Their nightly march thro' unsuspected paths,
And with the morn appears.

Mah. At sight of them,
The weak remaining billows of this storm
Will lash themselves to peace—But where is
Zaphna?

Mir. Safe in a dungeon, where he dies apace,
Unconscious of his fate; for well thou know'st
Ere at the altar's foot he flew his fire,
In his own veins he bore his guilt's reward,
A deadly draught of poison.

Mah. I would be kind, and let him die deceiv'd,
Nor know that parent blood defiles his soul.

Mir. He cannot know it: if the grave be silent,
I'm sure Hercides is—

Mah. Unhappy Zaphna!
Something like pity checks me for thy death.
But why—I must not think that way—shall Mahomet
Give a new Paradise to all mankind,
And let remorse of conscience be the hell
Of his own breast! My safety claim'd his life,
And all the heav'n of fair Palmira's charms
Shall be my great reward.

Mir. My noble lord,
Palmira is at hand, and waits your pleasure.

Mah. At hand! How, Mirvan, could'st thou let me
talk

On themes of guilt, when that pure angel's near?

Mir. The weeping fair, led on by flatt'ring hope
Of Zaphna's life, attends your sacred will.
A silent, pale dejection shrouds her cheeks,
And, like the lily in a morning show'r,
She droops her head, and locks up all her sweets.

Mah. Say Mahomet awaits, and then
Assemble all our chiefs, and on this platform
Let them attend me straight. [Exit Mirvan.]

Enter Palmira, with Attendants.

Pal. [Apart.] Where have they led me?
Methinks, each step I take, the mangled corpse
Of my dear father, (by poor Zaphna mangled)

Lies in my way, and all I see is blood — [Starting.
 'Tis the impostor's self! — Burst, heart, in silence.

Mab. Maid, lay aside this dread. Palmira's fate,
 And that of Mecca, by my will is fix'd.
 This great event, that fills thy soul with horror,
 Is mystery to all but Heav'n and Mahomet.

Pal. Oh, ever-righteous Heaven! canst thou suffer
 This sacrilegious hypocrite, this spoiler,
 To steal thy terrors, and blaspheme thy name,
 Nor doom him instant dead? [Aside.]

Mab. Child of my care,
 At length, from galling chains I've set thee free,
 And made thee triumph in a just revenge:
 Think, then, thou'rt dear to me; and Mahomet
 Regards thee with a more than father's eye:
 Then know, (if thou'l deserve the mighty boon)
 An higher name, a nobler fate awaits thee. —

Pal. What would the tyrant? —

Mab. Raise thy thoughts to glory,
 And sweep this Zaphna from thy memory,
 With all that's past — Let that mean flame expire,
 Before the blaze of empire's radiant sun.
 Thy grateful heart must answer to my bounties,
 Follow my laws, and share in all my conquests.

Pal. What laws, what bounties, and what con-
 quests, tyrant?

Fraud is thy law, the tomb thy only bounty;
 Thy conquests fatal as infected air,
 Dispeopling half the globe — See, here, good Heav'n,
 The venerable prophet I rever'd,
 The king I serv'd, the god that I ador'd.

Mab. [Approaching her.] Whence this unwonted
 language, this wild phrenzy?

Pal. Where is the spirit of my martyr'd father?
 Where Zaphna's? Where Palmira's innocence?
 Blasted by thee, by thee, infernal monster —
 Thou found'st us angels, and hast made us fiends:
 Give, give us back our lives, our fame, our virtue:
 Thou can'st not, tyrant — yet thou seek'st my love;
 Seek'st, with Alcanor's blood, his daughter's love.

Mab. [Apart.] Horror and death ! the fatal secret's known.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Oh, Mahomet, all's lost, thy glory tarnish'd,
And th' infatiate tomb ripe to devour us !
Hercides' parting breath divulg'd the secret ;
The prison's forc'd, the city all in arms.
See where they bear aloft their murder'd chief,
Fell Zaphna in their front ; death in his looks,
Rage all his strength. Spite of the deadly draught,
He holds in life but to make sure of vengeance.

Mab. What dost thou here, then ? Instant with our
guards,
Attempt to stem their progress, 'till th' arrival
Of Omar with the troops.

Mir. I haste, my lord.

[*Exit Mirvan.*]

Pal. Now, now, my hour's at hand.
Hear'st thou those shouts that rend the ambient air ?
Seest thou those glancing fires, that add new horrors
'To the night's gloom ? Fresh from thy murd'ring
poignard,

(For thine it was, tho' Zaphna gave the blow)
My father's spirit leads the vengeful shades
Of all the wretches whom thy sword has butcher'd,
I see them raise their unsubstantial arms
To snatch me from thy rage, or worse, thy love.
Shadows shall conquer in Palmira's cause.

Mab. [Apart.] What terror's this that hangs upon
her accents ?
I feel her virtue, tho' I know her weakness.

Pal. Thou ask'st my love ; go, seek it in the grave
Of good Alcanor——Talk'st of grateful minds ;
Bid Zaphna plead for thee, and I may hear thee.
Till then, thou art my scorn—May'st thou, like me,
Behold thy dearest blood spilt at thy feet !
Mecca, Medina, all our Asian world,
Join, join to drive th' impostor from the earth ;
Blush at his chains, and shake them off in vengeance !

Mab. [Apart.] Be still, my soul, nor let a woman's
rage
Ruffle thy wonted calm——Spite of thy hate,
Thou'rt

Thou'rt lovely still, and charming ev'n in madness.
 [A shout, and noise of fighting.]

My fair, retire, nor let thy gentle soul
 Shake with alarms; thou'rt my peculiar care.
 I go to quell this trait'rous insurrection,
 And will attend thee straight.

Pal. No, tyrant, no;
 I'll join my brother, help to head our friends,
 And urge them on. [A shout.]
 Roll, roll your thunders, Heav'ns, and aid the storm,
 Now hurl your lightning on the guilty head,
 And plead the cause of injur'd innocence. [Exit.]

Enter Ali.

Mab. Whence, Ali, that surprise?

Ali. My royal chief,

The foe prevails—Thy troops, led on by Mirvan,
 Are all cut off, and valiant Mirvan's self,
 By Zaphna slain, lies welt'ring in his blood.
 The guard that to our arms should ope the gates,
 Struck with the common phrenzy, vow thy ruin;
 And death and vengeance is the general cry.

Mab. Can Ali fear? Then, Mahomet, be thyself.

Ali. See, thy few friends, whom wild despair hath
 arm'd,

(But arm'd in vain) are come to die beside thee.

Mab. Ye heartless traitors! Mahomet alone
 Shall be his own defender, and your guard,
 Against the crowds of Mecca—Follow me.

Enter Zaphna, Palmira, and Pharon, with citizens,
 and the body of Alcanor on a bier.

Ha!

Zapb. See, my friends, where the Impostor stands
 With head erect, as if he knew not guilt;
 As if no tongue spake from Alcanor's wound,
 Nor call'd for vengeance on him.

Mab. Impious man!
 Is't not enough to've spilt thy parent-blood;
 But with atrocious and blaspheming lips,
 Dar'st thou arraign the substitute of Heav'n?

Zapb. The substitute of Heav'n! so is the sword;
 The pestilence, the famine; such art thou.

Such are the blessings Heav'n has sent to man
By thee, its delegate: nay, more to me.
Oh, he took pains, Palmira, upon us,
Deluded us into such monstrous crimes,
As Nature ficken'd at conception of!—
How could'st thou damn us thus?

Mab. Babbler, avaunt!

Zaph. Well thou upbraidst me; for to parley with thee—
Half brands me coward. Oh, revenge me, friends!
Revenge Alcanor's massacre: revenge
Palmira's wrongs, and crush the rancorous monster.

Mab. Hear me, ye slaves, born to obey my will.

Pal. Ah, hear him not! fraud dwells upon histongue.

Zaph. Have at thee, fiend—Ha! Heaven,

[*Zaphna, advancing, reels, and reclines on his sword.*
What cloud is this

That thwarts upon my sight? My head grows dizzy,
My joints unloose: sure 'tis the stroke of Fate.

Mab. [Aside.] The poison works!—Then triumph,
Mahomet!

Zaph. Off, off, base lethargy.

Pal. Brother, dismay'd,
Hast thou no pow'r, but in a guilty cause,
And only strength to be a parricide?

Zaph. Spare that reproach—Come on—It will not be.

[*Hangs down his sword, and reclines on Pharon.*
Some cruel Pow'r unnerves my willing arm,
Blails my resolves, and weighs me down to earth.

Mab. Such be the fate of all who brave our law.
Nature and death have heard my voice, and now
Let Heav'n be judge 'twixt Zaphna and myself,
And instant blast the guilty of the two.

Pal. Brother! Oh, Zaphna!

Zaph. Zaphna now no more.

[*Sinking down by Alcanor's body, and leaning on the bier,*
Pharon kneeling down with him, and supporting him.]
Down, down, good Pharon—Thou poor injur'd corse,
May I embrace thee? Won't thy pallid wound
Purple anew at the unnatural touch,
And ooze fresh calls for vengeance?

Pal. Oh, my brother!

Zaph.

Zapb. In vain's the guiltless meaning of my heart :
 High Heaven detests th' involuntary crime,
 And dooms for parricide—Then tremble, tyrant ;
 If the Supreme can punish error thus,
 What new-invented tortures must await
 Thy soul, grown leprous with such foul offences ?
 But soft—Now Fate and Nature are at strife.—
 Sister, farewell ; with transport should I quit
 This toilsome, perilous, delusive stage,
 But that I leave thee on't ; leave thee, Palmira,
 Expos'd to what is worse than fear can image,
 That tyrant's mercy. But I know thee brave ;
 Know that thou'l act a part—Look on her, Heav'n,
 Guide her, and—Oh ! [Dies.]

Pal. Think not, ye men of Mecca,
 This death inflicted by the hand of Heav'n ;
 'Tis he—That viper—

Mab. Know, ye faithless wretches,
 'Tis mine to deal the bolts of angry Heaven :
 Behold them there ; and let the wretch who doubts,
 Tremble at Zaphna's fate, and know that Mahomet
 Can read his thoughts, and doom him with a look.
 Go, then, and thank your pontiff and your prince
 For each day's sun he grants you to behold.
 Hence, to your temples, and appease my rage.

[The people go off.]

Pal. Ah, stay ! my brother's murder'd by this
 tyrant ;
 By poison, not by piety, he kills.

Mab. 'Tis done—Thus ever be our law receiv'd !

[Apart.]

Now, fair Palmira—

Pal. Monster ! is it thus
 Thou mak'st thyself a god, by added crimes,
 And murders justify'd by sacrilege ?

Mab. Think, exquisite Palmira, for thy sake—

Pal. Thou'st been the murderer of all my race.
 See where Alcanor, see where Zaphna lies !
 Do they not call for me too, at thy hands ?
 Oh, that they did !—But I can read thy thoughts ;

Palmira's

Palmira's fav'd for something worse than death ;
This to prevent — Zaphna, I follow thee.

[*Stabs herself with Zaphna's sword.*

Mab. What hast thou done ?

Pal. A deed of glory, tyrant !

Thou'lt left no object worth Palmira's eye ;

And when I shut out light, I shut out thee.—[*Dies.*

Mab. Farewell, dear victim of my boundless passion ;

The price of treachery, the reward of murder,
Sink with thee to the earth.—Oh, justice, justice !
In vain are glory, worship, and dominion.

All conqueror as I am, I am a slave ;
And, by the world ador'd, dwell with the damn'd.
My crimes have planted scorpions in my breast—
Here, here I feel them. 'Tis in vain to brave
The host of terrors that invade my soul.

I might deceive the world, my self I cannot.

Ali. Be calm a while, my lord, think what you are.

Mab. Ha ! What am I ? [Turning to the bodies.
Ye breathless family,
Let your loud-crying wounds say what I am.
Oh, snatch me from that sight ; quick, quick transport me

To Nature's loneliest mansion, where the sun
Ne'er enter'd, where the sound of human tread
Was never heard—But wherefore ? Still I there,
There still shall find myself—Ay, that's the hell—
I'll none on't— [Drawing his sword.

Ali. Heav'ns ! help, hold him !

[*Ali, &c. disarm him.*

Mab. Paltry dastards !
You fled the foe, but can disarm your master.
Angel of death, whose power I've long proclaim'd,
Now aid me, if thou canst ; now, if thou canst,
Draw the kind curtain of eternal night,
And shroud me from the horrors that beset me.

[*Exeunt Mahomet, &c.*

Pha. Oh, what a curse is life, when self-conviction

Flings our offences hourly in our face,
And turns existence torturer to itself!
Here let the mad enthusiast turn his eyes,
And see from bigotry what horrors rise;
Here, in the blackest colours, let him read,
That zeal, by craft misled, may act a deed,
By which both innocence and virtue bleed.

{
[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

Originally spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

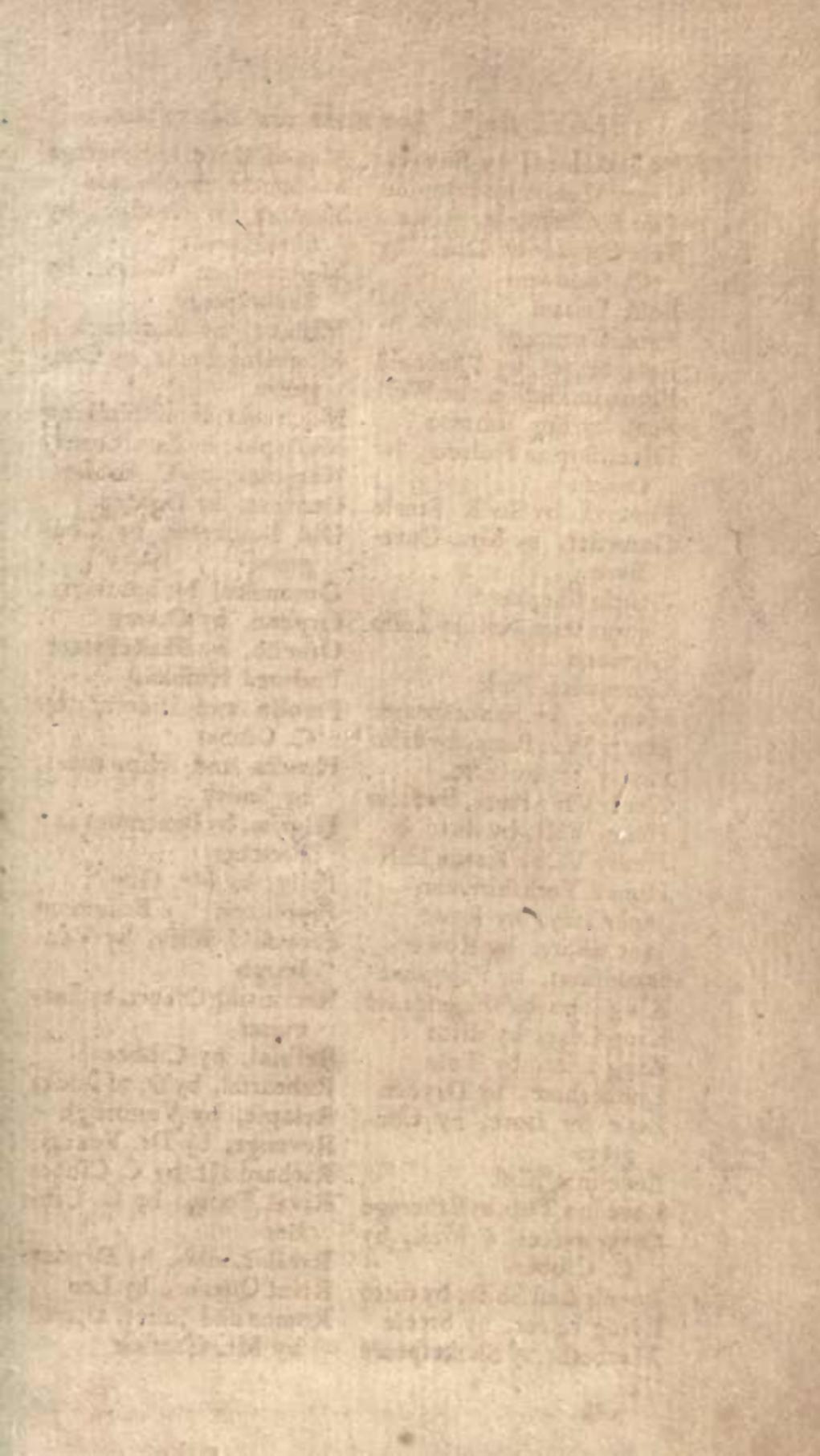
LONG has the shameful licence of the age,
With senseless ribaldry disgrac'd the stage ;
So much indecencies have been in vogue,
They pleaded custom in an epilogue ;
As if the force of Reason was a yoke
So heavy—they must ease it with a joke ;
Disarm the moral of its virtuous sway,
Or else the audience go displeas'd away.
How have I blush'd to see a tragic queen,
With ill-tim'd mirth disgrace the well-wrote scene ;
From all the sad solemnity of woe,
Trip nimbly forth—to ridicule a beau ;
Then, as the loosest airs she had been gleaning,
Coquette the fan, and leer a double-meaning.
Shame on those arts that prostitute the bays !
Shame on the bard, who this way hopes for praise !
The bold, but honest Author of to-night
Disdains to please you, if he please not right ;
If in his well-meant scene you chance to find
Aught to enoble or enlarge the mind ;
If he has found the means, with honest art
To fix the noblest wishes in the heart ;
In softer accents to inform the fair,
How bright they look, when virtue drops the tear ;
Enjoy, with friendly welcome, the repast,
And keep the heart-felt relish to the last.

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Wom. ————— her Knee

Has known that Posture only, and her Eye
Or fixed upon the Sacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her rising hopes to Heaven.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

To His Royal Highness

THE

Princely of WALES

MADAM.

A Prince of the same Royal blood as myself for
thee to choose her to pass thy life by, because
to whom herself to make of Your Royal
Highness far dorever.
☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted
in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and
marked with single inverted Commas; as at Lines 6 and 7, in
Page 9.

As the Prince's Edition is intended to be published in England
to Your Royal Highness, you will be sorry to hear
you shewing yourself so contemptuous, notwithstanding the
peculiar character and abilities, however the different
kind of that publick opposition.

We are your dependents, Madam, for the preservation
of our Empire, in consequence of which we have
the Imperial Crown; for dividing the first dominions of
our King, and the rest of the world, into two
Your Royal Highness, we have the second share
which we deliver'd down to our conquerors Christians, per
a most popular and convenient, as well as a convenient
royal usage. I hope this the power of our civil qual-
ities. Your Royal Highnesses and living as nobles or
barons, you are not only the proprietors of your
titles, but the owners of all the possessions of the

To her Royal Highness

T H E

Princess of W A L E S.

M A D A M ,

A Princess of the same royal blood to which you are so closely and so happily ally'd, presumes to throw herself at the feet of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS for protection. The character of that excellent Lady, as it is delivered down to us in history, is very near the same with the picture I have endeavoured to draw of her : and if, in the poetical colouring, I have aim'd at heightening and improving some of the features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the British nation in general is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS ; so every particular person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several capacities and abilities, towards the discharging that public obligation.

We are your debtors, MADAM, for the preference You gave us, in chusing to wear the British rather than the Imperial crown ; for giving the best daughter to our KING, and the best wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the security that shall be deliver'd down to our childrens children, by a most hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous royal issue. These are the bonds of our civil duty : but YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has laid us under other yet more sacred and engaging ; I mean, those of Religion. You are not only the brightest ornament, but the patroness and defender of our holy faith.

DEDICATION.

Nor is it Britain alone, but the world, but the present and all succeeding ages, who shall bless Your Royal Name for the greatest example that can be given of a disinterested piety and unshaken constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has conferr'd upon us. 'Tis at the same time, how partial soever we may be to ourselves, we ought not to believe You declin'd the first crown of Europe in regard of Britain only. No, MADAM, it is in justice to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS that we must confess you had more excellent motives for so great an action as that was; since you did it in obedience to the dictates of reason and conscience, for the sake of true religion, and for the honour of God. All things that are great have been offered to You; and all things that are good and happy, as well in this world as a better, shall become the reward of such exalted virtue and piety. The blessings of our nation, the prayers of our church, with the faithful service of all good men, shall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS as long as you live. And whenever, for the punishment of this land, you shall be taken from us, your sacred name shall be dear to remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow on you the fulness of recompence.

Amongst the several offerings of duty which are made to you here, be graciously pleas'd to accept of this unworthy trifle; which is, with the greatest respect, and lowest submission, presented to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most obedient, most devoted, and

Most faithful, humble servant,

N. R O W E.

PROLOGUE,

By an unknown Hand.

WHEN waking terrors rouse the guilty breast,
 And fatal visions break the mur'd'er's rest ;
 When vengeance does ambition's fate decree,
 And tyrants bleed, to set whole nations free ;
 Tho' the Muse saddens each distressed scene,
 Unmov'd is ev'ry breast, and ev'ry face serene :
 The mournful lines no tender hearts subdue ;
 Compassion is to suff'ring goodness due.
 The Poet your attention begs once more,
 To atone for characters here drawn before ;
 No royal mistress sighs thro' ev'ry page,
 And breathes her dying sorrows on the stage :
 No lovely fair, by soft persuasion won,
 Lays down the load of life, when honour's gone.
 Nably to bear the changes of our state,
 To stand unmov'd against the storms of fate,
 A brave contempt of life, and grandeur lost :
 Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
 Our author draws not Beauty's heavenly smile,
 T' invite our wishes, and our hearts beguile :
 No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
 No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning roses die.
 A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move,
 Than youthful raptures, or the joys of love,
 A mind unchang'd, superior to a crown,
 Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown ;
 The same, if fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
 Or if the world's extended ruins lie :
 With gen'rous scorn she lays the sceptre down ;
 Great souls shine brightest by misfortunes shown :
 With patient courage she sustains the blow,
 And triumphs o'er variety of woe.
 Thro' ev'ry scene the sad distress is new :
 How well feign'd life does represent the true !
 Unhappy age ! who views the bloody stain,
 But must with tears record Maria's reign ;

PROLOGUE.

When zeal by doctrine flatter'd lawless will,
Instructed by Religion's voice to kill ?
Ye British fair, lament in silent woe ;
Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow ;
The lovely fern, thro' falling drops, will seem
Like flow'ry shades o'f the silver stream.
Thus beauty, Heaven's sweet ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by virtue, as ador'd by love.
Forget your charms, find woman's dear delight,
The fops will languish here another night.
No conquest from dissembling smiles we fear ;
She only kills, who wounds us with a tear.

PROLOGUE.

To-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen ;
And tho' the Poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit ;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow ;
Your grief, the Muse's labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
Oh, could our Author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint !
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast :
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell ; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind, ungrateful land.

PROLOGUE.

7

But thus the secret laws of fate ordain ;
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever, as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons, crown the hero's urn ;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following reigns bestow.
Tho' his hard fate a father's name deny'd ;
To you a father, he that loss supply'd.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace ;
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home :
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

A U O O I O R Q



*

A 4

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

| M | E | N. | At Drury Lane. | At Covent Garden. |
|--------------------------------|---|----|----------------|-------------------|
| Duke of Northumberland, | — | — | Mr. BURTON. | Mr. HULL. |
| Duke of Suffolk, | — | — | Mr. BRANSBY. | Mr. FEARON. |
| Lord Guilford Dudley, | — | — | Mr. REDDISH. | Mr. LEWIS. |
| Earl of Pembroke, | — | — | Mr. HOLLAND. | Mr. BENSLY. |
| Earl of Sussex, | — | — | Mr. MOZENN. | Mr. L'ESTRANGE. |
| Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, | — | — | Mr. HAVARD. | Mr. CLARKE. |
| Sir John Gates, | — | — | Mr. ACKMAN. | Mr. BOOTH. |
| Lieutenant of the Tower, | — | — | Mr. FOX. | Mr. CHAPLIN. |
| | | | W O M E N. | |
| Duchess of Suffolk, | — | — | Mrs. BENNET. | Mrs. HULL. |
| Lady Jane Gray | — | — | Mrs. YATES. | Mrs. HARTLEY. |

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.

L A D Y J A N E G R A Y.

A C T I. S C E N E, *the Court.*

*Enter the Duke of Northumberland, Duke of Suffolk,
and Sir John Gates.*

North. T IS all in vain ; Heav'n has requir'd its
pledge,

And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The Genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
• He bows his venerable head with pain,
• And labours with the sickness of his lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye.
• All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
• She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross,
• Weary of man, and his detested ways :
• Ev'n now she seems to meditate her flight,
• And waft her angels to the thrones above.'

North. Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest
lols,

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer ;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
• That late from heaps of Gothic ruins rose,
• In her first native simple majesty ;
• The toil of saints, and price of martyrs blood,
• Shall fail with Edward, and again old Rome
• Shall spread her banners ; and her monkish host,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine shall return ;
Blind, bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

Sir J. G. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate ?

North. What has been left untry'd that art could do?

Doge

Richl. 2nd Cest. Feby

A 5. Feby

Trol. 2nd Duke Feby

The Duke Feby

LADY JANE GRAY.

The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,
 Try'd ev'ry health-restoring herb and gum,
 And weary'd out his painful skill in vain.
 Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
 Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
 A stubborn and unconquerable flame
 Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life;
 His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats,
 And deadly pales fit upon his visage,
 And every gasp we look shall be his last.

Sir J. G. Doubt not, your Graces, but the popish
faction

Will at this juncture urge their utmost force,
 All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
 Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
 And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.

North. Good Heav'n, ordain some better fate for
England!
Suff. What better can we hope, if she should reign?
 I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
 A gloomy nature, sullen and severe,
 Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
 Taught to believe they only cannot err,
 Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
 Of reason, and the whole lay world; instructed
 To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
 To purge the world from heresy by blood,
 To massacre a nation, and believe it
 An act well-pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.
 These are thy gods, Oh! Rome, and this thy faith.

North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bond
 Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
 And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks?
 No; let this faithful free-born English hand,
 First dig my grave in liberty and honour!
 And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd,
 That honest man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand, and ten
 To own a cause so just.

Sir J. G. The list I gave
 Into your grace's hand last night, declares
 My power and friends at full. [To Northumb.
North.

North. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant,
Lose not a moment's time.

Sir J. G. I go, my lord. [Exit Sir J. Gates.]

North. Your grace's princely daughter, lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

North. Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.

Suff. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.

[Exit Suffolk.]

North. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire?
• The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
• Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
• Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
• And the light lasting of a woman's will;
• As if the Lord of Nature should delight
• To hang this pond'rous globe upon a hair,
• And bid it dance before a breath of wind.
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
• With crouching courtesy, and honey'd words,
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of Pembroke.
Good-morrow, noble Pembroke: we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself, [sure,
The great Alcides of our state, is present,

Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet 'em :
The ablest head, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task :
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

North. No ; as I honour virtue, I have try'd,
And know my strength too well ! nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.

I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature ;
‘ Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,
‘ And often too, too often, have I err'd !’
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading thro’ our present dangers ;
And, by the honour of my name, I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers,
Whom I wou’d chuse for that best friend, like Pem.

Pem. ‘ What shall I answer to a trust so noble,
‘ This prodigality of praise and honour ?’
Were not your grace too generous of soul, to let
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness !
To one whom his ill-fortune has ordain’d
The rival of your son.

North. No more ; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
‘ Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean on his side, and see but half his failings :
But on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice ;
Away with all the fondnesses of nature !
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold fac-
Threaten change, tumult, and disast’rous days. [tions]
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, Heav’n, the state
To fix in peace and safety once again :
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,

And

And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring; and I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace. [Exit North.]

Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Foward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd school-men,
To us and our lay interest? Let 'em rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,
Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
The gentlest nature, and the bravest spirit,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.
‘ Nay, when he found, in spite of the resistance,
‘ My struggling heart had made to do him justice,
‘ That I was grown his rival; he strove hard,
‘ And would not turn me forth from out his bosom,
‘ But call'd me still his friend.’ And see! He comes.

[Enter Lord Guilford.]

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wond'ring how thy soul cou'd chuse a partner
So much unlike itself.

Guil. How cou'd my tongue take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And in-born truth unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

Pem. Oh, gen'rous youth;

What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness? — Yet I wou'd,
I wou'd be grateful — Oh, my cruel fortune! —
Wou'd I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So wou'd I! Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.

Pem. Oh! Why shou'd she, that universal goodness,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a comet, fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?

Guil. Heav'n forbid! But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
‘ Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
‘ She could not bear to see another happy,’
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

Pem. Name it not, My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I shou'd not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. — Though sure, the loss
Wou'd wound me to the heart.

Pem. Ha! Could'st thou bear it? And yet perhaps thou might'st: thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd in due proportion,
Where no one over-bears, nor plays the tyrant,
‘ But join in Nature's business, and thy happiness?’
While mine, disdaining Reason and her laws,
Like all thou can't imagine, wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurl my unstable flitting soul
To ev'ry mad extreme. Then pity me;
And let my weakness stand —

Enter Sir John Gates.

Sir J. G. The lords of council
Wait with impatience —

Pem. I attend their pleasure. [Exit Sir J. Gates.
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever

Fortune

Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other ;
That he who wins the fair-one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert,
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[Exit Pem.]

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie ! While we
We travel on direct in one high road, [think
And have our journey's end oppos'd in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us, To
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring steps.
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns mislead us,
And ev'ry passion has its separate interest :
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end, M
And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke ?
• There is but one end certain, that is—Death :
• Yet ev'n that certainty is still uncertain.
• For of these several tracks which lie before us, I
• We know that one leads certainly to death,
• But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain, W
This blind divining ; let me think no more on't :
And see the mistress of our fate appear !

Enter Lady Jane Gray. *Attendants.*

Hail, princely maid ! who with auspicious beauty
Clear'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place ;
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.

L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford ; well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waining moon :
Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring :
• Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
• To dress the face of nature all in tears.
But say, how fares the king ?

Guil.

Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his op'ning heaven.

L. J. Gray. ' Descend, ye choirs of angels to receive him,

' Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
' And waft him upwards with a song of triumph ;
' A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
' Ne'er entered at the golden gates of bliss.'

O Guilford! What remains for wretched England,
When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us ?
' For whose dear sake Heav'n spar'd a guilty land,
' And scattered not its plagues while Edward reign'd.'

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
' And rising horrors crowd the op'ning scene.'

And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, ' how excelling nature
' Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
' And yet at once surpass 'em.'

L. J. Gray. Oh, vain flattery !
' Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear ;
' But on a day like this, the raven's note
' Strikes on my sense more sweetly.' But, no more,
' I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more ;
Lead me, to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown ;
And, Oh, whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh ;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

L. J. Gray. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this
vain purpose,

When

• When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,
 When universal ruin gathers round,
 And no escape is left us? Are we not like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
 The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
 • Around us see the pale despairing crew,
 • Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;
 The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
 And horror sits on each distracted look;
 • One solemn thought of death does all employ,
 • And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy;
 • One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
 • And one consenting voice for mercy cries:
 Trembling, they dread just Heav'n's avenging power,
 Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[Exitunt.]

A C T H. S C E N E continues.

Enter the Duke of Northumberland, and the Duke of Suffolk.

North. YET then be chear'd my heart, amidst thy mourning.

• Though fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear
 • And wild distraction sit on every face;
 Though never day of grief was known like this,
 Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light,
 Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
 And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

Suff. I know not what secret my soul presages,
 But something seems to whisper me within,
 That we have been too hasty. ' For myself,
 • I wish this matter had been yet delay'd;
 • That we had waited some more blessed time,
 • Some better day with happier omens hallow'd,
 • For Love to kindle up his holy flame,
 • But you, my noble brother, wou'd prevail,
 • And I have yielded to you.'

North. Doubt not any thing;
 Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good Heav'n,

' Who

' Who softens the corrections of his hand,
 ' And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,
 Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children,
 To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suff. In that I trust, Good angels be our guard,
 And make my fears prove vain. But see! my wife!
 With her, your son, the generous Guilford, comes;
 She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk, and Lord Guilford.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
 What shall I say, to bless you for this goodness?
 Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
 And all the business of my years to come,
 Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
 And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duch. *Suff.* Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
 ' In all the joys which this sad day can give,
 ' The dear delight I have to call thee son,
 ' Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
 ' It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
 ' And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
 But haste! Inform my daughter of our pleasure:
 ' Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence,
 ' Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
 ' To sooth her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
 By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
 ' Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
 ' Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour,
 ' And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring soul;
 And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
 As strive with Heav'n to save her dying lord.

Duch. *Suff.* From the first early days of infant life,
 A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt 'em;
 And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
 As brother and as sister bred together,
 Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd,

North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspir'd
 To form the sacred union. ' Lady Jane,
 ' Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;

LADY JANE GRAY. 19

In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd,
They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd toge-
Nay, in the graver busness of his youth, [ther;
When books and learning call'd him from his sports,
Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion.
She left the shining court to share his toil,
To turn with him the grave historian's page,
And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
And wonder at the mighty minds of old.'

Enter Lady Jane Gray, weeping.

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou not break, my heart! —

Suff. Alas! What mean'st thou?

Guil. Oh, speak!

Duch. *Suff.* How fares the king?

North. Say, is he dead?

L. J. Gray. The saints and angels have him.

Duch. *Suff.* When I left him,

He seem'd a little clear'd, ' just as you enter'd —'

L. J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty,

He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,

Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,

To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;

' To speak a few short words to thee, and die.'

With that he prest my hand, and, Oh! —he said,

When I am gone, do thou be good to England,

Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,

And to the end be constant. More I wou'd,

But cannot — There his fault'ring spirits fail'd,

' And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once,

' To that best place where all his hopes were fix'd,

' Earnest he pray'd; — Merciful, great defender!

' Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,

' Protect this land from bloody men and idols,

' Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,

' And take thy painful servant to thy mercy.'

Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,

He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul

Into his hands who gave it.

Guil. Crowns of glory,

Such

- Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him:
- Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise
- With all its endless bliss be open to him.

North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd. I hold it fit his death be not made known To any but our friends. To-morrow early The council shall assemble at the Tower. Mean while, I beg your grace wou'd strait inform

[To the Duchess of Suffolk.] Your princely daughter of our resolution; Our common interest in that happy tie, Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.

Duch. Suff. My lord, you have determin'd well.
Lord Guilford, Be it your task to speak at large our purpose. Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I, Your father, and his own, ordain your husband: What more concerns our will and your obedience, We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke of Northumberland.*]

Guil. Wo't thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
 • And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?
 • Wo't thou not give one interval to joy;
 One little pause, while humbly I unfold
 The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?

L. J. Gray. My heart is cold within me, ev'ry sense Is dead to joy; but I will hear thee, Guilford,
 • Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
 • Whom early duty taught me still t' obey.
 Yet, Oh! forgive me, if to all the story, Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
 • Though ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace do crown thee;
 Forgive me, if I cannot better answer, Than weeping——thus, and thus——

Guil. If I offend thee, Let me be dumb for ever; let not life's

- ‘ Inform these breathing organs of my voice;
- ‘ If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.

‘ What

• What is my peace or happiness to thine? as thou
No; tho' our noble parents had decreed, ^{as P}
And urg'd high reasons which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss.

L. J. Gray. How! Guilford! on this night? [ed. I

Guil. This happy night: ^{as P}

Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate, ^{in 1500 an P}
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corse before thee: ^{I will Y}
• Let me be swept away with things forgotten,
• Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
• E'er thou should'st say my love has made thee wretched,
• Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake.' [ed.

L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror. [ready,
• Oh! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed,
• What hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
• Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
• My heart has fondly lean'd towards thee long:
• Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
• Have won a place for thee within my bosom:
• And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
• And frown thy love on this disastrous day,
• It is because I would not deal so hardly,
• To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
• And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
• And yet 'tis all I have.

Guil. I ask no more; ^{as P}
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.
• My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
• Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad.
• Nay, could'st thou be so cruel to command it,
• I will forego a bridegroom's sacred right,
• And sleep far from thee, on th' unwholesome earth,
• Where damps arise, and whistling winds blow loud,
• Then when the day returns, come drooping to thee,

' My

- ‘ My locks still drizzling with the dews of night,
- ‘ And cheer my heart with thee as with the morning.
- ‘ L. J. Gray. Say, wo’t thou consecrate the night to
- ‘ And give up every sense to solemn sadness ? [sorrow,
- ‘ Wo’t thou, in watching, waste the tedious hours,
- ‘ Sit silently and careful by my side,
- ‘ Listen to the tolling clocks, the cricket’s cry,
- ‘ And ev’ry melancholy midnight noise ?
- ‘ Say, wo’t thou banish pleasure and delight ?
- ‘ Wo’t thou forget that ever we have lov’d,
- ‘ And only now and then let fall a tear,
- ‘ To mourn for Edward’s loss, and England’s fate ?
- ‘ Guil. Unweary’d still, I will attend thy woes,
- ‘ And be a very faithful partner to thee.
- ‘ Near thee I will complain in sighs as numberless,
- ‘ As murmurs breathing in the leafy grove ;
- ‘ My eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,
- ‘ Constant, as never-ceasing waters roll,
- ‘ That purl and gurgle o’er their sands forever,
- ‘ The sun shall see my grief, thro’ all his course ;
- ‘ And when night comes, sad Philomel, who plains,
- ‘ From starry vesper to the rosy dawn ;
- ‘ Shall cease to tune her lamentable song,
- ‘ E’er I give o’er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here then I take thee to my heart for
ever, [Giving her hand.]

- ‘ The dear companion of my future days ;
- ‘ Whatever Providence allots for each,
- ‘ Be that the common portion of us both ;
- ‘ Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane,
- ‘ But if good Heav’n has any joys in store,
- ‘ Let them be all thy own.’
- ‘ Guil. Thou wond’rous goodness !
- ‘ Heav’n gives too much at once in giving thee,
- ‘ And by the common course of things below,
- ‘ Where each delight is temper’d with affliction,
- ‘ Some evil terrible and unforeseen,
- ‘ Must surely ensue, to poise the scale against
- ‘ This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure,
- ‘ But be it so, let it be death and ruin,
- ‘ On any terms I take thee.’

L. J. Gray.

LADY JANE GRAY.

23

L. J. Gray. Trust our fate
‘ To him whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
‘ And makes what we think evil turn to good.’
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I’ll summon all my reason and my duty,
To sooth this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.

Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee.
And, Oh! ‘ if, as my fond belief wou’d hope,
‘ If any word of mine be gracious to thee,’
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd’rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet.
Restore thy gentle bosom’s native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer my heaviness with one dear smile.

L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me,
‘ How we have lov’d, even from our very cradles.’
My private los’s no longer will I mourn,
But ev’ry tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I’ll submit to Heav’n’s decree,
And what I lost in Edward, find in thee.
But Oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state:
‘ When I consider what my native land
‘ Expected from her pious sov’reign’s hand ;
‘ How form’d he was to save her from distress,
‘ A king to govern, and a saint to bless :’
New sorrow to my lab’ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[Exit Lady Jane Gray.]

Guil. My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining;
And ev’ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.
‘ My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure :
‘ My soul grows out of tune, it loaths the world,
‘ Sickens at all the noise and folly of it ;
‘ And I cou’d set me down in some dull shade,
‘ Where lonely contemplation keeps her cave,
‘ And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myself,

‘ There

' There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
 ' And muse away an age in deepest melancholy.'

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Northum-
 As now he shot along by me in haste. [berland,
 He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
 To guard the secret carefully as life,
 Till some few hours should pass; for much hung on it.
 Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford!
 My friend!

[Speaking to him.]

Guil. Ha! Pembroke?

[Starting.]

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start?
 Why fits that wild disorder on thy visage,
 Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
 The paleness of surprize and ghastly fear?
 Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
 I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
 So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How! so chang'd!

Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy father,
 Just as I enter'd here. But say, cou'd that,
 A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
 Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper thus?

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee!
 For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
 And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
 'Tis true, thy coming struck me with surprize.
 I have a thought—But wherefore said I one?
 I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
 ' Like pop'lous towns disturb'd at dead of night,
 ' That, mix'd in darkness, bustle to and fro,
 ' As if their business were to make confusion.'

Pem. Then sure our better angels call'd me hither;
 For this is friendship's hour, and friendship's office,
 To come when counsel and when help is wanting,
 To share the pain of every gnawing care,
 To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
 To reach a hand and save thee from adversity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a friend to me indeed?

And

And while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
 ' Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
 ' Pass gently over ev'ry painful part ?'
 Wo't thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
 And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
 Somewhat to rouze thy rage, and grate thy soul,
 Wo't thou be master of thyself and bear it ?

Pem. Away with all this needless preparation !
 Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
 That I can never think thee an offender.
 If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
 I should take part with thee against myself,
 ' And call thy fault a virtue.'

Guil. But suppose
 The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.
Pem. No more ; thou know'st we spoke of that to-
 And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject, [day,
 Of which, if possible, I would not think ;
 I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper ?
Pem. No,
 Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, pr'ythee spare it.
Guil. Oh ! cou'd the secret, I wou'd tell thee, sleep,
 And the world never know it, my fond tongue
 Shou'd cease from speaking, ere I wou'd unfold it,
 Or vex thy peace with an officious tale.
 But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
 It must be told thee once, hear it from me. [soul.]

Pem. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my

Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
 And crown his love—

Pem. Say not, suppose : 'tis done,
 Seek not for vain excuse, or soft'ning words ;
 Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
 By under-hand contrivances undone me :
 And while my open nature trusted in thee,
 Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
 And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear,
 Thou hast betray'd me—

Guil. How ! betray'd thee, Pembroke ?

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor,

Guil. Have a care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee ;
There was but this, which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge :
And tho' I love thee—— fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms——

Pem. What, hear it ! Stand and listen to thy triumph !
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends,
Lest in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well ; and I were rash, as thou
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness [art,
With one not master of himself. Farewell. [Going.

Pem. Ha ! art thou going ? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rack of this uncertainty.

Guil. What would'st thou further ?

Pem. Tell it to me all ;
Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss ;
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend ?
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling plot my ruin ?

Guil. Give me way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship,

Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou traitor ?

No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,
• Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.
• *Guil.* Away, thou madman ! I wou'd talk to winds,
• And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
• Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.

• *Pem.* Tell it, or, by my injur'd love I swear,'

[Laying his hand upon his sword.]

I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.

Gwil. Ha ! stay thee there ; nor let thy frantic hand
[Stopping him.]

Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To ev'ry thought of friendship ; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy friendship, I would break the
band.

Gwil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be bound on any summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long.
Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee,
To death defy thee as my mortal foe ;
And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself.

[Exit Pembroke.]

Gwil. The fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me ;
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach, like this, from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh, Pembroke ! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true unfeign'd affection ;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
• Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss ;
• Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
• Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
• At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
• In spite of reason and restraint we come,
• Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
• The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms,
• And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms :
• He laughs at all her leagues, and in proud scorn
• Commands the bands of friendship to be torn ;
• Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
• But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE, the Tower.

Enter Pembroke and Gardiner.

Gar. **N**AY, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,

To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.

Marry, you might have made much worthy profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
Then when you were the master of his bosom,
That was the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pem. Thou talk'st as if a madman cou'd be wise.

Oh, Winchester! Thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain; can never know
The burning transports of untam'd desire.

- I tell thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
- To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
- As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
- And ev'ry wish my furious soul cou'd form;
- Still with regard to that my brain forethought,
- And fashion'd ev'ry action of my life.
- Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
- Be dash'd in all the height of expectation!
- It was not to be borne.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then: But ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their goodness, pris'ner here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
Without good heed to these our righteous rulers.
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word, that yester ev'ning late,

In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd! who? —— Damnation!

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.

Pem. Curse on my stars!

Gar. Nay, in the name of Grace,
Restrain this sinful passion; all's not lost
In this one single woman.

Pem. I have lost

More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld even her whole sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em, like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded:
My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry grace that nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.

Gar. She was a wonder;
Detraction must allow that.

Pem. The virtuous came,
Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's work,
Candour with goodness, fortitude with sweetnes,
Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning,
More than the schools of Athens ever knew,
Or her own Plato taught. A wonder, Winchester!
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

Pem. Ha! Wo't thou save me, snatch me from
And bid me live again. [despair,

Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die.

Pem. O vain, vain hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will; with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,

18
LADY JANE GRAY.
Rahsack'd our shrines, and driv'a her saints to exile,
But if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.
Pem. And would'st thou have my fierce impatience
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait [stay] ?
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind ?
Can love attend on politicians schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time ?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumber-
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest, ~~the~~ land,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traitorous contrivance, to protect ~~the~~ ^{the} ruin,
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin,
But there are punishments — halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for hereticks ;
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Ev'n in his highest hope — But go not you ;
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you ;
No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not ~~the~~ ^{the}
With their pernicious counsels. — Mischief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

Pem. Ha ; join with them ! the cursed Dudley's
Who, while they held me in their arms, betray'd me ;
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship.
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
And swift perdition catch me ; — join with them !

Gar. I wou'd not have you — Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith,
Gather your friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies,
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.

Pem. No ; keep your blessings back, and give me
Vengeance ; Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,

Thus,

I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd,
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.

L. J. G. Why came we hither?

' Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
' This Tower, so often stain'd with royal blood?
' Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were mur-
' And pious Henry fell by ruthless Gloster: [der'd;
' Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
' The bower adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
' Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
' Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows;
' Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment:
' Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power
' Sit on the rude old tow'rs, and Gothic battlements;
' While Horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
' And frowns on all around.

Guil. ' In safety here,
' The lords o' th' council have this morn decreed
' To meet, and with united care support
' The feeble tottering state.' To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd:
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure,
For England's loss in Edward.

L. J. G. How! from me!

Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me!

Guil. No; by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duch. Suff. No more complain, indulge thy tears no
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due: [more,
' Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
' Expand thy bosom, let thy soul enlarg'd,
Make room to entertain the coming glory!

For majesty and purple greatness court thee ;
Homage and low subjection wait : a crown,
‘ That makes the princes of the earth like gods :’
A crown, my daughter, England’s crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

L. J. G. Amazement chills my veins ! What
says my mother ? [Edward,

Duch. Suff. ‘ Tis Heav’n’s decree ; for our expiring
When now, just struggling to his native skies,
Ev’n on the verge of heav’n, in sight of angels,
That hover’d round to waft him to the stars,
Ev’n then declar’d my Jane for his successor.

L. J. G. Cou’d Edward do this ? cou’d the dy-
ing saint

Bequeath his crown to me ? Oh, fatal bounty !
To me ! But ’tis impossible ! ‘ We dream.
‘ A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
‘ Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
‘ Ev’n you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
‘ Ere I can be a queen ?

Duch. Suff. ‘ That, and that only,
‘ Thy mother ; fonder of that tender name,
‘ Than all the proud additions pow’r can give.
‘ Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
‘ And live in low obscurity for ever,
‘ To see thee rais’d, thou darling of my heart,
‘ And fix’d upon a throne.’ But see : thy father,
Northumberland, with all the council, come
To pay their vow’d allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee queen.

L. J. G. Support me, Guilford ;
Give me thy aid : stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.
Enter Suffolk, Northumberland, lords, and others of

the privy council.

North. Hail, sacred princess ! sprung from ancient
kings,
Our England’s dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster’s united line ;
‘ By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
Guarded and fenc’d around our pure religion,

34 LADY JANE GRAY.

• That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
• Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
• Beneath whose awful rule and righteous sceptre,
• The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
• Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
• Fair Liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
• Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
• No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
• But justice shall be exercis'd in mercy.'

Hail, royal Jane! behold, we bend our knees,

The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign, our lady, and our queen.

L. J. G. Oh, rise!

My father, rise!

And you, my father, too!

Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion.

What means this mock, this masquing shew of great-

Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,

And dress me up in honours not my own?

North. The daughters of our late great master Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.

To make all firm,

And fix a pow'r unquestion'd in your hand,

Edward, by will, bequeath'd his crown to you;

And the concurring lords in council met,

Have ratify'd the gift.

L. J. G. Are crowns and empire,

The government and safety of mankind,

Trifles of such light moment, to be left

Like some rich toy, 'a ring, or fancy'd gem,'

The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,

And give away people for a legacy?

North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder

Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,

To see the utmost with the great can form,

A crown, thus coldly met: A crown, which slighted,

And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,

And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,

Of

Of blood, unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

L. J. G. Where art thou now, thou partner of my
cares? [Turning to Guilford.
Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen :
Oh ! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
Which in the shape of gorgeous greatness comes
To crown and make a wretch of me for ever.

Guil. 'Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy
drooping head,

Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain :
That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh ! stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.

Methinks I see you seated on the throne ;
Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
The various ermine, and the glowing purple ;
Assembled senates wait with awful dread,
To firm your high commands, and make 'em fate.

L. J. G. You turn to view the painted side of
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath. [royalty,
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court ?
Is it, to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at ?
Is it, in wantonness of pow'r to reign,
And make the world subservient to my pleasure ?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
So bend each day before high Heav'n, and own,
This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em ?

Alas, Northumberland !—My father !—Is it not
To live a life of care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my subjects ?

‘ Duch. Suff. Ev’ry state
‘ Allotted to the race of man below,
‘ Is, in proportion, doom’d to taste some sorrow,
‘ Nor is the golden wreath on a king’s brow
‘ Exempt from care ; and yet, who would not bear it ?
‘ Think on the monarchs of our royal race,
‘ They liv’d not for themselves : how many blessings,
‘ How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
‘ If for thy people’s good thou haply borrow,
‘ Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake
‘ To give the world repose !’

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures ;
See where she comes, in Mary’s priestly train !
Still wo’t thou doubt ? till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O’er England’s bosom ? ‘ All the mourning year
‘ Our towns shall glow with unextinguish’d fires ;
‘ Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling
‘ bones ;
‘ Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears ;
‘ Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
‘ Shall burn promiscuous ; a continu’d peal
‘ Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks shall sound,
‘ Through all our purple ways.’

Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou beholdest thy Guilford’s head laid low,
Bloody and pale —

L. J. G. Oh ! spare the dreadful image !
Guil. Oh ! wou’d the misery be bounded there,
My life were little ; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
‘ With Superstition comes that other fiend,
‘ That bane of peace, of arts, and virtue, Tyranny ;
‘ That foe of justice, scorner of all law ; [one,
‘ That beast, which thinks mankind were born for
‘ And

• And made by Heav'n to be a monster's prey ;
 • That heaviest curse of groaning nations, tyranny.
 Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
 To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
 And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

L. J. G. Avert that judgment, Heav'n !
 Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
 In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh ! my queen !
 Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
 To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
 Shall have her tow'ry front at once laid low,
 And robb'd of all its glory ? 'Oh ! my country
 ' Oh ! fairest Albion, empress of the deep,
 ' How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
 ' Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
 ' In dear defence of birth-right and their laws !
 ' And shall those hands which fought the cause of free-
 ' Be manacled in base unworthy bonds : [dom,
 ' Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
 ' Of hair-brain'd zeal, and cruel coward priests ?'

L. J. G. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd
 like thine,

At ev'ry danger which invades our England ;
 My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
 And cou'd be more than man in her defence.
 But where is my commission to redress ?
 Or whence my pow'r to save ? Can Edward's will,
 Or twenty met in council, make a queen ?
 Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvass
 A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters ?
 Where are the rev'rend sages of the law,
 To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
 The paths which right and justice bid me tread ?

North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
 Resolve you ev'ry scruple.

L. J. G. They expound ;
 But where are those, my lord, that make the law ?
 Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
 The nobles, with the mitred fathers join'd ?
 The wealthy commons solemnly assembled ?

Where

Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?

North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
Shall at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
And with united homage own your title.
Delay not then to meet the general wish,
But be our queen, be England's better angel.
Nor let mistaken piety betray you
To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.

Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death;
The dromish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
Rouze and prepare once more to take possession,
To nestle in their ancient hives again,
Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
Relics, and wooden-working saints,
Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
In high procession mean to bring them back,
And place the puppets in their shrines again,
While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
And deep-designing Gard'ner, dream of vengeance;
Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
And speed their flight to havoc and the prey,
Haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.

North. Save your friends!

Suff. Your father!

Duch. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. J. G. Take me, crown me,

Invest me with this royal wretchedness;

Let me not know one happy minute more;

Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care;

My days be vex'd with tumults and alarms;

If only I can save you, if my fate

Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,

I take

I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die, if need be,
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on, beloq oT
And that dear native land which gave me birth. A

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's queen ! Let the loud cannon
In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta ; bAA
Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
And roll it to the subject ocean down : sd rB
Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods, M
My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world ! oT
Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine :
With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring ;
Thy name shall echo thro' the rescu'd isle, O aia
And reach applauding Heaven ! ron u-d m H

L. J. G. Oh, Guilford ! what do we give up for
For glory ! that's a toy I would not purchase, [glory !
An idle, empty bubble. But for England ! n o I
What must we lose for that ! Since then my fate A
Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will, oile R
Let gracious Heaven allow me one request : odW
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
For all those joys my happier days did prove, W
For Plato, and his academic grove ; qeab bNA
All that I ask, is, tho' my fortune frown, aove D
And bury me beneath this fatal crown ; un dJ
Let that one good be added to my doom, agl bNA
To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Enter Pembroke and Gardiner.

Gar. IN an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Nor-
thumberland,

- To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
- And war against our Mary's royal right :
- Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
- With disappointments, mischief, and defeat ;
- Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,

The

The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome;
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing through the city-gate
In harness all appointed, as he pass'd;
And (for he wore his beaver up) cou'd read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God speed
But thro' a staring ghastly-looking crowd, [him;
Unhail'd, unbleis'd, with heavy heart he went:
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had usher'd him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress, where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns,
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause:
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

• *Pem.* The citizens,
• Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
• Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
• And wou'd, upon the instant, join t' oppose him;
• Could we but draw some of the lords o' the council
• T' appear among 'em, own the same design,
• And bring the rev'rend sanction of authority
• To lead 'em into action. For that purpose,
• To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
• To learn what fit expedient may be found,
• To win the wary council to our side,
• Say thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white
• In arts of government, and turns of state,
• How may we blast our enemies with ruin,

• And

LADY JANE GRAY.

43

- And sink the curs'd Northumberland to hell ?
 - Gar. In happy time be your whole wish accomplish'd,
- Since the proud Duke set out, I have had conference,
- As fit occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em ;
- The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
- And find 'em all dispos'd as we cou'd ask.
- By holy Mary, if I count aright,
- To-day the better part shall leave this place,
- And meet at Baynard's castle in the city ;
- There own our sovereign's title, and defy
- Jane and her gospel-crew. But hie you hence !
- This place is still within our foes command,
- Their puppet-queen reigns here.'

Enter an officer with a guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[Guards seize Pembroke and Gardiner.

My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pem. Ha ! by whose order ?

Off. By the queen's command,

Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart !

Gar. Rest you contented :

You have loiter'd here too long ; but use your patience,
These bonds shall not be lasting.

Off. As for you, sir, [To Gardiner.

'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd :

You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you

To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.

You're noted for an over-busy meddler,

A secret practiser against the state ;

For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.

Hence, to your chamber !

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke ;

I trust that we shall meet on blither terms :

Till then, amongst my beads, I will remember you,

And give you to the keeping of the saints.

[Exeunt part of the guards with Gardiner.

Pem. Now, whither must I go ?

Off. This way, my lord.

[Going off.

Enter

[Enter Guilford.]

Guil. Hold, captain ! ere you go, I have a word
For this your noble pris'ner. [or two
Off. At your pleasure.

I know my duty, and attend your lordship.

*[The officer and guards retire to the farther
part of the stage.]*

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us lost,
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance ?
Thou canst not look upon me & q. last aside. P.
Pem. Ha ! not look ! What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn ?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee.
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then ?

Pem. I do ; and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee ;
To plant ev'n all the pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pem. Friendship from thee ! But my just soul disdains
thee.

Hence ! take the prostituted bauble back,
Hang it to grace some slavering ideot's neck,
For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me ;
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word and give me freedom.
Oh, short-liv'd pageant ! had'st thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul wou'd grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.

Guil. Oh, Pembroke ! but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,

[Exit.]

Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word! [To the officer.
I take your pris'ner to my proper charge; H. 1. 2.
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.]

*The officer delivers the sword to Lord Guilford,
and goes out with his guard.* ub vñ wñd I

[Lord Guilford offering the sword to Pembroke.
Receive this gift, ev'n from a rival's hand;
And if thy rage will suffer thee to hear it, Q.
The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend, so
Fly from this fatal place, and seek thy safety. vñd T]

Pem. How now! what shew! what mockery is this?
Is it in sport you use me thus? What means i. 1. W.

This swift fantastic changing of the scene? i. 1. s. T.

Guil. Oh, take thy sword; and let thy valiant hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life: vñs e. vñs. O.
The time, the danger, and the wild impatience, 2. A.
Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee, G.
Or I cou'd tell thee—— P. b. 1. ob I. P.

Pem. No, it needs not, traitor! T. p. t. s. T.
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known. G.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn, A.
To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom, s. t. e. A.
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me. n. l.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford; T.
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun A. 1. 2. b. A.
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes E. 1. 2. P.
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known
So little, to accuse my heart of fear? o. s. i. gash [me
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field? n. r. 1. 2.
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought, vñd i. 2. B.
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood! b. A.
But this is madness all. o. s. i. 2. r. 1. 2. T.

Pem. Give me my sword. [Taking his sword.
Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And conscious of the injury thou hast done me, i. 1. W.
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice, b. s. m. 1. 2. R.
And meet my arm in single opposition. T. p. less. T.
Lead then, and let me follow to the field. G. 1. 2. O.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom. s. t. b. A.
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,

In Honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words ? [with ?
What fear is this which thou would'st awe my soul
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet ?

Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror,
Trust me this once : believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away.

Pem. 'By Heav'n ! I wo'n't stir a step.'
Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase.
If thou would'st have me think thou mean'st me
fairly ;
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double-tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man whom my soul loves, from death.

[Giving a paper.]
Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe, [for !
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and hor-
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character ?

Pem. I know it well ; the hand of proud Nor-
thumberland,

Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.

What's this ? [Reads.]

" Remember, with your closest care, to observe
" those whom I nam'd to you at parting ; espe-
" cially keep your eye upon the Earl of Pem-
" broke ; as his power and interest are most confi-
" derable, so his opposition will be most fatal to us.
" Remember the resolution was taken, if you should
" find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of
" justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If
" he falters, lose not the sight of him till your dag-
" gers have reached his heart."

My heart ! Oh, murd'rous villain !

Guil. Since we parted,
 Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been
 Thy secret treaties with the malecontents [mark'd ;
 That harbour in the city, thy conferring
 With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is knowna :
 And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
 A set of chosen russians wait to end thee :
 There was but one way left me to preserve thee ;
 I took it ; and this morning sent my warrant
 To seize upon thy person — But begone !

Pem. 'Tis so — 'tis truth — I see his honest heart —

Guil. I have a friend of well-try'd faith and cou-
 Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd, [rage;
 Attends without to guide thee hence with safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? And what art thou ?

Guil. Waste not the time. Away !

Pem. Here let me fix,

And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.
 What is there good or excellent in man,
 That is not found in thee ? Thy virtues flash,
 They break at once on my astonish'd soul ;
 As if the curtains of the dark were drawn
 To let in day at midnight.

Guil. Think me true ; And tho' ill-fortune cross'd upon our friendship —

Pem. Curse on our fortune ! — Think I know
 thee honest.'

Guil. For ever I could hear thee — but thy life,
 Oh, Pembroke ! linger not —

Pem. And can I leave thee,
 Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
 And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart ?
 Believe me, Guilford, like the Patriarch's dove,

It wander'd forth, but found no resting-place,
 'Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
 Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship ?
 The danger comes — If you stay longer here,
 You die, my Pembroke.

Pem. Let me stay and die ;

For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause?
My honour is at stake.

GUIL. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here.
There is a Power,
Who sits above the stars ; in him I trust ;
All that I have, his bounteous hand bestow'd ;
And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling will ordains my ruin,
What is there more but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield obedience !—Fly ! begone !

PEM. Yes, I will go—for, see ! Behold who comes !
Oh, Guilford ! hide me, shield me from her sight ;
Ev'ry mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee—Oh, my torn heart !
I have a thousand, thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
Thus gloomy ghosts, where'er the breaking morn
Gives notice of the cheerful sun's return,
Fade at the light, with horror stand opprest,
And shrink before the purple-dawning east :
Swift with the fleeting shades they wing their way,
And dread the brightness of the rising day.

[*Exeunt* Guilford and Pembroke.]

Enter Lady Jane Gray, reading.

L. J. G. 'Tis false ! The thinking soul is some-
what more
Than symmetry of atoms well-dispos'd,
The harmony of matter. Farewell else,
The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
That separate intellect, which must survive,
When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust.

[*Enter* Guilford.]

GUIL. What read'st thou there, my queen ?

L. J. G. 'Tis Plato's Phædon ;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,

As if the trifles were of no account, —
Mean in itself, and only to be worn for show and not
In honour of the giver.

Guil. Shall thy soul's vision of dust yet hang upon
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court you
‘ Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?’
Still shall she soar on Contemplation’s wing, —
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
‘ As heaven and immortality alone?’
‘ Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?’
‘ L. J. G. But thy truth, what is there here
Deserves the least regard? Is it not time to below
To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
And seek some better sure abiding-place;
When all around our gathering foes come on,
To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?’
Guil. Does any danger now?

L. J. G. The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me traitress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
‘ What art thou, human nature, to do thus?
Does fear or folly make thee, like the Indian,
Fall down before this dreadful devil, tyranny,
And worship the destroyer?’
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Evn in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and Religion’s, thine and England’s cause.

L. J. G. Art thou not all my treasure, all my
guard!
And wo’t thou take from me the only joy,

The last defence is left me here below;
 Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
 Or save a people, who with blinded rage
 Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
 Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
 And if it be in valour to defend us,
 His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
 Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Oh, my children !

L. J. G. Alas ! what means my father ?

Suff. Oh, my son,
 Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
 Our dearest hopes were built——

Guil. Ha ! What of him ?

Suff. Is lost ! betray'd !
 His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
 Moulder'd away, and melted by his side ;
 Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
 Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd.
 With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge ;
 But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
 Was forc'd, with heavy heart, and wat'ry eye,
 To cast his cap up, with dissembled clear,
 And cry, God save queen Mary. But, alas !
 Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty :
 For soon thereafter, by the earl of Arundel,
 With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested ;
 And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

L. J. G. Then there's an end of greatness : the
 vain dream

Of empire, and a crown that danc'd before me,
 With all those unsubstantial empty forms ;
 Waiting in idle mockery around us ;
 The gaudy masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,'
 Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
 With such unshaken temper ?

L. J. G. For myself,
 If I cou'd form a wish for Heav'n to grant,
 It should have been, to rid me of this crown.

And

And thou, o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power !
Thou, who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st 'em
rising

And forming in the soul ; Oh, judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to power,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars :
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee, [Kneeling.
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duch. Suff. Nay, keep that posture still, and let
us join,

Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above,
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

L. J. G. What is the worst our cruel fate or-
dains us ? [tongue,

Duch. Suff. Curs'd be my fatal counsels, curs'd my
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness !
My child — I have undone thee !

L. J. G. Oh, my mother !

Shou'd I not bear a portion in your sorrows ?

Duch. Suff. Alas, thou hast thy own, a double por-
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners, [tion.
Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name,
Now croud to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bles'd him with a hand of blood ;
Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here,
To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha ! seiz'd ! Shalt thou be seiz'd ? and shall
I stand,

And tamely see thee borne away to death ?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.

50 LADY JANE GRAY.

No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrank
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen ;
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast has borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple raim at thy feet.

L. J. G. And could thy rash, distracted rage do
thus ?

Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me ?
Oh, call thy better, nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience !
Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
With even brows, and souls secure of death ;
Here stand unmov'd ; as once the Roman senate
Receiv'd fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
Till ev'n the rude barbarians stood amaz'd
At such superior virtue. Be thyself,
For see the trial comes !

Enter Sussex, Gardiner, Officers and Soldiers.

Suff. Guards, execute your orders ; seize the traitors :

Here my commission ends. To you, my lord, [To Gar.
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids, I leave the full disposal of these pris'ners ;
To your wise care the pious queen commands Her sacred self, her crown, and, what's yet more,
The holy Roman church ; for whose dear safety, She wills your utmost diligence be shewn,
To bring Rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts In Winchester's deep thought, and well-try'd faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands ;
And when I next salute you, I must call you Chief minister and chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady ! to remember With such full bounty her old humble beadsman !
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suff.

Suff. The queen is on her ent'rence, and expects
My lord, farewell. [me :

Gar. Farewel, right noble Sussex :
Commend me to the queen's grace ; say her bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.

[Exit Sussex.]
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your pris'ners :
Be it your care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.

L. J. G. That stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wilt thou part us ?

Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. [Exit Gar.

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampl'd cruelty !
Oh, tyrant ! but the task becomes thee well ;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office ;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which Heav'n itself hath join'd.

Duch. *Suff.* To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd ;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow ;
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee ;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
• Ha ! see it swells ; the liquid crystal rises,
• It starts, in spite of thee — but I will catch it ;
• Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.'

L. J. G. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can
see

My father, mother, and ev'n thee, my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow ?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart !
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come ;

Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.

L. J. G. Guilford! no :
The time for tender thoughts, and soft endearments,
Is fled away and gone : joy has forsaken us ;
Our hearts have now another part to play ;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the paths of horror ;
And in despite of fortune and our foes,
Ev'n in the hour of death, be more than conquerors.

Guil. Oh, teach me ! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage ?

L. J. G. Truth and innocence ;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee ;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My lords, my orders—
Guil. See we must—must part.

L. J. G. Yet surely we shall meet again.
Guil. Oho! Where ?

‘ *L. J. G.* If not on earth, among yon golden
stars, oor eys p̄d t̄e lood, sp̄t̄e t̄e
‘ Where other suns arise on other earths,
‘ And happier beings rest on happier seats :
‘ Where, with a reach enlarg'd, our souls shall view
‘ The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
‘ Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
‘ And people the infinity of space.’

Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like
these ; But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave ;
To that last dwelling, whither now we haste ;
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.

L. J. G. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our
journey leads,

And

LADY JANE GRAY.

53

And through the vale of death we pass to life,
 But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
 Behold the universal works of nature,
 Where life still springs from death. ‘To us the sun
 ‘ Dies ev’ry night, and ev’ry morn revives:
 ‘ The flow’rs, which Winter’s icy hand destroy’d,
 ‘ Lift their fair heads, and live again in Spring.
 Mark with what hopes, upon the furrow’d plain,
 The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
 There hid, as in a grave, a-while it lies,
 Till the revolving season bids it rise;
 ‘ Till nature’s genial pow’rs command a birth;
 ‘ And potent, call it from the teeming earth:
 Then large increase the bury’d treasures yield,
 And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt severally with guards.*

ACT V. SCENE *continues.*

Enter Gardiner as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants, with lights before ’em.

Lieut. **G**OOD morning to your lordship; you rise

Gearly. Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers; Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer. Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade, Inform your pris’ners, lady Jane and Guilford, They were to die this day?

Lieut. My lord, I did.

Gar. ’Tis well. But say, How did your message like ’em?

Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a tem- That shew’d a solemn, serious sense of death, [per, Mix’d with a noble scorn of all its terrors. In short, they heard me with the self-same patience With which they still have borne them in their prison. In one request they both concurred: each begg’d To die before the other.

C 3

Car.

Gar. That dispose
As you think fitting.

Lieut. The lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly :
That ere he suffer'd, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.

Gar. That's not much,
That grace may be allow'd him. See you to it.
How goes the morning ?

Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.

Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more,
You know 'twas order'd that the lady Jane
Shou'd suffer here within the Tower. Take care
No crouds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those too of our friends, were most convenient :
But, above all, see that good guard be kept :
You know the queen is lodg'd at present here.
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so good morning, good master lieutenant.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

How now ! What light comes here !

Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the earl of Pembroke.

Gar. Pembroke ! — 'Tis he ; what calls him forth
thus early ?

Somewhat he seems to bring of high import ;
• Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
• And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.'

Enter Pembroke, a Page with a light before him.
Good morrow, noble Pembroke ! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholesome hour ; while yet the night
• Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
• And rheumy damps infests the dusky air ?'

Pem. Oh, rev'rend Winchester ! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears :
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
• This coming day the sun shall rise more glorious,
• Than when his maiden beams first gilded o'er

' The

' The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains,
 ' And fragrant bow'rs of paradise new-born.' *Gar.* What happiness is this !
Pem. 'Tis mercy ! mercy,
 ' The mark of Heav'n impress'd on human kind ;
 ' Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around ;
 ' Mercy, that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
 ' And makes dominion light ; mercy, that saves,
 ' Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.'
 Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
 Has to my services and humblest prayers
 Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife ;
 Full and free pardon !

Gar. Ha ! What said you ? Pardon !
 But sure you cannot mean it ; cou'd not urge
 The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace ?
 What ! save the lives of those who wore her crown ?
 My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd pernicious counsel,
 And must not be comply'd with.

Pem. Not comply'd with !
 And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
 And stop the stream of mercy ?

Gar. That will I :
 Who wo'not see her gracious disposition
 Draw to destroy herself.

Pem. Thy narrow soul
 Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving :
 Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
 How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
 Which benefits confer on generous minds :
 ' Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
 ' And conquets more than ever Cæsar's sword did.'

Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams,
 Have you consider'd well upon the danger ?
 How dear to the fond many, and how popular
 These are whom you would spare ? Have you forgot,
 When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
 This lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ress, stood,
 With what command she charm'd the whole assembly ?
 With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
 Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading.
 Her very judges wrung their hands for pity ;

Their

Their old hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall !
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life,
A peal of groans ran thro' the crowded court,
As every heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthleſs croud,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity ?

Gar. Alas, you look on her with lover's eyes :
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man ? The hallow'd hand,
Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your politics ;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it : I advis'd her
To break thro' all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

Pem. Where shall we seek for truth, when ev'n reli-
The priestly robe and mitred head disclaim it ? [gion,
' But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.'
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our faith,
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life.
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For hereticks and traitors. [Exit Gardiner.]

Pem. 'Twas unlucky

To meet and cross upon this foward priest :
But let me lose the thought on't ; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [Exit.]

The SCENE draws, and discovers the Lady Jane kneeling, as at her devotion ; a light, and a book plac'd on a table before her.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord Guilford, and one of Lady Jane's women.

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [Exit Lieut.]

Wom. Softly, my lord !

For yet, behold, she kneels. ' Before the night
• Had reach'd her middle space, she left her bed,
• And with a pleasing, sober chearfulness,
• As for her funeral, array'd herself
• In those sad solemn weeds. Since then, her knee
• Has known that posture only, and her eye,
• Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her,
• Or lifted with her rising hopes to Heav'n.'

Guil. See with what zeal those holy hands are rear'd !

• Mark her vermillion lip, with fervour trembling,
• Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardor,
• And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion ;
• Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
• Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heav'n,
• Like incense from the golden censer rise ;
• Or blessed angels minister unseen,
• Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
• Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
• And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.'
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[Lady]

[Lady Jane rises, and comes toward the front of the stage.]

L. J. G. Ha ! Art thou my Guilford ? Wherefore dost thou come ? To break the settled quiet of my soul ? I meant to part without another pang, And lay my weary head down full of peace.

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul, That melts with tenderness, and leans toward thee : ‘ Tho’ the imperious dreadful voice of fate, Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.’ But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain, Wou’d I had dy’d, and never more beheld thee : ‘ Tho’ my lamenting discontented ghost, ‘ Had wander’d forth, unbless’d by those dear eyes, ‘ And wail’d thy loss in death’s eternal shades.’

L. J. G. My heart had ended ev’ry earthly care, Had offer’d up its pray’rs for thee and England, ‘ And fix’d its hopes upon a rock unfailing ; While all the little bus’ness that remain’d, Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy, And leave a life become indifferent to me. But thou hast waken’d other thoughts within me ; Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord, Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature : My vanquish’d passions rise again, and tell me, ‘Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impati- And lodge me in my faithful Guilford’s arms. {ence,

[Embracing.

That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave, That I may warm his gentle heart with joy, And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke ?

Pem. Oh, my speech Is choak’d with words that crowd to tell my tidings ! But I have sav’d thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable ! The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress, Has giv’n not only thee to my request, But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv’st, The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—
Oh, has she spar'd my wife? [tell me;

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence,

[Kneeling.]
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?

L. J. G. Oh, rise, my lord, and let me take your

posture;

Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the queen, and you.

Pem. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
All discord and remembrance of offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
‘ Myself have undertaken to be your caution.’
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose;
These that deserve so much, this wond'rous pair,
Let these be happy: ev'ry joy attend 'em;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
‘ A good old age, to see their children's children,’
A holy death, and everlasting memory;
While I resign to them my share of happiness,
Contented still to wait what they enjoy,
‘ And fingly to be wretched.’

[Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.]

Lieut. The lord chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

[Enter Gardiner and attendants.]

Pem. Ha! Winchester!

Gard. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first-accorded grace;
But as the pious princess means her mercy,
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
That thou, lord Guilford, and the lady Jane,

Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

• *L. J. G.* What ! turn apostate ?

Guil. Ha ! forego my faith ?

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon :
But if, thro' pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
‘ And shut your eyes against such manifest light,’
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. ‘Tis false as hell :
The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandize their grace,
As Roman priests their pardon ? ‘ Do they barter,
‘ Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
‘ And doubly sell what was design'd a gift ?’

Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness ;
Nor come I here to bandy words with mad-men.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
Have heard, at large, its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

Pem. Curse on — But wherefore do I loiter here ?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends. [Exit.]

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course.
A word with you, Lieutenant.

[Talks with the Lieutenant aside.]

Guil. Must we part then ?
What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now ;
Those joys, that, like the spring, with all its flow'rs,
Pour'd out their pleasures every where around us ?
In one poor minute gone : ‘ at once they wither'd,
‘ And left their place all desolate behind them.’

L. J. G. Such is this foolish world, and such the
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows : [certainty]
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it ;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
‘ But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.’

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
‘ And tread the paths are pointed out by thee :’

By thee instructed, to the fatal block
 I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
 To give my life a ransom for my faith.

‘ From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
 ‘ That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.’
L. J. G. Oh, gloriously resolv’d! ‘ Heav’n is my
 ‘ My heart rejoices in thee more ev’n now, [witness,
 ‘ Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
 ‘ Than when the holy priest first join’d our hands,
 ‘ And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.’

Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you
 Will you lay hold on life? [thought?

Guil. What are the terms?

Gar. Death, or the mass, attend you.

Guil. ’Tis determin’d:

Lead to the scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his fate.

Guil. Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
 Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
 A dying husband’s kiss upon thy lip!
 Shall we not live again, ev’n in those forms?
 Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?

L. J. G. Oh, wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy
 softness?

Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
 And make this separation painful to us?

‘ Here break we off at once; and let us now,
 ‘ Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
 ‘ That have a little business to be done,
 ‘ Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.

‘ *Guil.* Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife—
 ‘ *L. J. G.* No more.’

Guil. My sight hangs on thee—Oh, support me,
 In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss! [Heav’n,
 [Guilford is led off by the guards.

‘ *L. J. G.* Can nature bear this stroke?’

Wom. Alas, she faints! [Supporting.

L. J. G. Wo’t thou fail now—The killing stroke is
 And all the bitterness of death is o’er. [past,

Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
 Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
 ‘ Cast not away the good which Heav’n bestows;

Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.

L. J. G. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violante, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with
black, executioner and guards.
And see my journey's end.

1 Wom. My dearest lady. [Weeping.]

2 Wom. Oh, misery!

L. J. G. Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.

1 Wom. Oh, never, never!

L. J. G. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it chearfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,

[To 1 Wom.]

- Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
- In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
- This book, the law of everlasting truth:
- Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
- When all help else forsook me.

Gar. Will you yet Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?

L. J. G. Oh, Winchester! has learning taught thee
To barter truth for life? [that!]

Gar. Mistaken folly! You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.

L. J. G. Who judge rightly, And who persists in error, will be known, Then, when we meet again. Once more, farewell,
Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Intreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong

' To my cold, headless corpse ; but see it shrouded,
 ' And decent laid in earth.'

Gar. Wo't thou then die ?
 Thy blood be on thy head.

L. J. G. My blood be where it falls ; let the earth
 hide it ;

And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.

Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
 To zeal's inhuman wrath ! Thou, gracious Heaven,
 Hear and defend at length thy suffering people ;

Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
 Brave, pious, equitable, wise and good :

' In thy due season let the hero come,
 ' To save thy altars from the rage of Rome :

' Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd land,'
 And deal out justice with a righteous hand.

And when he fails, Oh, may he leave a son,
 With equal virtues to adorn his throne ;

To latest times the blessing to convey

And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[Lady Jane goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.
 Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Horror on horror ! Blasted be the hand
 That struck my Guilford ! Oh, his bleeding trunk
 Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever !
 Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels ! [To Gard.
 The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
 Is fallen upon 'em both, for their vain obstinacy ;
 Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
 And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pem. And canst thou tell ? Who gave thee to explore
 The secret purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
 To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd ?
 But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester,
 Howe'er you hard, imperious censures doom,
 And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
 Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
 And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
 Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their sorrows cease,
 Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.

[Exeunt.
 E. P. I.

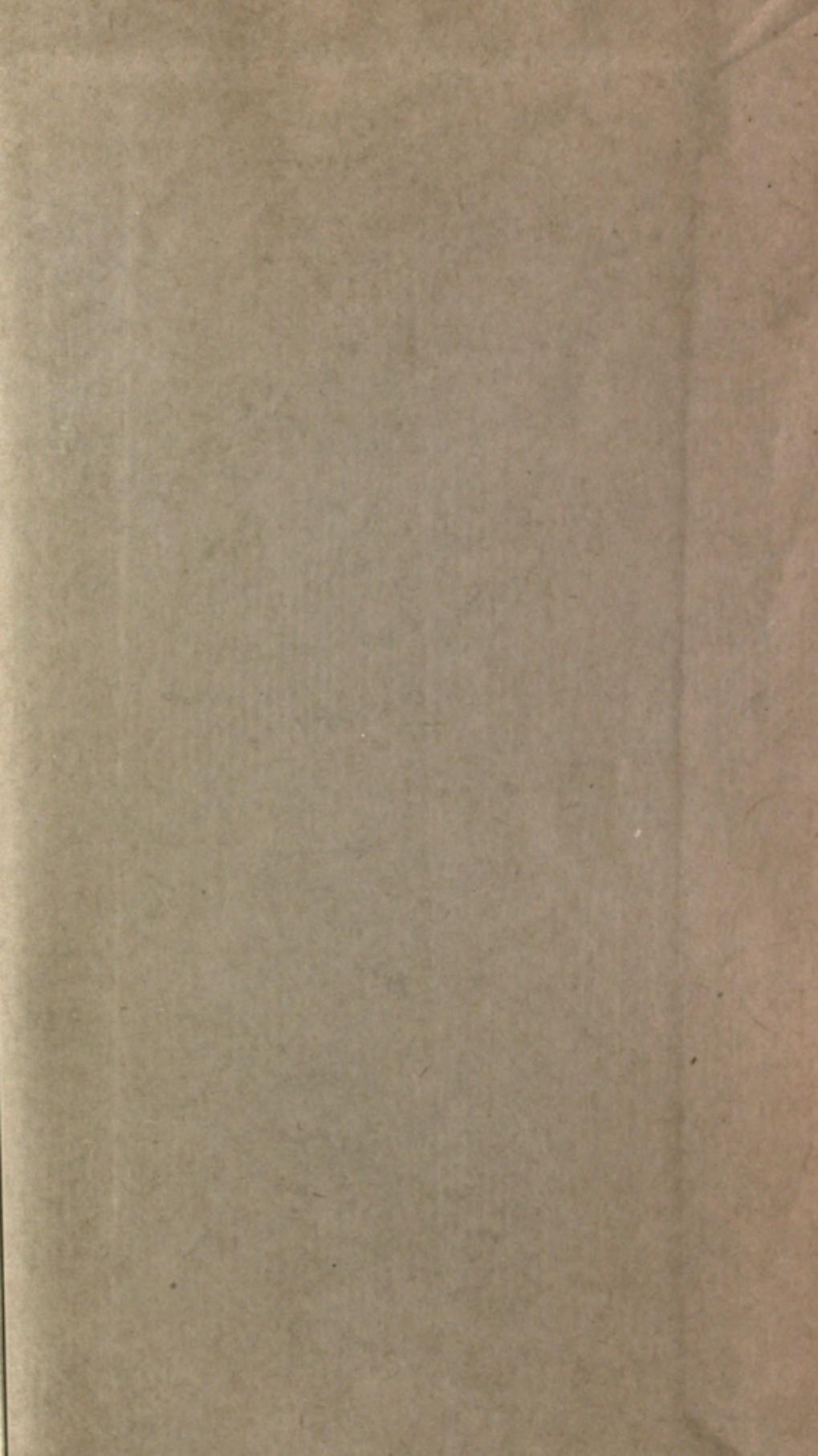
E P I L O G U E.

THE palms of virtue heroes oft have worn ;
 Those wreaths to-night a female brow adorns.
 The destin'd saint, unfortunately brave,
 Sunk with those altars which she strove to save,
 Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster side,
 As greatly with her adverse fate comply'd,
 Did all that Heav'n cou'd ask, resign'd, and dy'd ;
 Dy'd for the land for which she wish'd to live,
 And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
 Oh, happy people of this fav'rite isle,
 On whom so many better angels smile !
 For you, kind Heav'n new blessings still supplies,
 Bids other saints, and other guardians rise :
 For you, the fairest of her sex is come,
 Adopts our Britain, and forgets her home :
 For truth and you the heroine declines
 Austria's proud eagles, and the Indian mines.
 What sense of such a bounty can be shewn !
 But Heav'n must make the great reward its own,
 And stars shall join to make her future crown.
 Your gratitude with ease may be express'd ;
 Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
 Let not vile faction vex the vulgar ear
 With fond surmise, and false affected fear ;
 Confirm but to yourselves the given good ;
 'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.
 Such was our great example shewn to-day,
 And with such thanks our author's pains repay.
 If from these scenes, to guard your faith you learn,
 If for our laws you shew a just concern ;
 If you are taught to dread a popish reign,
 Our beauteous patriot has not dy'd in vain.

F . I . N . I . S .







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